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THE TOWER OF LONDON.

PICTURES

LIFE IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

PROSE AND POETRY

BY DEAN DOBBS

MASTERS

JAMES E. DOBBS, 14 WASHINGTON STREET

1871



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PICTURES

OF

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PROSE AND POETRY.

BY DEAN DUDLEY.

BOSTON:
JAMES FRENCH, 78 WASHINGTON STREET.
1851.

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TOWER OF LONDON.

Description.

At first a palace, next a prison, now a fortress. Its principal buildings within the high, massive wall are, the White Tower, that lofty square edifice in the centre, with white turrets, which is supposed to be the work of Norman William; the Horse Armory, Middle Tower, and Byward Tower, which were enlarged and strengthened by Henry III.; Bell Tower, containing the alarm-bell; Bloody Tower, where the two young princes were suffocated by order of Richard III.; Wakefield Tower, where are deposited the ancient Records of England—some think it was added by William Rufus; Beauchamp Tower, state-prison of the fortress, where have suffered Britain's noblest sons. North of the last stands Robyn the Devyll's Tower; and south of White Tower is the Ordnance Office. Martyn's Tower was formerly a prison with a dismal dungeon. Beside the Barracks, stands the Church of St. Peter *ad Vincula*, erected by Edward I.

Martyrs.

Here repose those victims of tyranny and religious persecution: John Fisher, Thomas More, Anne Bullen, Catherine Howard, Thomas Cromwell, Rob't Devereux, Edward Seymour, Jane Gray, her husband, his father and grandfather. I'll mention no more. How many have bled on the fatal Hill!

Baliol, David, James and William Wallace, have been prisoners here. Wallace, the dauntless patriot, after a mock trial, was dragged, tied to horses' tails, as far as Smithfield, and there cruelly tortured to death.

Sometimes the Tower has been crowded with illustrious French prisoners.

Popish Persecution.

In the reign of Catholic Mary, many suffered here for the crime of *hating* Papacy.

Protestant Elizabeth exclaimed, as she was conducted through the Thames entrance, "Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs; and before thee, O God, I speak it, having none other friends than thee!"

That princess was shut up, subjected to the *espionage* of priests, and often compelled to celebrate Mass. Yet, in the latter part of her own reign, severities equally unjustifiable were inflicted upon persons for *loving* Papacy.

Protestant Persecution.

It is recorded that some were confined in a dungeon twenty feet below the surface of the earth. Others suffered in the "Little-ease," where they had not room to stand upright, or lie down at full length. And others were put to the *Rack*, or placed in the "Scavenger's Daughter," a machine of iron, which yerked up and held together the head, hands, and feet. Many were chained and fettered, while others had their hands forced into iron gloves, much too small, or endured the cruel torture of the "boot."

Old Annals.

Fitz-Stephen, who wrote our oldest account of the Tower in the 12th century, has this sentence: "The mortar is tempered with the blood of beasts." Now one should say, "it is tempered with the gore of *men*."

Visit.

I went to see it, and shall never cease to feel the horror inspired by the sight of those rough instruments of human slaughter.

There are to be seen, also, the British Regalia of all ages: crosses, sceptres of gold, crowns and diadems, flaming with costly gems.

New England to Old England in 1642.

What medicine shall I seek to cure thy woe,
 If the wound's so dangerous *I* may not know?
 But you, perhaps, would have me guess it out.
 What, hath some Hengist, like that Saxon stout,
 By fraud and force usurped thy flowering crown,
 And by tempestuous war thy fields trod down?
 Or hath *Canutus*, that olde, valiant Dane,
 The regall, peacefull scepter from thee ta'en?
 Or is't a *Norman*, whose victorious hand,
 With *English* blood bedews thy conquered land?
 Or is't intestine wars that thus offend?
 Doe *Maud* and *Stephen* for the crown contend?
 Doe barons rise, or Edward lose his power,
 Or Second *Richard* suffer in the Tower?

Reply of Old England.

I'll show the cause —
 It was my Sins, the breach of sacred lawes,
 And thou wast jeered, New England, 'mong the rest;
 Thy flying for the truth I made a jest.
 From crying blood yet cleansed not am I,
 Martyrs and others dying causelessly.
 How many princely heads on blocks laid down
 For nought but title to a fading crown!
 'Mongst all the cruelties which I have done,
 Oh, Edward's babes and Clarence' haplesse son;
 O Jane, why didst thou dye in flowering prime?
 Because of Royall stem, that wastly crime.
 I saw poore *Ireland* bleeding out her last —
 Such cruelty as all reports have past —
 My heart obdurate stood not yet aghast.

A. B.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

By the generous aid of our excellent Minister Plenipotentiary (Hon. Abbott Lawrence), and our former countryman, Henry Stevens, Esq., now of London, I obtained an introduction to many noble institutions of science, literature, and art. It is far more difficult to make the acquaintance of distinguished persons in England, than in our democratic country. That stupendous display of wonders, the British Museum, is open to all honest individuals for study or research.

Nineveh Sculptures.

At the last-named place, I was deeply interested with those late excavated bas-reliefs and statues from the site of old Nineveh. They are representations of landscapes, modes of worship, battles, the persons of heroes and other distinguished characters—all embossed upon a hard kind of stone resembling flint-rock. One is the picture of a river, with an island in the midst, crowned by a strong castle. Fugitive warriors appear swimming for life, upon goatskin wind-bags, to gain the fortress, while pursuing foes hurl impetuous shafts at them from the forest-shore. Some war-steeds are seen, cleaving the waves. Several pieces exhibit a dignified personage, wearing a cap in the form of a truncated cone, out of which rises a horn. To him the rest pay homage. *Here* he appears holding a basket in one hand, while, with the other, fruits are offered, as if for sacrifice. *There* he is seen boldly dashing on, before armed troops of horsemen, like the rest poising on high his beamy lance, or aiming a winged arrow from his far-bent bow. I was forcibly reminded of those poetic passages in —

Habakkuk :

“For lo ! I raise up the Chaldeans, *that* bitter and hasty nation, which shall march through the breadth of the land,

to possess the dwelling-places *that are* not theirs. They *are* terrible and dreadful: their judgment and their dignity shall proceed of themselves." — "God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran. Selah." — "He had horns *coming* out of his hand: and there *was* the hiding of his power." — "*Was* thine anger against the rivers? *was* thy wrath against the sea, that thou didst ride upon thine horses, *and* thy chariots of salvation?" — "The sun *and* moon stood still in their habitation; at the light of thine arrows they went, *and* the shining of thy glittering spear. Thou didst march through the land in indignation, thou didst thresh the heathen in anger."

The Engraved Stones.

One figure seems to be of another nation, wearing the Trojan cap. Some ladies are represented in beautiful head-dresses, slightly ornamented. Servants stand waving feather-fans around them. Both the male and female forms are very symmetrical. That must have been a fine race. Each of these Ninevites, like his less fair contemporary of Egypt, has his crinkled locks and beard elegantly plaited over a nobler brow. Their peculiar dress consists of a square, tasseled blanket, embroidered with flowers and words in an unknown tongue. But humbler persons have them short and plain. Many wear two or three horns on each side of the head. The principal characters of each sex have pearl necklaces, ear-rings, bracelets, and various badges about them. Their shields, made of reeds woven together, are sometimes square, but oftener round. One stone bears a pastoral scene — sheep, goats, oxen, etc., grazing in presence of their shepherds. Another shows a city besieged, whose ramparts are beaten with huge battering-rams. These are suspended from rolling towers, at the top of which soldiers are striving to scale the high walls, often falling pierced by opposing darts. Battle-fields are common, where birds of prey hover above, or devour the mangled bodies of unfortunate combatants. War must have been a favorite

amusement with that forgotten nation. Many stones bear long inscriptions in a very fair, unique character. A shrewd linguist has lately learned to read them. Their mythological figures seem but an improved edition of the highest order of Egyptian gods, being similar in form and raiment. In an old book of the Museum library, I found these lines, also by the Hon. Mrs. Ann Bradstreet, our first American poetess, written A. D. 1642.

Rise of Nineveh.

When Time was young, and World in infancy,
Man did not strive for sovereignty,
But each one thought his petty rule was high,
If of his house he held the monarchy.
This was the golden age, but after came
The boisterous son of *Cush*, (grand-child to *Ham*,)
That mighty hunter, who, in his strong toils,
Both beasts and men subjected to his spoils —
The strong foundation of proud Babel laid,
Erech, Accad, and Calneh also made.
These were his first ; all stood in Shinar land,
From thence he went Assyria to command ;
And mighty Ninivie he there begun,
Not finished, till he his race had run.
Resen, Calah, and Rehoboth likewise,
By him to cities eminent did rise ;
Of Saturn he was the original,
Whom the succeeding times a god did call.

PICTURES OF LIFE IN ENGLAND.

MANCHESTER, England, }
Friday, Oct. 19, 1849. }

Life in the Great Town of Spindles.

A LIVE Down-East Yankee is quite a phenomenon here among the robustious aristocrats, and meek plebeians. His paler face and calculating aspect attract the special notice of the latter numerous class, from the "Missus" of a donkey coal-cart down to the wretched starveling, that chases you about begging ha'penny to buy bread, because his father's dead, his mother's sick, and he has been two days without food.

It rains constantly in Manchester, owing doubtless to the heat, and smoke arising from the bituminous coal burned in the manufactories.

England appears very dull and gloomy in comparison with our sunny, go-ahead land. But I have not seen much of it yet.

Voyage across the Atlantic.

We had a delightful passage over the vast ocean, with the exception of one melancholy occurrence. On the bright morning of our departure from your city, one hundred and three passengers assembled on board the beautiful packet ship

Anglo-American, after a tender parting from their friends and relatives, who had followed them to the water's edge. There were five of us in the cabin, and of the number one young lady with large black eyes, dark hair, and a countenance of generous and intelligent expression. She was going to visit a brother in Liverpool, whom she had not seen from early childhood.

At length all things being in readiness, the cables are loosed, and we move slowly outward, while farewell cheers reëcho from the thronging shore, and a harsh song from the jovial band at the capstan rings out upon the breeze.

“ I can't but say it is an awkward sight,
To see one's native land receding through
The growing waters — it unmans one quite,
Especially when life is rather new.”

Like the bird of Jove among the clouds, our ship glances through the yielding sea, outstripping every vessel that comes in our way.

Returning Emigrants.

Oh! haven't we a motley, harlequin batch of beings forward, among the old spars and oakum, tubs and barrels? — flap-eared, onion-eyed, crooked-legged, broken-backed men; and smutty-faced, mop-haired, scow-footed women, snarled up among a swarm of ragged children, some with pealed heads emerging out of their father's old coats, and up to their ears in soleless boots, others with one-legged breeches, and pudding bags on their heads for caps. An old tobacco-pipe is always suspended from the mouth of each man and woman, so that one unacquainted with the genus would be apt to take it for a natural elongation of the proboscis.

I approached one old fellow, as he sat on an inverted tub, and asked him how long he had been in America, and why he returned to poor old Ireland again.

“Och! yer honor, about one month is it,” said he; “and I’m going back because indade is Ameriky a bad counthry intirely, and I can live asier at home without the Yankees to chate and ruin me jist.”

The absurd anticipations of these ignorant creatures respecting the facilities for earning a livelihood in the United States often induce even those destitute of the means of paying their passage on board the packets to attempt a clandestine emigration; and they conceal themselves in the hold. But the device does not often succeed; for as the vessel is on the point of sailing, brimstone is ignited under the closed hatches, and its suffocating fumes soon rout the unlucky rogues, and drive them forth like stifled bees from the sulphurous hive. But, what aggravates their sorry condition, the taunting sailors stand ready with the preparation, and bedaub them from head to foot with nasty tar.

On the bounding billows.

Now we are far out on the blue sea, rocking upon the backs of the great billows, and the late merry countenances of the passengers begin to look as if they were thinking of their sins. Even our fair friend looks decidedly serious, and there is a shade of sadness on the doctor’s open brow.

“The best remedy is a beef-steak
Against sea-sickness,”

says Byron; but I tried it, and found it injurious. The best preventive of the cruel pest in my case was abstemiousness and exercise on deck. The steerage folks made doleful exclamations in their agonies. As two unfeeling, clumpy old fellows, whom the cholera couldn’t hurt, sat on a bag of turnips, plying their pipes, and jeering at the wry faces of their friends, down came a great surge like an avalanche against the staggering ship, dashing a flood of spray over the deck, and tumbling the old smokers head over heels down the scut-

tle, among the hens and pigs. One of the officers, hearing an outcry among the fowls, ran down and belabored the jokers soundly for attempting to rob the hen-roost.

“ A devil of a sea rolls in that bay
As I, who’ve crossed it oft know well enough,
And standing upon deck, the dashing spray
Flies in one’s face and makes it weather-tough.”

An Ocean Scene.

In the afternoon the wind ceased, and, as the refulgent sun was sinking behind the glowing clouds, the sea grew calm, and the crooked-winged gulls and stormy petrels careered about between the solar bars of light, occasionally alighting, and standing a few seconds upon their webbed feet. Not a vessel is visible in all the boundless expanse of ocean, nor a cloud in the blue arch of heaven. Porpoises are leaping and playing on one side, and on the other two huge whales are spouting jets into the air like the smoke of chimneys, and lashing the water till it foams like yeast. The departed rays of the sun have swept away the white veil of the celestial dome, and the glorious realm beyond gleams out through a thousand little apertures.

Hark ! methinks I hear the celestial symphony, —

“ Ave, Sanctissime ! we lift our souls to thee ;
Ora pro nobis ! ’tis night-fall on the sea.”

It is the sweet voice of Miss P., our female passenger.

Patriotism or Philanthropy ?

We enjoyed many a pleasant hour during the voyage, in conversation. From speaking one evening of the laws and customs of our several native countries, the *manifest partiality* of each for the land that gave him birth became the topic.

“ Do you not think,” inquired Miss P., “ a person may

and ought so to expand the sphere of his philanthropy, that it shall encompass all nations alike? I cannot see why the limits of a State any more than those of a single town or parish should confine our patriotism?"

Mr. B., an English gentleman, replied it was not in accordance with man's nature. "I could not," said he, "cherish such feelings towards the French, that disorderly, rebellious people, who have been our ancestors' foes so long, as towards my own countrymen."

Dr. Dolan, an Irish physician, remarked, that surely the present generation were under no obligation to espouse the feuds of former times, since by so doing, neither would the ancient enemies be punished, nor could our buried fathers enjoy revenge or recompense.

"Nevertheless," continued Mr. B., "the position seems correct. I have just been on a tour in Yankee-land. The Yankees are the descendants of Englishmen, but I must say they have some queer notions and customs. Every 'Tottipottymoy' among them is dabbling in politics, and intruding *his* opinions both in conversational wrangles and the rowdy newspapers. And there is no respect paid to dignitaries either of Church or State or the learned professions. For such reasons, *though entirely free from prejudice*, I could not like even New England."

"It is certainly an evil," added Dr. Dolan, "for the common people to be meddling with occult science, and prying into the deep mysteries of theology, law and medicine, as I observed was the American fashion. By such proceedings, regularly educated divines and practitioners often fail of receiving an *honorable* support, and often are supplanted by quacks and pretenders."

"Our motto," said Jonathan, "is light and liberty for every man. We believe the more information one can acquire the better citizen he will become; and since each American is his own ruler, he is bound to think and express his opinions

independently on all important questions, as much as any prince of Europe. As for the professors of science, the regularly educated are not always the most thoroughly learned and intelligent. Without legislation in regard to their support, the most worthy and able will naturally acquire respect, and receive the patronage they deserve; while the stupid favorites of fortune or family, though crammed with the conceits of schools, will sink to their appropriate spheres."

Captain B. directed the gentleman's attention to the prosperity and happiness of our countrymen, as evidence of the correctness of our institutions, and made some inquiries about Ireland. The doctor told us many things respecting his country's history and manners. He said several different dialects of the old Irish language were spoken there, and that the natives of some provinces could not understand those of others. Most of their ancient books and manuscripts have been destroyed by the English conquerors for the suppression of their popish doctrines, but of late the Irish tongue is permitted to be taught in certain schools.

At eleven o'clock we retired; and the wind being fair and steady, I soon fell asleep, lulled by the rain pattering upon the deck above.

Morning at Sea.

The night passed swiftly away, and morn arose lovely as youthful maiden awaking from pleasant dreams. Aurora's golden tresses float over her fair bosom half concealed by yon fleecy cloud. A few leagues to leeward there is a ragged iceberg, glittering with rainbow hues. On this side a devil-fish, as the sailors call it, goes sculling along with a broad fin projecting above the glassy surface. Beautiful, prismatic dolphins are darting and playing around the ship. They are continually in pursuit of the flying-fish, which nimbly leap into the air to avoid their foes, and skim along several rods near the water.

Thus days of rain and sunshine glided by upon the deep Atlantic. One fine morning a great ship with the stars and stripes waving above, came up from under the eastern horizon. Ships are seldom met with in the mid-ocean. As the noble vessel approached, the gales wafted hence the shrill strains of that well-known song :

“ When o’er the silent seas alone
For days and nights we’ve cheerless gone,
Oh ! they, who’ve felt it, know how sweet
Some sunny morn a sail to meet.

Sparkling on deck is every eye,
Ship, Ahoy ! Ship, Ahoy ! our joyful cry,
When answering back, we faintly hear
Ship, Ahoy ! Ship, Ahoy ! what cheer, what cheer ? ”

A young Hibernian made his debut on board, and the captain named him “ Anglo Patrick.” He would have had it Anglo-American, in honor of the ship, but the mother objected, that there was no such saint, though there might be an “ Angel American ;” and besides, her dear husband, whom she had not seen in so long a time, almost a year, was called Patrick, as well as his father and grand-father.

A Tempest.

We were one evening suddenly startled by a hasty tramping over-head.

The captain looked at the barometer, and found it rapidly falling. We hurried upon the deck. The ship is buried in darkness. A livid flame hangs on the top of the mainmast. The wind grows fierce, and whirls the rain through the ropes and spars, as if shot from a mighty engine. All around the high, crested billows begin to glare and hiss, and dash their phosphorescent foam upon the laboring vessel.

The whole ocean seemed shaken by a giant arm. The stern orders of the captain and officers were scarcely audible amid the din of elemental strife.

As I clung to the ropes near the mast, witnessing the sublime commotion, a cry from the wheel-house attracted my notice, and crawling that way by the settees, a cruel scene met my eyes, visible by the glowing waves.

The helmsman was holding his mouth with one hand, and eyeing with ghastly looks the prostrate and insensible body of Miss P. The doctor carried her below, and administered all the relief in his power, so that she partially recovered her senses in a few hours.

The helmsman said, the lady in attempting to look out upon the tempest, pitched forward, seeing which, he let go the wheel to catch her. It flew round with great velocity, and one of the handles struck her head, and another his mouth, knocking half his teeth down his throat, and he should judge by the feeling, a part of the jaw with them. "But," said he, "I only care for the lady, because on my return to Boston Dr. Bliss will make me a new set of teeth, and a jaw too, if needed, better than the old ones."

Arrival in England.

The storm having abated on the second day, we glided smoothly along the southern coast of Ireland, and passing Tusca Light and Holy Head, came into the Mersey River, and a little black steamer towed us up to the city of masts, sails and immense Dry Docks, Liverpool.

The custom officers immediately came aboard, and directed us to take our luggage to the custom-house. We did so; and these underwent a thorough investigation. They searched particularly for tobacco and cigars, not doubting but every Yankee would naturally have some of the vile weed in his pockets.

Some books and pamphlets, that I took to read by the way, were weighed, and taxed twelve cents a pound. All American reprints of English publications are seized and retained. This struck me as rather contemptible business for a govern-

ment making such pretensions to hospitality and magnanimity. The like does not happen at our Boston custom-house.

Liverpool is a massive city, constructed principally of free-stone. The streets are wide, and firmly paved with blocks of granite. The buildings are large, and tall chimneys are seen in every direction, vomiting forth dark volumes of smoke.

Having looked about the city, and walked through some of the public gardens, resounding with merry notes of birds among vine-clad trees and flowers, I went to see the monstrous iron steamship, Great Britain, of 3,500 tons burthen, lately stranded on the coast of Ireland. She looks very much wave and weather beaten, and is said to be worth less than it has cost to bring her here.

The passengers met at the ship, and bade each other, and the captain adieu, as well as the fair lady, whose friends promised to inform each of us of her recovery.

Mr. Banvard, the great American artist, is at Liverpool exhibiting his immense picture of the Mississippi to admiring thousands.

The railways of England are not so much superior to ours as I expected. The cars are generally less beautiful and commodious, and do not excel some of those in New England in speed, except certain *express* trains.

Mr. Macready has just been playing a successful engagement here, at the Theatre Royal. It is his last appearance in this town, as he intends retiring from the stage in the spring. Although forsaken by the aristocracy, because he refused to read an old play to the queen, still the commoners continue to throng after their former favorite.

BIRMINGHAM, England, }
Friday, Oct. 26, 1849 }

A Wonderful Beast.

ON my first evening in Manchester, as I sat by a cheerful fire reading some thrilling lines to Kossuth by James Russell Lowell, in the Guardian, a shrill cry pierced my ears, and somewhat startled me, though it seemed not to move the rest of the company. Stepping to the door, this strange spectacle appeared on the opposite side-walk.

A cloud of steam was rolling up from an odd looking four-legged object, which by the gas light seemed to resemble an excited animal, puffing and blowing with exhaustion; while a man held him by the ears, and with horrid shrieks, wide distended jaws, and protruding eye-balls, called for help. I ran to him, and anxiously inquired what was the matter. "Two a ha'penny," said he very calmly. "'ow many'll ye 'ave?" and opening his tin-box, displayed a boiling pot of potatoes. I turned away happy at having made another important discovery in the old world, and the old fellow resumed his cries, "'o—t ta—te—rs, 'o—t ta—te—rs."

In the morning the streets were crowded with little carts loaded with coal, cripps or faggots, turnips, carrots, cabbages, etc., drawn about by ponies and forlorn-looking donkies; and mostly driven by women. Occasionally one of the poor, long-eared creatures would trudge along weighed down with huge baskets, or panniers, at his sides, filled with country produce, bottles of ale, or other commodities.

Women of Manchester.

The women here work at every kind of business, that men only perform in New England. There are *bar-maids* to deal out brandy and ale, and attract customers by their bewitching smiles, female *clerks* in every kind of shops, *pedlars*, cry-

ing their goods through the streets, and teamsters hawing and geeing their cattle about. In rainy weather they are seen wading through the muddy streets, covered with old mats, and wearing clogs or pattens on their feet. The *clogs* are thick leather shoes with heavy wooden soles ; and *pattens* are wooden soles, with straps to bind them over other shoes having also a sort of iron stilts underneath to keep the feet high and dry. But they are exceedingly clumsy. One would weigh nearly a pound.

Trade and Manufactures.

The shop-keepers have every article marked with its price. So if one fails in trade, it is not because he did not receive the full value of his goods, but for want of patronage.

Calico is sold by the *pound* as well as potatoes.

The British manufactures are much heavier and more durable than ours. In certain articles, particularly of dress, this excessive stoutness is a fault. Their hats and boots are burdensome to the wearers. Their carriages too, and harnesses, retard the speed of horses with needless weight.

For the most part, the mechanics are mere *imitators* of their predecessors ; and never aspire to *improve* their arts or "magnify their calling." Being apprenticed very young, before their minds have been expanded and adorned by the ennobling rays of science, they grow up like machines, without original ideas, a taste for study, or even that high sense of their usefulness to society, which elevates and dignifies the character of our Yankee artisans. They seem willing to be esteemed a lower class of men even than traffickers, or idle drones, who live upon their labors, and make laws to keep them where they grovel and vegetate. *Men* seem entirely wanting here ; there being only "nobles," "*gentlemen*" and "dependents."

Ostentatious manners of the Nobility.

One day the duke of Cambridge, son of George the ~~First~~ and brother to George the Fourth, came with his family, and the earl of Wilton. What a parade wherever they happened to go! Nobody could tell why such a stir should be made, only because they were *rich*, and their *relatives* had been kings. The duchess was exceedingly plain looking, and there are scores of fairer ladies in the Lowell *factories*, than her two daughters. In fact, as they passed along the carpeted side-walk at the railway station, attended by their liveried train of servants, I should not have known which were the most noble of the company, but for the bowing and doffing of hats on the part of the plebeians. A splendid car was prepared, and I observed two tall coachmen in grey wigs, pay nineteen pounds and fifteen shillings, for about eight tickets to London, and take their position in front of the car *outside*, probably to guide the iron horse, and keep him steady.

Intemperance.

A stranger is astonished at the immense number of ale-houses all over England. The temperance cause must be in a primeval state, I think. Why, it is looked upon as a weakness and singular misfortune not to like porter, the miserable bitter stuff. Men dine, sup, sleep upon it; and if their bills should be made out, they would often be like old Jack Falstaff's, two gallons of *sack* to half penny worth of *bread*. But they say *women* take to the *gin-shops*.

Early History of Manchester.

Manchester contains three hundred and twenty thousand souls. There are twelve hundred retailers of beer, ninety printers with the letter press, and forty-five libraries. It is

the work-shop of England, being the greatest manufacturing town in the world. Its present site was originally a dense forest. Celtic emigrants from the continent gradually advanced westward, till they reached and settled the banks of the Medlock River about the time of King Darius' great expedition to Greece, and the establishment of the Consulate of Rome.

These occupants of the forest, whose sole exercise was in the chase or battle-field, were in the course of time supplanted, or mingled with the Brigantes of York and Durham, who were crowded thence into the wildest of Lancashire and Westmoreland.

Aldport (*i. e.* old port), the original of Manchester, was begun about the era of Titus's reign. The people lived in clans, and built their miserable huts around the chief's more conspicuous habitation. Their only ornaments were trophies of the chase and spoils of war. They wore their hair long, turned over to the back, and never molested the luxuriance of their beards. In battle they fought naked, being painted with every frightful image. In peace the skins of wild beasts were their only covering. But the chief was habited in "brags" or breeches, a waist-coat and "sack," with a bonnet, and rude shoes. His mark of superiority was a ring about the neck.

The germs of civilization were widely diffused during the three hundred years of the Roman occupation of Britain. 'Edwin, king of that part of the island,' says Hollinshed, 'one much loved and honored by his people, with his daughter Zanfled, were converted to Christianity by Paulinus, and, together with many thousand people, were baptized. But this blessed light of Christian religion was extinguished within two years after the death of Edwin, and the baptized Christians revolted again to paganism. Afterwards came Ardanus, a Scotchman, (king Oswald having sent for him out of Scotland,) and lighted the candle again; and God so blessed his labors, that in seven whole days, he baptized more than fifteen thousand.'

Manchester became a manufacturing town at a very early date; even in the reign of Edward the Second, there existed a mill for dying goods, on the banks of the Irk; and a few years later, one for fulling was erected. Some of the distinguished men of Manchester have been the Cheethams; Stanleys, (earls of Derby;) Hugh Oldham, bishop of Exeter, died 1519; John Bradford, burned by queen Mary; Dr. John Dee, died 1608; Thomas Barret, a great antiquary, died 1820; Thomas Henry, F. R. S., died 1816; Wm. Harrison Ainsworth, etc.

The Cathedral.

I visited the cathedral, called the "old collegiate church." It is an immense structure, and adorned in the most extravagant manner. The original foundation was laid in the eighth century, it then being called St. Mary's; but it was rebuilt in 1843, and has received several additions. In 1815, one hundred thousand dollars were expended in repairs upon it. Going through the churchyard, I had to walk over many gravestones, from which the inscriptions are much defaced. Within, the aisles and chapels are paved in the same manner, with monuments of the dead; and in all parts of the cathedral were attached to the walls marble tablets, having engraved upon them the epitaphs of *rich* men and *nobles*. There were some grotesque, as well as many beautiful, antique specimens of architecture in the oldest apartments. Before the chancel hangs an old tapestry of the most exquisite workmanship, representing the death of Ananias and Sapphira. The stalls are ornamented with images of rats and mice, puppies and cats, hens and pigs, monkeys and foxes, snakes and crocodiles, some devoutly saying mass, others sitting in judgment with singular gravity, others engaged in solemn devotion with prayer-books spread out before their ministerial physiognomies; — all in burlesque of the Roman rites, being made soon after the system was supplanted by Episcopacy. A few of the ancient painted squares of glass remain in the windows, but

Cromwell's Puritan soldiers, when they occupied the church, broke up the windows, because there was too much vanity and pride pictured there for the lowly Saviour's mansion.

The Right Reverend James Prince Lee, D. D. is lord bishop of Manchester, with a stipend of \$25,000 per annum and a suitable residence.

There are ten canons or ministers. On leaving, I gave the portly beadle a shilling, for which he heartily thanked me, saying it would get him a nice bottle of *ale*.

Clogs for the Poor.

Seeing a shoemaker at work in his little shop hung round with clogs, I stepped in and asked the price of a pair.

"Three-and-six," said he.

He was astonished that I shouldn't have seen any in America.

"I had some tho'ts as I should go there ; but my business wouldn't flourish, think you ? I've a friend there some w'ere ; may be, you 'ave seen him."

"What is his name, and what part does he live in ?" said I.

"Hisaac Bradshort, carpenter, and he lives at *Howia*."

"I've been there," said I, "but didn't happen to meet him."

"But sure I'm sorry they don't wear clogs. I tho't I should be ha *superior workman* there in my line."

Seeing a Wesleyan newspaper in the shop : "You are a Methodist, I guess."

"Aye sure, aye sure," there be many in Hingland ; but we are oppressed, and compelled to support the Church besides hour own minister. And the vicars hare hard with us. They demand every farthing the law allows them for christening, marrying, funerals and all, tho' we never go near them."

Common Schools.

There are many charity-schools in Manchester, generally connected with the churches, and under the supervision of the

vicars. These schools are supported by voluntary contributions, and the munificence of the rich. I asked a bright-eyed girl of ten, what studies she pursued, to which she replied: "I read in the Testament and History of England, and write, and intend to take up geography soon."

The Cotton Factories.

Americans are unusually desirous of examining the manufacturing establishments, where so much of their cotton is changed into fabrics for all nations. It is difficult, (the same as at Lowell,) to gain admittance without letters of introduction. So, having no old acquaintance in town, I bolted straight into an extensive machine shop, informed the owner, Mr. Kershaw, that I was a Yankee, and wished to see the mills, but had no friend to introduce me. "Ah," said he, "never fear, I'll put you through. I've done a good deal of work for the Americans. I am engaged *now* on a job for a *South American*, who emigrated from England at fifteen, a penniless boy; but having become immensely rich, employs me to make engines and other machinery for his mines in Peru, whither I went two years since for the purpose of putting them in operation." After showing me his numerous ingenious machines and explaining their movements, he introduced me to many other iron-works and cotton-mills. In one foundry, Mr. Kershaw showed me a gin of his late invention, which will clear the dirt and seeds from eight thousand pounds of cotton a day. On entering a factory, we stepped into a car and rose to the uppermost room by pullies. There were men, women, girls, and boys at work among the looms and spinning-mules. The greatest number, however, are children from eleven to sixteen. Each one in the weaving-rooms attends two looms, and all are paid alike, males and females, as Mr. Jenkins told me. A Yankee had his newly-patented hand-mule in one room, exhibiting its superiority over others. The old spinners acknowledged it made the nicest yarn.

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The Hospital.

Among all the excellent, as well as miserable, things in Manchester, the best is the Royal Infirmary, where poor invalids receive gratuitous medical and surgical attendance. As the polite overseers conducted me through the various apartments, what distressing scenes met my sight! There were sufferers from all diseases, and a great many children mangled, bruised, and broken by machinery, undergoing surgical operations.

Rural Scenery.

From Manchester to this town, Birmingham, the railway passes through a delightful country, adorned with antique villages, splendid country mansions, embowered and vine-wreathed cottages, and herds of fine cattle grazing in the dark-green meadows divided by hawthorn hedge-rows. Many tall chimnies of manufactories bestud the landscape; occasionally an old ruin is seen to lift its grey head from some wood-crowned hill, while the air is filled with the melody of birds and the ringing vibrations of the chiming church-bells.

“Fair is thy level landscape, England, fair
As ever nature formed. Away it sweeps,
A wide, a smiling prospect! Gay and living
Meads, gardens, and trees of amplest growth,
And sparkling rills, and rivers winding slow
Thro’ all the smooth immense. Upon the eye,
Arise the village and the village spire,
The clustering hamlet and the peaceful cot,
Clasped by the fragrant honey-suckle’s arms.”

DUDLEY CASTLE,
STRATFORDSHIRE, Eng., Nov. 2, 1849. }

Hollow Ware Manufactures.

OF the numerous towns, through which we passed on the railway from Manchester to Birmingham, was old Wolverhampton. America formerly obtained much of her hollow iron-ware from this place; and the manufacture of that article has greatly declined here, since the Yankees are enabled to make their own pots and kettles.

English Laws and Customs.

My car companions, two Birmingham gentlemen, being very affable and polite, the characteristics of this people, gave me some interesting facts respecting the laws and customs of the land. They informed me, that our countrymen are usually surprised to see so many soldiers in all parts of the kingdom, and think the employment of them a needless expense. They said the Church rates were a great burden to the people, and must soon be diminished. There were many old, inconsistent laws, retained solely on account of their antiquity. Each window of a house beyond the seventh is taxable, also coats of arms engraved, painted or embossed upon a person's watch seal or other article in his possession, if the arms belong to his family.

Speaking of the beautiful fences, that intersect the finely cultivated fields, they said the Hawthorn bushes spread over the ground so fast, it costs a good deal of labor to keep them from usurping too much soil, and the most intelligent farmers are beginning to substitute wire fences in their stead.

Appearance of the Snobs.

Our train arrived half an hour behind the proper time on account of the important company aboard.

I am fain to describe the appearance of those rare specimens of the favored few, and, for the amusement of some curious Down Easter, who may not have seen a like spectacle, to tell how Wilton wore a black hat, blue cravat, black frock-coat and grey pants, another with moustachios, a dark suit, light vest, with spectacles not "on nose," but dangling from his neck; and how the good, old duchess in drab, having bowed most courteously to the bare-headed crowd, was *crowded* through the door of the beautiful car, reaching back for her dear little darling sprig of the noble tree, (her daughter's boy,) very much like common grannies, and seeming to say, — "Come, sweet Lord Sammy, and let your gran'ma wipe your nose; don't throw away that toy. Your grandpa gave eighty guineas for it yesterday at poor Johnny Taylor's shop, and away it goes *so* quick, like all the rest. Sprightly little bird! I *can't* chide you; for it was ever the nature of your ancestors to be dissatisfied with what they already possessed, and aspire to higher objects, which sometimes lay beyond their grasp." But this is too much condescension, and decidedly flat, I confess, though by no means unprecedented.

Birmingham — Scene at an Inn.

Leaving my luggage in charge of the careful police, who attend every station for such business, I leisurely pursued my way through the great town resplendent with gas-illuminations. Many unaccustomed sights appeared around, and the frail daughters of misfortune and misery, with tinsil array and syren voice, infested each sequestered street. The numerous inns and ale-houses, sometimes marked with the sign: "Ale, stout, and porter, for sale here, with the privilege of being drunk on the premises," resounded with the songs and revelry of

"Flaunting wassailers of high and low degree."

Curiosity impelled me into one of the inns. There were two apartments, as at all English railway stations, and most

places of entertainment; one for the *first*, and the other for the *second* class.

The meaner room was occupied by a company of plasterers, and an itinerant musician with his music mill. These were in the full *tide* of glorious merriment, and it was rare diversion "to behold the *swelling* scene."

Imagine half a score of sirloin-cheeked beet-nosed, pink-eyed old suckers, ranged round on stout benches, behind clean-scraped, white oak side-boards, and, in their tow jerkins, and white-washed caps, resembling as many stuffed wool-sacks, crowned with the ruby phiz of old Silenus himself! On this side stands the organ-man, and there, next the door, sit two rosy-cheeked, giggling bar-maids, on tip-toes, as occasion called, to "bowse about the porter."

"Another pint, Doll," says one, "and a pipe o' backker, ha'penny 'orth."

"Ay, sir."

"Two pints, sweet Dolly," says one at the other end of the bench, sliding along his pewter pots, and singing,

"And let me the canakin clink, clink,
And let me the canakin clink."

Dolly seizes the mugs with a smile and darts away; returning in a trice, and bringing the foaming liquid, as she urges her way through the crowd.

"Ha! Dolly, my pink, as hi live, you're a 'ansome wench. Ha! w'at heys! W'y they're brighter than these spangled bubbles. Now sarve old Tun at the other hend.

'Ere's a 'ealth to charming Dolly,
And, *you*, old Tun of fat and folly"

The maid laughed, but old Tun was angered. "Poh! Fie on yer palarverling, Jo," says he; "it's *foolish*; its *damned* foolish."

"Whew! don't get in a passion, old blubber-sides. Keep cool, or you'll inflame that hale with yer red nose. If you

should explode, there'd be a general inundation and conflagration, all at once. You clay-brained, measly-chopped, gimlet-eyed, swollen sack of spleen ! what *hails* ye ?”

Old Tun was perfectly maddened by this broadside of abuse, and, making a plunge towards his foe, stumbles over tables and benches, demolishes the mugs, bruises several shins, and strikes his face against one end of the organ. This factitious feat occasioned much mirth in the company ; but the maids look sour as Dutch crout, and go about setting things to rights again. The unlucky old fellow very quietly crawls back to his former position, muttering that, “if he hadn't hit his foot against the pesky bench he should have won ; but,” says he, “I yield to the fate of war. Bring us two pints o' hale and a buscuit, gals. Come, brother Jo, I confess you come out first best, and I'm worsted. Come, come, let's leave contention. It's *low*. There never *did* any good result from it since the days of jolly old Solomon.”

The full mugs being returned, good fellowship is restored, and the late antagonists sit and sip like loving brethren. Now Orpheus begins to grind, the maids resume their smiles, and Josy strikes up a song in harmony with the music :—

Ho ! ye jovial plasterers,
 Shove about the hale ;
 Devils blue are after us,
 Let a flood prevail.
 Hearty toil and thisty mortar
 Vex the tedious day,
 But the nightly flowing porter
 Washes care away.
 Here's a 'ealth to hour good master,
 Life to Johnny Bull,
 Joy, ye golden sons of plaster !—
 Give the jugs a pull !

Then the air changing, and blithe Josy getting merrier, up he bounds into the double-demisemi girations and twistifications of a baccanalian hornpipe ; others break forth in ring-

ing choruses, the grinder gets excited; and, thus, ungodly glee makes the whole welkin shake till after midnight.

In the other room, a similar number of well-dressed men were sitting around fine mahogany tables, discussing politics, reading the papers, smoking cigars or long porcelain pipes, each with a glass of brandy at his elbow. Now and then, as the noise in the other apartment became boisterous, some one looking quite philosophical, would express his surprise, that the landlord should give "those fellows such strong ale!"

Aspect of the Town in the Morning.

The next morn arose fairer, than I had seen for a week previous in gloomy Manchester. In the yellow sun-light, the neat dwellings, well-swept streets, massive ware-houses, and majestic public buildings presented a very pleasing scene. Birmingham is, indeed, a beautiful picture, and rife with animation. The new streets are wide and firmly paved, but the old ones are still narrow, though smooth.

The fashion of roads has greatly changed here since the days of the Saxon kings. In those early times, whenever a way led up an eminence, it was worn by the long travel of former ages deeply into the ground, often twelve or fourteen yards below the surface of the banks, with which it was at first even, and so narrow as to admit of only one passenger. But modern industry and art has filled up the lower part and widened the upper, making them broad and convenient for several carriages abreast.

The principal structures here are of free-stone, which must be very abundant in this island. The population of the town is about two hundred thousand; of whom, but half are supposed to be natives.

Ancient History.

Two hundred and sixty years ago that old antiquary, John Leland, rode through the place, and made the following observations, which are recorded in his *Itinerary of Britain*:

“ The beauty of Birmingham, a good markettowne, in the extreme parts of Warwickshire, is one street going up alonge, almost from the left side of the brook, up a meane hill, by the length of a quarter of a mile. I saw but one parish church in the towne. There be many smithes in the towne, that use to make knives and all manner of cutting tools, and many loriners that makes bittes, and a great many naylor's ; so that a great part of the towne is maintained by smithes who have their iron and sea-coal out of Staffordshire.”

The only manufacture of Birmingham, from its first existence to about 1650, was in iron ; which was wrought at a very early day. An Aston furnace, on the borders of the parish, used to smelt the ore, exhibits certain marks of great antiquity. For, in this region of infernal aspect, there is an enormous mountain of cinders, which I should suppose could not have accumulated in less than a hundred generations. Some have even conjectured, that manufactures might have been produced here long before the landing of Julius Caesar, since the Britons were armed with several kinds of weapons peculiar to their nation.

After 1650, Birmingham began to assume new beauty, and in her age of perhaps three thousand years, she stepped forth in all the vigor of youth. She added to her iron manufactures the lustre of every metal in the world, and all their various amalgamations, together with the garnish of starry gems.

The situation of this town is near the centre of the kingdom, in the diocese of Litchfield and Coventry, the deanery of Arden, and in the hundred of Hemlingford. The soil in the neighborhood is light, sandy and weak ; and below it, sand, gravel and stone, (but no ores,) prevail.

A mile from the limits of the parish, in the manor of Duddeston, there is an excellent mineral spring of greenish water.

The climate here, notwithstanding the smoke, seems to be conducive to longevity ; since many arrive at the age of a hundred years. Indeed some who work long in the brass

founderies, enjoy a very green old age, for their hair becomes as green as grass.

The first public library in town, originated in 1779. It consisted of but a handful of books, till 1782, when Dr. Priestly succeeded in placing the institution upon a durable basis.

Churches and Sects.

Here are many fine churches belonging to the various sects, Unitarians, Baptists, Quakers, Methodists, Catholics and Jews. St. Martin's, one of the magnificent churches of the established religion, is supposed to have taken its original rise, like many in other parts of England, between the sixth and tenth centuries. Its antiquity is too remote for the light of history; the scanty records of those dark ages having fallen a prey to the ravages of time, and the numerous revolutions of government and customs. Within I observed three marble figures of very ancient appearance, in a reclining posture, under the south windows. They are believed, as the Beadle informed me, to be monuments of the Birminghams, once lords of the manor, whose original name, in 1050, was Ulunine (since Alwyne, now Allen). One is known to be as ancient as the conquest, 1066; and another is that of Wm. de Birmingham, who was made prisoner by the French at the siege of Belle-gard, in 1297. On old tablets about the church, I saw the names of William Colmore 1615; Russel Spooner; Hicks; Powell; Bower; Pritchard; Hale; Parsons; Geo. Frost, D. D.; Henry Clay, Esq. died Apr. 29, 1812, his arms, a lion rampant; Bixam 1568; Ward 1591; Hopkins 1683, etc.

The families of Marrow and Archer were once lords of the manor; but the most noble families of ancient times, on account of the changes of fortune, are now represented by noble mechanics and artisans. There is many a sable-browed smith in Birmingham, whose ancestors have been kings and queens, both before and since the conquest; whereas none of the present nobility of England claim peccage beyond Ed-

ward the First, who began to reign in 1275. Among these families, are the Mountforts, Colmores, Mays, Smallwoods and Bedfords; and one by the name of Middlemore deducible from the conquest, though now sunk in wretched dependency; and another by the name of Bracebridge, that for more than six hundred years, figured in the first ranks of life.

Interview with a Descendant of Kings.

I called to see one by the name of Arden, a painter, who is a lineal descendant of Alfred the Great, the earls of Warwick, Egbert, Cerdic, and so on back to the Saxongod, Woden. There was a servant in his family by the name of Clark, who attracted my notice by his expansive brow, as well as the attentions he seemed disposed to show us. When there was an opportunity, I turned towards him, and remarked:

“Perhaps this young man too has good blood in his veins?”

“Oh, no! master, my blood is not good, my blood is very bad, master; but hi thinks as it is howing to lack of good hale. Hi don’t get much lately, master.”

“You don’t understand me. I refer to your *ancestral* blood.”

“Ho! ha! to my sister Hann’s blood. She is not living, sister Hann hisn’t. ’Er is been dead a goodish wile; therefore, sure, it was bad, as well, master.”

“Ha! ha! the poor fellow won’t be able to comprehend your meaning, I fear,” says my genealogical friend; “but I am well acquainted with his family, and can assure you, notwithstanding the present degradation of this worthy young man, he is descended in a direct line from the Willoughbys; the Marmions; king John; William, the Conqueror; Edmund Ironside, and many other nobles and princes of Europe.”

“Did you know before,” said I, “what great men your forefathers were?”

“Nay, sure! But, wery like, master! for I’ve ’eered my mother say, as my grandpa was a good bit of a man, and kept a stall in the big market.”

DUDLEY, WORCESTERSHIRE, England, }
Friday, Nov. 9, 1849.

Omnibus Travelling.

AN *omnibus* driver is quite an important personage in England. He has servants under him, as well as masters over him. His servants, besides the horses, (which are often the most respectable of the lot,) are an ostler to harness the team, a porter to load up the luggage, and a footman "aft," to sing out "halt," where a person wants to "come aboard," or "land," and "all right," when ready to resume the "march."

Seating myself in the carriage, after a great deal of parade, all parties taking a deep draught of ale, (some taking jugs in their pockets,) and everything being arranged with due precision, — "Are we ready?" is heard in stern accents from the driver's box above. "Are we ready?" echoes the footman from behind. "Are we ready?" reëchoes the porter from the steps of the hotel. "Ay! all right, master," replies the ostler, which being repeated back to the driver, looking round with a careful eye, he exclaims, "all ready, gentlemen," and making a huge flourish with his monstrous whip, which put out the eyes of half-a-dozen curs, and made the whole crowd dodge, a loud crack and chirrup awoke the horses, and off rolls the ponderous carriage to the joy of all concerned and one in particular; for I was desirous of reaching this town, before darkness obscured the ruins of this interesting relic of antiquity, the abode of my ancestors in olden times.

Castle and Town of Dudley.

When we had come about eight miles, upon the broad and solid way, through a picturesque country, and several flourishing villages, chimneys and spires began to rise in the west, and the grey walls and battlements of Dudley Castle towered up before us,

"Embosomed high in tufted trees."

A fellow-passenger informed me, that the town, which received its name from the castle, has rapidly increased within a few years on account of the establishment of manufactories and that it contains at present 30,000 inhabitants.

Arriving, we passed up to a large public house, and just as the golden sun was about to quit his concave dome, I was wending my way up the fair eminence, crowned with the time-worn fortress. The Ashen groves around are penetrated throughout by beautiful everglades and smooth walks.

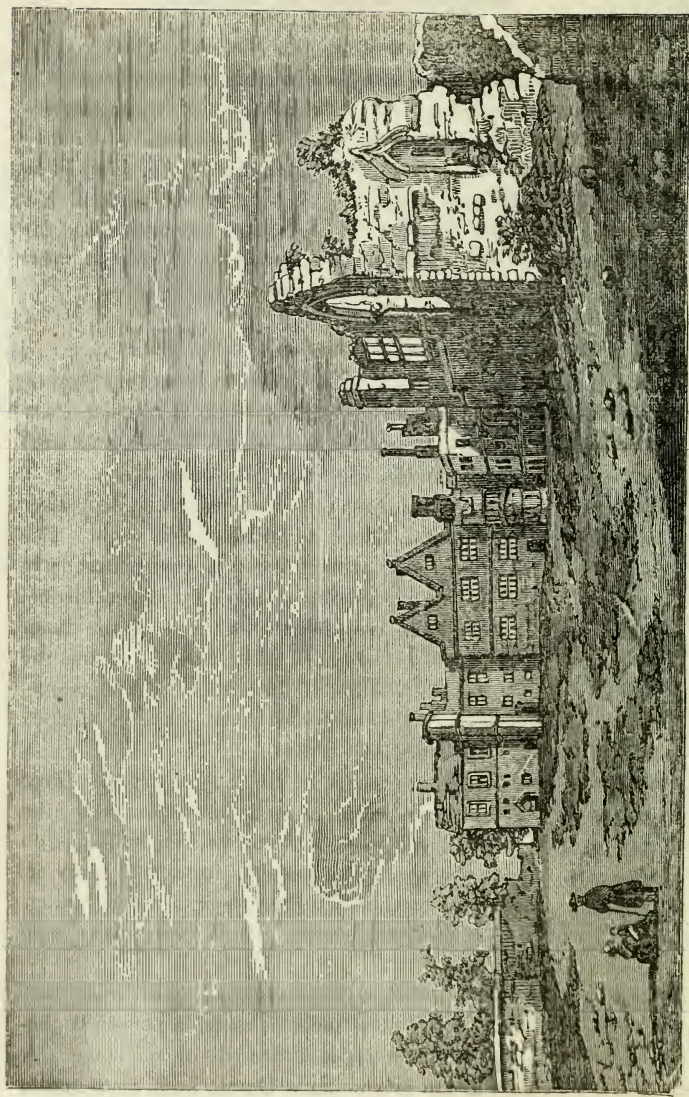
Ancient Ruins of the Castle.

Passing under the massive arch of the Warden's Tower, which looks as old, as any part of the ruins, I stepped a few yards to the right to examine the Watch Tower, and then proceeded up towards the high and ponderous Keep. This structure is composed of lime-rock with free-stone door-ways and arches, the materials of all the buildings and walls. The great arch of this grand entrance into the Court must have been of resistless strength, being composed of three distinct gates with a port-cullis suspended over each of the inner ones, having the outer ones flanked with turrets. Above the main gate-way was the location of the armory and magazine, which, in the palmy days, contained every possible weapon that ingenuity could suggest.

I am now within the court of the castle; a grassy area comprising a few acres of level land, encompassed by the ivy-mantled wall on the west, and the broken buildings on the east. Upon the south, the keep or stronghold rears its gigantic proportions to the very sky, whose fierce lightnings and battering storms it has proudly repelled for twelve long centuries.

This is deemed the oldest edifice in the English Isle.

The entrance to the tower area is under a port-cullis, between Saxon parallel arches and firm ribs of red stone. A spiral stair-case to the left, under a Gothic arch, leads me to



DUDLEY CASTLE.

the lofty, battlemented summit, from which I behold a splendid panorama of 360 square miles, and diversified with every variety of natural and artificial scenery. Columns of fire and smoke, glistening canals, and mazy railways, busy towns and ancient abbeys, wood-embosomed cottages and superb mansions, magnificent churches and extensive parks, greet the admiring gazer's eye in every direction, even to the dim verge of the horizon. Nine counties are in view, viz. Worcester, Hereford, Brecon, Stafford, Salop, Radnor, Derby, Leicester, and Warwick, and the mountains of Malvern, Clent, Abberley, the Clees, and the Wrekin. Six miles to the north, the proud residence of Lord Ward, Himley-Hall, adorns the landscape of green, tinged by the yellow hue of autumn; and a few rods hence in the same direction I behold the seared hawthorns, which took me to their tenacious embrace, when I tumbled over the high fence yonder. For it being too late to obtain a pass through the gate, where I knocked and it was not opened unto me, I climbed up some other way, alighting on the other side in the manner and form aforesaid.

Prospect from the Tower.

Certain exquisitely poetical people may say, it is unbecoming one in so sublime a position, as that which I now occupy, to recount such an occurrence. Perhaps so. But if I am not a *lunatic*, from *keeping* my head up here in close proximity to *Luna*, or if my mind is not beclouded, I am sure not a more *touching* or *striking* incident has *fallen* under my observation since the beginning of these peregrinations. In fact I was *feelingly impressed* on account of the high nature of my *feet*, and exclaimed with a loud voice, on the *spur* of the moment:—

O, mihi! mihi! (my eye!) egregium factum!

A mile north of this castle, I see among the trees the ruins of an antique structure, which apparently might afford meet

shelter to lonely bats and moping owls. It was anciently a Priory of Benedictine monks of the order of Cluniac, dedicated to St. James, being founded in 1161, by Gervase Paganel, the owner of the castle, in pursuance of the intentions and wishes of his father, Ralph Paganel. It afterwards became a cell to Wenlock, a monastery of the same order, in Shropshire.

The keep originally consisted of four towers, flanked with spacious curtains. Two of them were thrown down by order of Parliament, after the garrison had surrendered, during the wars of Cromwell. This stupendous edifice was probably used as the last resort of the besieged, for its adamantine strength, its spacious curtains, pierced with slant chinks for port-holes, as well as windows, and its low, difficult entrance under the formidable port-cullis, plainly indicate, that here must have occurred the most desperate struggles, especially after the other parts had yielded to the fury of the invaders. Underneath the keep, there is an immense vault and dungeon, where more than one unhappy prisoner has sighed in vain for sweet liberty and the pleasant light of heaven.

The principal buildings on the east side of the court contain innumerable apartments, gate-ways, sally-ports, towers, secret passages, halls, ante-rooms, colonnades, chapel and vaults. The mouldering pile is overgrown with shrubs and long moss, — the decaying walls are clothed with winding vines, and dark birds are now flitting about, making the sombre picture more gloomy with their doleful complainings.

“ Departed grandeur ! could these stones assume
Historic power to tell thy prstine fame,
The torch of truth should thy dark reign illumine,
And bright description kindle from the flame.”

A morning walk among the Ruins.

I went again to see the ruins by the mellow light of morning. The scene was more cheerful. Several persons were

promenading the neat walks and a flock of rosy-checked children were running and playing among the trees and broken buildings, while the groves resounded with blithe carols of thrush and linnet, and the soft notes of the peaceful dove.

How is the aspect of this place changed since the dark and bloody times of the feudal barons! Within this court many a haughty race of warlike men have pranced their champing steeds at the sound of the herald's brazen trumpets in the gorgeous tournament. Here hath the doughty champion poised his deadly lance beneath the glistening eyes of his fair lady, beholding the spectacle from yon high balconies, and by rapturous plaudits, stimulating him to deeds of heroism. Here, too, in the merry days of Old England, when to "ride comely, to run fair at the tilt or ring, to shoot fair in the bow, to leap, wrestle, and play at tennis," were deemed noble accomplishments, many a brilliant scene hath been witnessed of manly sports and mirth-inspiring jousts.

One of the largest rooms is the grand hall. This must have been a noble apartment, about 80 feet long and 60 wide. The floor and eastern wall are entirely gone. The stone frames of its transom windows and three door-ways are all that remain to declare its former beauty. This is the hall, that contained the great oaken table made of a single plank from a tree of the "New Park," said to have measured above a hundred tons. These crumbling walls have witnessed splendid banquets and rung with the voice of high revelry and nightly masquerade.

Under the chapel I noticed a dismal vault, where the poor captives were wont to drag out their days of sorrow, and from which perhaps more than one brave patriot has been led forth, through the caprice and cruelty of his ruthless lord, to an ignominious death. The floor is covered with confused heaps of fallen stones and mortar, and I hear a continual dropping of water from the low-arched roof. There are iron-barred loop-holes in the thick walls to admit a few pale rays

of light. These apertures are deeply worn away, apparently by the feet of the prisoners, pressing there to look out from their cheerless abode, upon a world of joy and liberty.

The stones of the castle bear thousands of inscriptions, among which I observed the following names,—Rupert, Godfrey, James, Favell, Sidney, Kent, Morgan, Affahah, Soto, Polk, Bate and Revell. Around the wall, at the distance of three or four rods are the remains of a great ditch, and outside of that an embankment.

Ancient History.

The founder of this fortress in the beginning of the eighth century is supposed to have been an English Saxon by the name of Dudo, Earl of Coventry, Somerie and Arden, who married the daughter of Edmund Ironside, or Athelstan the son of Dudo. Towards the close of the Saxon heptarchy it is thought to have been the possession of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, in right of his wife Godiva. Their son Algar perhaps inherited it.

William of Normandy, who came over and gained the celebrated victory at Hastings, turned the English out of their houses and homes, and with the rest, “Edvinus comes,” or Earl Edwin, at that time the owner of this estate. The rapacious Norman king, according to his custom, established one of his soldiers here by the name of William Fitz Ausculph, to whom he had already given twenty-five lordships in the same country. From the villanous Fitz Ausculph, it has descended through the families of his posterity by the names of Paganel, Somerie, Sutton, Dudley, and now is held by William Ward, styled Lord Dudley, baron of Birmingham, whose great-grandfather’s great-grandfather’s father, son of Humble Ward, a goldsmith of London, married the daughter and heiress of Ferdinando Dudley, Lord of the Manor.

The famous John, duke of Northumberland, once cheated his poor cousin of an elder branch out of his right here, and,

during his ownership made the old castle shine, erecting a magnificent new building on the north side, and "adorned the gate-house tower with the arms of Malpas, Somerie, and the lion rampant assumed by him for the coat of Sutton, curiously cut in large shields of stone and figures in the wall, over the port-cullis." But, after the sanguinary Mary lopped off great John's proud head, the quondam baron John, got reinstated in his former titles and possession. The lord of Birmingham used to come, as the custom had long been, and make a quarterly bow to the lord here; but growing rich and therefore more independent, he declared he wouldn't stand the nonsense any longer. And ever after an annual tax was accepted as a substitute for the humble obeisance.

Visit to the Subterranean Cavern.

There is a vast cavern under this hill, where immense quantities of limestone are quarried. A canal has been cut through the solid rock from one side to the other. Going down reminded me of the descent of Ulysses or Æneas or Dante, into the infernal regions. There was the gloomy Styx, and old Charon came along in his crazy craft; instead of souls, however, it contained pigs of iron. The harsh sound of the boatman's songs reached us half an hour before his black face arrived within the gleam of our torches. As he slowly approached, the old fellow seemed disposed to address us; seeing which we paused. He did the same; and looking up with anxious countenance, opened his mouth, and spake these remarkable words: "How goes it? Got any bakker?" Both questions being negatived, he sadly pushed on, occasionally kicking against the rock-bound coast.

Appearance of the great English Reformer.

I had the pleasure of listening to an eloquent speech of RICHARD COBDEN, M. P., a few days since. Mr. C.'s personal appearance is manly and democratic; but English

orators are accustomed to speak with rather too much assurance. In stature he is somewhat below mediocrity, possessing a fair share of physical energy, a nervous-bilious temperament, dark and slightly curled hair, which he twists and tangles with his right hand, when in want of a strong climax. His flow of language is interrupted by occasional repetitions. He is far more particular about the matter, than the manner of sentences, and lays hold of any words that will clearly convey the meaning of his majestic ideas. He is said to be a good scholar and linguist, being accustomed to declaim in French when on the Continent. As a statesman his energies seem entirely devoted to the moral and political advancement of the nations. His philanthropy is boundless as the light or breath of heaven.

KENILWORTH, WARWICKSHIRE, Eng., }
Friday, November 16, 1849. }

Parish Registers.

On my way to this romantic old place, I stopped at Coalham, to collect from the parish registers and the ancient burial grounds of the first church (St. Thomas's), a genealogical account of a New England family, that originally resided there.

Society at the King's Head.

It was Saturday evening, and very rainy; but a cheerful coal fire dispelled the gloom of my apartments at the King's Head, while the other rooms of the hotel were ringing with O-be-joyful accents. Reading the papers till nine o'clock, I then rang for a servant and inquired if St. Thomas's Church was near.

"Ay," said he, "just across the way. That are the bell now ringing."

"Can you tell me where the clerk resides?"

"Ay, the parish clerk, master, Mr. Inkscratch; 'e lives

just a good bit up the 'ill. Would ye like to see 'im? e's 'ere e'en now, in the other room."

I walked in and took a seat in one corner, without speaking. A most jovial company sat round the table, playing at cards, and sipping brandy.

"Bravo! Bravo! Inkscratch, the stakes are yours," said one of the gamesters.

"By G—d, I should think it was time for my luck to change. Missus a gill of brandy, not so d—d'ot as the last. Let's double the stakes; come, this is b'hoys play."

"Agreed," answered all. And so they went on. After awhile, I introduced myself to the clerk, and he promised to aid me in the research.

Inkscratch as Clerk of the Church.

Sunday I attended church at St. Thomas's. It is a magnificent edifice, painted and ornamented in the most extravagant style. Before the chancel hangs a great picture representing the ascension of Jesus of Nazareth, which was splendidly illuminated during the afternoon service, commencing at six o'clock. When the proper time had arrived, the blooming countenance of the parish clerk, in white robes, solemnly arose from his sanctum like the round orb of night from behind a purple cloud, or a Duchess county cheese from a kitchen cellar, and proceeded to read the hymn. The following were the first two stanzas of it:

Thrice 'appy they, who may be hold
And listen to that age of gold!
When people in the *shops* shall *swell*
Resounding Psalm and *Can-ticle*.
Be-*gin* then, brethren, O be-*gin*,
The hage renew, that sees *nose-in*, (no sin,)
And the *Cr'atur's* name prolong,
As *gurgling streams* return the song.

{ Altered from Marot's Psalm, page 24.
{ Coalham Collection, Particular Metre.

There were many people in attendance, as usual in England; for this is a truly religious nation. The vicar gave us noble sermons. His pronunciation and manners were very similar to our most expensive American pulpit eloquence; and his personal appearance strikingly resembled our Boston divines, except, that this humid climate seems to augment the *trunk*, and flame the clerical physiognomy, more than ours.

Interview with the Reverend Vicar.

Monday morning at ten o'clock the clerk took me to the vicarage, which was within the churchyard. He said he only called thus early at my earnest solicitation, for he feared the Rev. Doctor was not arisen yet; and besides I had no letter of introduction. Reaching the house, we rang the bell several times before bringing any one to the door. At last a servant came, saying his Rev. Master was engaged, and was preparing to go out to his country residence. But I insisted on seeing him, for my business was of *great importance*. So out blustered the old parson, "What-what-what's wanting, what's wanting now?" said he.

I've come, sir, by your permission, to look over the ancient registers of this parish.

Oh! that is difficult, that is difficult. They are mostly illegible, they — they — What's your *OBJECT*, *pray tell*? I'm going away, and you must come next week, or some other time.

I'm a stranger from America sir, and —

"Whew! I don't care whether you're from America or from Africa. There was a gentleman here last week from your country, a *slave*; whom I entertained, and who held a public meeting in my church."

Well, can I see the registers or not? I've taken great pains to come here solely for this purpose, and did not anticipate such obstacles.

Well, clerk, take the key and open the chest. You know

the law requires your presence all the time the books are out.

As we stood in the doorway thus talking, a poor old cripple came crouching along. "Well, old fellow!" bawled out the parson, "what good can you do us? What service can you render us this morning? Sheer off, sheer off! we've no occasion for your presence just now."

The old Parish Records.

The clerk took out a huge pile of old manuscripts from the iron box. Thinking it would take me about a week to inspect so many, I asked what they would charge for the perusal.

"My customary charge is sixpence (12 cents) for each year passed over, and the clerk makes out his own bill for his services; however, as you are not looking up titles, but only genealogies, you may examine the registers for five shillings (\$1.25) per hour."

"I must attend to some business at the vestry," said the clerk, "and if you please, we'll carry the books up there." The room was full of buxom brides and merry bridegrooms, who had assembled to get their marriage certificates from the regular minister according to his requirement. Taking a seat by the fire, I began my search, and the church functionaries began their work for Hymen. The first record was in 1539. Parish registers were introduced in England by Lord Cromwell, in 1538.

Marrying at the Vestry.

"Who are you?" says the parson, pointing to a crooked-legged little fellow.

"John Flippington, please."

"Do you want to get married?"

"Ay, please ye."

"Which is yer gal?"

"'Ere she be."

"John Flipper-snapper, come hither and sign your name."

"I can't write my name, please ye."

"Poh! nonsense, walk up and sign your name like a man."

Well, then, come and scratch your mark."

"What trade are ye, John?" asked the clerk.

"Coal-heaver, please."

"Blue-eyed wench, what's your name?"

"Sarah Singletarry."

"Sarah what?"

"Singletarry, please yer reverence."

"You didn't like that name did you, Sally?"

"Why, master?"

"*Why?* because if ye 'ad ye would akept it, and *tarried single*, instead of exchanging it for Flipper-what-do-call-it 'ere, that can't write his name. Miss Singletarry, that *was*, just sign yer name 'ere."

"Can't write, master."

"O dear! so pretty a wench as you be, Sally, and never learned to write! Shame! Shame! Why didn't ye learn to read and write, at least, if nothing more?"

"Cause folks wus pore, and 'ad to work. Couldn't go to school, fur 'ich hi am sorry."

"I dare say ye be. Well 'ow do ye *spell* yer name?"

"Can't tell."

"Worse and worse! Can ye tell yer *age*?"

"Twenty-one, please."

"And yer 'usband?"

"Thirty-nine."

"Hush! call it *twenty-nine*, clerk."

"You curly 'eaded man in the green coat, want to double?"

"That same, may it plase yer riverence."

"Can ye subscribe yer name, Pat?"

"Hah! that can I, and niver miss, nor be bothered at all, not I. But jist now I beg yer riverence 'ill excuse me; for the light is so sthrong there, upon my sowl, I could niver see to write with my eyes."

The parson insisting on Pat's trying his hand, at last he came forward; but he couldn't write one letter. He could only make a *cross*; which the parson called taking up his cross, but he remarked, a person unable to make his autograph was unworthy of the *Christian name*.

"Fellow, what's your name?"

"Wellington St. Rattail."

"Can you write?"

"Nay."

"What's yer age?"

"About thirty."

"What trade are ye?"

"Laborer, please ye."

And so the marrying process continued three or four hours for there were more than fifty applicants.

Remarkable Conscientiousness of Mr. Spikenose.

The clerk came and whispered to me, saying, Mr. Spikenose, a former clerk, had an index of all the records, which he would probably show me for a few shillings. But "keep shady," said he, "about my telling you this. Don't let the old parson know it."

Slipping away to the office of Spikenose, I asked if he would have the goodness to favor me with a squint at his index, as it would save me much labor. "Provided the Rev. Doctor *Gullever* is willing," said Mr. Spikenose. "I am now going away, but some *other time*, you can come and see it, if it will not be detrimental to the Rev. Vicar's interest."

Is not such honesty a jewel, rare to view in America? It is found quite often in England. I was forcibly reminded of the beautiful passage of Scripture, where Solomon, speaking of a certain excellence, says: "It is like a jewel of gold in the spike end of a swine's head." Perhaps I don't use his precise language, but this is his beautiful idea.

Visit to a Charity School.

One day I took occasion, while at Coalham, to visit some of the public schools. Approaching the building, said I to a policeman — “Is that the school-house, which has the coat of arms engraved upon the wall?” “Aye, don’t you hear a sort o’ chattering, like a flock o’ wild ducks in a mud-puddle. Well, that be the school boys.” “Thank you, sir. Now will you tell me whose *armorial bearings* those are?”

“Aye; they be Lord Killburn’s, and these on this side be Sir Stanhope Buyfame’s, both whom are said to have endowed the institution.”

Knocking at the door, Mr. B., the worthy teacher, politely invited me to inspect his school, saying he wished more interest was generally felt, in regard to education among the mass of the community; for he seldom saw a visitor. He had the charge of 250 boys, and he told me he taught all the common English branches, sometimes the Latin language also. The boys have to pay only two cents per week tuition. His salary is \$500 a year. The plan of instruction, was, to set apart particular days for each branch, so as not to mix things together in confusion. He went round to show me the penmanship and drawing, in which the pupils evidently excelled. “Don’t walk about bareheaded,” said he, “you’ll stand a chance to take cold. The air is so chilly here, I always keep on my cap.—My principal punishment for blotting or tearing books, is to require *new* for the *injured* ones.” The boys were apparently bright, but thin and pale, as if they were meagrely fed. Their clothes were horribly ragged and soiled. On the desk sat a jar of cholera medicine, with which, the teacher said, he had cured seven patients among his pupils, by administering it on the first appearance of the distemper.

There was a large clock at one end of the room, and several outline maps, published by Robert Chambers, hung from the ceiling, through which they could be drawn up or let down by means of pulleys.

A School for both Sexes.

Another school, connected with St. Stephen's Church, consisted of a male and female department. The building was composed of free-stone, handsomely constructed, containing six rooms. One master instructed the boys and one mistress the girls. Children were admitted from the age of six years up to twenty, and had to pay a penny weekly. This school was under the superintendence of the parish minister.

He had a hall in the building, where the *poor*, who were ashamed to appear at the big church, assembled one evening in each week to listen to his religious teachings.

Order and silence were not the most prominent features of these schools, and the pupils are not likely to make much progress in any studies except reading and writing.

Many of the English academies, and some of the lower institutions, require their pupils to wear a particular kind of uniform.

The advantages of this custom are entirely unknown to me. But the *gowns* and *tight hose* with which great boys are seen scampering about the streets appear singularly comical. Far too many marks of distinction and inferiority are seen here both among the young and old. Too much *exclusiveness* and *partiality* exist in the public schools. *There* are sown the first principles of English aristocracy. May America studiously avoid the adoption of such fashions. The *free* system of New England education is the *pride* and *glory* and *hope* of our nation.

“ Nurse of my country's infancy, her stay
In youthful trials and in danger's day,
Diffusive education! 'tis to thee
See owes her mountain-breath of liberty;
To thee she looks, through time's illusive gloom,
To light her path, and shield her from the tomb.”

KENILWORTH CASTLE, WARWICKSHIRE, }
Eng., Nov. 23, 1849.

A Walk in the Country.

FROM Coalham to the old city of Coventry, the distance is only ten miles ; and choosing to walk rather than wait three hours for a coach, I found the way broad, hard as marble, and fringed with tall elm and oak groves. Midway between the towns, just at nightfall, I came to a country inn, that appeared so neat and quiet among the trees, I felt inclined to stop there over night. Going in, the good housewife, dressed in her clean cap and white linen apron, greeted me with a cheerful smile, saying :

"The evening air is chilly, isn't it? but it's been a nice day. Please take a seat by the fire, and make yourself easy. We haven't a very fine house, but ye shall be comfortably lodged."

Description of the Country Inn.

While she was making tea, I sat by the blazing fire, thinking of home and friends far across the blue Atlantic sea. But it was not a lonely place. Around the walls hung some old pictures of the kings, and some charts telling how to live economically. Along one side extended a plain seat, with a white table near the end. On the other side there stood a well-scoured cupboard containing crockery dishes of various colors, artfully arranged so as to make a fine show, all the flowery sides being displayed, but the plain, scorched and cracked parts placed in the back-ground. The good natured house-dog lay asleep in one corner, now and then starting up, thinking he heard his master coming, and then stretching himself out again on the rag-woven mat, with a disappointed, murmuring sigh. The black-and-white cat was quietly purring from her corner of the clean-brushed hearth, the chirping crickets playing a second part, while a pleasant glare from the fireplace quivered on the ceiling, and the long pendulum of

the old-fashioned clock wagging slowly back and forth, repeated: "think — think — think," occasionally adding, "time is life!"

In a little while the good woman came, spread a nice white cloth over the sideboard, and brought in the supper. She had prepared an excellent repast of rural fare — snowy bread and fresh milk, sweet, new butter, rich cheese, and cream; besides delicious currant and apple preserves. A *Down-Easter* never would pine on such food.

The Little Children.

As I was sitting down to the table, the voices of the children approached, for they had been to meet their father. The dog ran out frisking about with joy at their return. Two black-eyed boys, and a blue-eyed, rosy girl came in with their father; who, on seeing me, glided softly up to a seat at the other side of the hearth. By-and-by, after warming their little hands and feet, one brought a book and two began to read, while the youngest played with the kitten. I asked them what book it was, and the little girl said it was Howitt's Poems. Do you like those verses? said I. "O yes, sir, very much." Why do you like them? "I think it is because they are about such folks as we, and they speak of such things as I've seen, and they seem so kind and cheerful." There's one about flax. Will you rehearse it for me?

"Oh, the goodly flax-flower!
It groweth on the hill,
And be the breeze awake or asleep,
It never standeth still!

Ah, 'tis a goodly little thing,
It groweth for the poor,
And many a peasant blesses it
Beside his cottage door.

He thinketh how those slender stems,
That shimmer in the sun,
Are rich for him in web and woof,
And shortly shall be spun."

"And there," said she, "there's a piece about the poor man's garden, and one about children:"

"Sporting through the forest wide;
Playing by the water-side;
Wandering o'er the heathy fells;
Down within the woodland dells;
All among the mountains wild,
Dwelleth many a little child.
Blessings on them! They in me
Move a kindly sympathy."

Arrival at Kenilworth—its History.

At nine o'clock I retired, and being early awakened by the birds among the branches of the surrounding trees, hastened forward, soon reaching this town, the ancient Warthe (home) of Kenhelm, now called Kenilworth. It is between Coventry and Warwick, being five miles from each. Before the Conquest it was a part of Stoneleigh, and the seat of a castle, which stood in the woods, on the banks of Avon. During the turbulent times of king Edward and Canute the Dane, the fortress was demolished.

In the reign of Henry the First, the manor was given by him to Geoffrey de Clinton, a Norman, who founded this castle in the year 1120. But it did not continue long in the Clinton family; as appears from the fact that king Henry the Second possessed it, and maintained a garrison here, when his eldest son rebelled against him in 1165. The only remaining part of the original castle is Caesar's Tower.

In 1254, Henry the Third granted it to Simon Montford, earl of Leicester, and Eleanor his wife, during their lives.

This same man united with the barons in rebellion against his benefactor, when they armed themselves, held a parliament at Oxford, and compelled the king's assent to their ordinances. Montford and his eldest son fell in the battle of Evesham, in 1264, leaving the castle in the possession of his son Simon, who received therein many refugees from the disastrous conflict; and they continued here spoiling the country until midsummer, when the king prepared to march hither to subdue the fortress.

Henry came with banners and ensigns displayed, having a numerous army with plentiful supplies, and the next morning after the feast of St. John the Baptist's nativity begirt the castle on all sides. After a siege of six months it surrendered, and soon after was granted by the king to his son Edmond, who was afterwards created earl of Leicester, later earl of Lancaster. It afterwards passed through the hands of Edward the Second, Henry, earl of Lancaster and Leicester, his son Henry duke of Lancaster, his daughter Blanche's consort John of Gaunt, (fourth son of Edward the Third), Henry the Fourth, and subsequently continued in the crown till the reign of Elizabeth, who in 1563 gave it to Robert Dudley, a son of John Dudley, and in the following year created him earl of Leicester.

John of Gaunt, about 1395, began all the ancient buildings here, except Caesar's Tower. Robert Dudley added to the already magnificent structure the noble Gate House and that part called Leicester's Buildings, besides the Flood Gate and Gallery Tower, in which he prepared a spacious apartment for ladies to witness the exercises of tilting and barriers. He added also Mortimer's Tower, upon which the arms of Mortimer were engraved in stone.

The stately remains, and the distance of the buildings from each other, show it to have been a vast pile in its best days. The whole is composed of smooth blocks of free-stone, beautified with the most graceful ornaments of architecture.

Caesar's Tower was the keep, but unlike many of the Norman keeps, it had no dungeon, the place of confinement for prisoners being probably one of the corner turrets, or the Strong Tower. The walls of the keep are sixteen feet thick, and all its parts are of similar durability.

The Gate House is a grand edifice, and most perfect of all the castle. A family resides in it, who admit visitors to the interior parts for a sixpence, and if a person appears to be an aristocrat, they will take particular pains to crouch, bow, and scrape to him, but a *commoner*, like me, must expect no favors here or anywhere else, in the precincts of lordly sway.

The initials R. L. (i. e. Robert Leicester) are carved on various parts of this building, as well as the arms of his ancestors. In one of the rooms I observed a splendid chimney-piece, the lower part of which is of alabaster, and, being "curiously wrought," is probably that which once belonged to the Private chamber. It has been richly decorated with gilding, and bears the inscription "Droit et Loyal," with the initials "R. L." on each side, between which are his arms encircled by the garter. The smaller shields are charged with double-tailed lions, the ancient arms of Dudley. The date "1571" appears on the right-hand side. The upper part is of oak, and no less curious for its elaborate carving. It bears the initials "E. R." for "Eliza Regina!" in honor of the queen.

Prospect from the Ruins.

I am in the midst of a delightful country, decked with green fields, antique mansions, beautiful groves, though putting on the yellow and scarlet hues of autumn, level plains, and fair hills. Yonder lies the vale which was the basin of the silver artificial lake over whose reflecting bosom the virgin queen sailed, like Egypt's fair queen, in her gorgeous barge.

The story of her visit here is worthy of a brief narration. It is the basis of the accomplished Walter Scott's romance entitled "Kenilworth."

Robert Dudley and Queen Elizabeth.

Robert was a great favorite among the ladies, "being," as the old writers say, "a very goodly personage and singularly well-featured." It was a trait of the family to be aspiring. Having discovered the proper fort from which to assail his fair sovereign's heart, there is no doubt but he sometimes anticipated her acceptance of his hand in marriage. By his artful flattery Elizabeth had already become so deeply captivated, that she made him her special favorite, bestowed on him distinguished honors, and granted him several lordships among which was this manor.

To show his benefactress how highly he appreciated her munificence, and how much he prized the gifts, thus following up the same artifice by which they were acquired, he expended fifty thousand pounds in repairing and ornamenting this castle, and then prepared here, for his royal mistress, a sumptuous entertainment. Perhaps he cherished some faint hopes of a marriage with the queen, on this very occasion. And the event might have transpired, had not Elizabeth gained knowledge of the earl's private union with Miss Robsart, whom he had left in a secluded place called Cumnor, three miles from Oxford. It is not probable that he meditated any murderous design against his wife. He deemed that the queen, if it became expedient, could easily annul the matrimonial contract, or cause a bill of divorce to be granted him.

But Elizabeth was a person of better principles than her father, and would not have listened to such proposals, had they been made to her. She was violently offended with Leicester, because he had espoused another lady; which seems to prove her desire to retain him for her own husband. However, up to this time, as the story goes, Robert was generally esteemed to be a bachelor, and well pleasing to Elizabeth, who, in July 1575, paid him a visit here of seventeen days' continuance, commencing Saturday, the 9th of the month.

His splendid Entertainment of the Queen at Kenilworth.

On that day Leicester met her at Long Ichington, one of his lordships, and "made her majesty great cheer at dinner and pleasant pastime in hunting by the way hither," so that it was eight o'clock in the evening ere they arrived at the castle. Coming near, in the park, one of the ten Sybils clad in white silk, greeted them with a poem in praise of the queen's magnanimity and excellent deeds. Next, coming to the gate, the train were met by a tall, gigantic porter, who made a boisterous speech about the vast multitudes that were disturbing his quiet; but when he found it to be the queen, he suddenly altered his tone to wonderfully comely discourse, and even yielded up his club, as a sign of submission, humbly praying for pardon on account of his premature impatience. Then they came to six trumpeters, each eight feet high, all arrayed in flowing garments of silk, with silver trumpets, five feet in length, who marched along upon the walls, keeping pace with the procession, while the welkin rung with their sonorous blasting.

Her highness rode forward in the tilt-yard to the inner gate, where the Lady of the Lake, as sung in "king Arthur's book," waited on her with two nymphs, all arrayed in splendid silk robes. From the midst of the pool, where upon a movable island, brightly gleaming with torches she floated to land, the Lady met her majesty with a poem about the ancestry of the barons of Kenilworth. This pageant was closed with the high music of hautboy, shalms, cornets, etc. Next they came by the gifts of the gods placed upon pillars: delicious fruits from Pomona, flowers from Flora, wild game from Sylvanus, products of the soil from Ceres, grapes and wines from Bacchus, fishes of the sea from Neptune, arms from Mars, music from Phoebus, and fire-works from Jove.

Hunting Pastimes.

In the afternoons, Elizabeth would go forth into the chase with an eager band of huntsmen, to pursue the hart of force. When the flying animal, chased by the harrowing hounds, was compelled to take soil, that is, plunge into the lake for the protection of water, then would appear an exciting scene. The broad antlers of the fleeting deer swayed over the glassy surface by the stately carriage of his head, the whirling of skiffs hastening after on foamy wings, the wild yelling of hounds, the running of footmen, the galloping of horses, the shrill winding of horns, the loud hallooing and shouting of huntsmen, and the reëchoing of far-off hills and deep woodlands around, "all," exclaims the beholder, "moved pastime delectable in so high a degree, as in my opinion there can be none in any way comparable to it." When the deer was taken, Elizabeth would command it to be liberated with the loss of its ears.

Music, Worship, and Dancing.

Sometimes on pleasant days, after passing the mornings in attending musical and dancing performances, towards night the queen would walk into the park over the splendid bridge, where she would stand and listen to "sundry kinds of delectable music," from a magnificent barge prepared for the purpose.

The first Sunday forenoon was spent in quiet and vacation from work, and in divine service at the parish church, and the afternoon "in excellent harmony of sundry sweet instruments and in dancing of lords, ladies and other worshipful degrees uttered with such lively agility and commendable grace, as whether it might be more strange to the eye, or pleasant to the mind, for my part, indeed, I could not discern."

The Quintain and a Mock Marriage.

On the second Sunday, after divine service and a "fruitful sermon," it being, by the calendar, St. Kenelm's day, a solemn

bridal of a fair couple was appointed to take place in the great court, before the castle, where was placed a "comely quintain for feats at arms." This was a customary sport at weddings. The quintain was an upright *cross-piece*, having one end broad and pierced with holes, and the other end supporting a sack of sand, which swung round very suddenly when a blow was struck on the broad end just described. It was the practice for the youth on horseback to dash against this part; but if he missed it in his swift career, loud peals of derision followed; and if he hit, the sand-bag would be jerked round, so that it behoved both horse and rider to exert their utmost agility to break the board; and whoever first effected this, was accounted chief of the day's recreation.

When the company were marshalled in the tilt-yard, all the lusty lads and bold bachelors of the parish, every wight having his blue buckram bride-lace upon a branch of green broom tied to his left arm, because that is the side of the heart, and holding an alder-pole spear in the right hand, ranged them in martial order, two and two in rank, before the quintain. The bridegroom was foremost, habited in his father's tawny worsted jacket, a "fair straw hat, with capital crown, steeple-wise on his head," a pair of harvest gloves on his hands, as a sign of good husbandry, a pen and ink-horn at his back, for he would be thought *bookish*, and having a new muffler for a napkin, lent him by his tender mother, fastened to his girdle, lest he should lose it. In the rear of these horsemen was a lively Morris-dance, consisting of six dancers, the maid Marian, and fool; then three white-haired girls, and "Cicely, with set countenance and lips so demurely simpering, as it had been a colt cropping of a thistle." After these, a "lovely lubber," freckled-faced, red-headed, in canvas doublet and hose, came to bear the bride-cup, all begilded and gaily adorned with broom, rosemary and bride-laces.

"This gentle cup-bearer had his freckled physiognomy somewhat unhappily infested, as he went, by busy flies that flocked

about the sweet cup ; but he, like a tall fellow, withstood their malice stoutly — see what manhood may do — beat them away, killed them by scores, stood to his charge, and marched on in good order.”

Amy Robsart.

But while these domes were echoing the voice of unrestrained merriment, where was the beautiful, the gentle, the amiable young wife of Robert Leicester, lord of this grandeur and of his sovereign's heart? Where was the fair Amy (Robsart) Dudley during these days of mirth and nights of courtly splendor? Where was she when the sky above was rife with pealing shouts of glee, starry rockets and glittering flames, when timbrels, sweet recorders, pipes and cornets, were making night vibrate with thrilling melody?

“ The dews of summer night did fall,
 The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
 Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
 And many an oak that grew thereby.
 Now nought was heard beneath the skies —
 The sounds of busy life were still,
 Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
 That issued from that lonely pile.
 ‘ Leicester,’ she cried, ‘ is this thy love,
 That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
 To leave me in this lonely grove,
 Immured in shameful privy ?’
 At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
 Where every lady's passing rare,
 That eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
 Are not so glowing, not so fair.
 Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
 Where roses and where lilies vie,
 To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
 Must sicken — when those gaudes are by ?
 ‘ Mid rural scenes my life begun,
 Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
 Some country swain might me have won,
 And thought my beauty passing rare.

Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And oh ! then leave them to decay ?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave me to mourn the live-long day ?

Alas ! while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn ;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.'

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
And many a heart-felt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear."

Quintain Sport.

Thus moved on the sport with lance and quintain : The bridegroom, for preëminence, had the first thrust, and shivered his weapon with true hardiment ; but his nag did so prance, and titubate, that his manhood had much ado to cling to the saddle ; however he righted up without losing his stirrups, for he had none to lose ; but the girth burst, and away flew pen and ink-horn, for which he grieved with tearful eyes. Ah ! then saw he the advantage of motherly solicitude, for as good hap was, there dangled the napkin safe at his side. That consoled him, and he had good regard not to soil it. He durst be bolder to wipe his rheumatic nose with the flappet of his father's jacket, than his mother's muffler. "'Tis a goodly matter when youth are mannerly brought up in fatherly love and motherly awe." After the bridegroom's debut, ran others, at first orderly, but soon tag and rag, cut and long tail ; where the speciality of the sport was, to see the laggards run their countenances into the sand-bag ; and others, pitch heels overhead against the post. Now one puts forth with spur and rein, plunging among the thickest throng, knocking a whole platoon into a scrambling heap ; then steering for the quintain with might and main, just before arriving, off sheers his steed to the group of horses on the right or left. Another

dashes forward, striking the board with his head instead of spear. But all this was simple, till upon greater courage, they left quintaining, and had at one other. Then to see the looks: fierce eye-balls, hardy attempts, desperate adventures, the driving forth, leaping and wheeling, the mad encounters, reckless buffeting of man and beast, whereby both would come tumbling to the ground; mehercule! 'twould have moved one to a right merry mood, though in weeds for his poor grandmother.

Facetious Play by the Coventry-men.

Hereunto followed "Hock Tuesday," performed by certain good-hearted men of Coventry, and presenting a historical cue. These neighbors made petition, that they might renew, before Elizabeth, their old storial show; how the Danes whilom here in troublous season, were for a while well borne in peace. But anon, by outrage and insupportable insolency against Ethelred the king, and all estates everywhere beside, at the advice of Hunna, the king's war-chief, on St. Brice's night, Nov. 13, 1012, they were all dispatched and the realm rid of them.

"The thing," said the Coventry-men, "for pastime, is played in our city yearly," and because the matter mentioned how valiently the *English women* behaved themselves, leading off captive troops of the conquered Danes, therefore they thought it might move some mirth to her majesty. So in came Captain Cox, the Danish leader, marching on before gallantly, and flourishing his ton-sword, an odd man, and right skillful, very cunning in fence, and hardy as Gawain; great oversight hath he also in matters of story, philosophy and song; having at his finger's ends — firstly: King Arthur's Book; The Squire of Low Degree; Robin Hood; The Wife lapt in a Morel's skin; Scogan; Colin Clout, etc.; for philosophy, in which, by the omberty of his books, one may guess he must be as naturally overseen, — The Ship of Fools; Daniel's Dreams; The Hundred Merry tails; The Book of Riddles;

and what a bunch of ballads ; such as Broom broom on Hill ; So Woe is me Begone, trolly lo ; Over a Whinney Meg ; Hey ding a ding ; My bony one gave me a beck ; By a bank as I lay, and a hundred more. A valient captain of great prowess, fierce as a fox assaulting a goose. Each was hardy to give the first stroke, and they got so grisly together, that *quarrel* inflamed the fury on both sides, one eager for prey, the other utterly stout for redemption of liberty. Twice the Danes had the better, but at the last conflict, beaten down, overcome, and *captivated* by the women. Whereat, her highness laughed well, and gave them two bucks and five merks in money to make merry together. So they prayed for her long happily to reign, and oft to come hither, that oft they might see her, for they were never before so beatified.

The Gardens and Groves.

There was a beautiful garden on the north side, wherein was reared a terrace ten feet high and twelve broad, and fresh with fine grass, studded by obelisks, statues, spheres curiously set with goodly show of art ; fine arbors redolent by sweet, flowery trees and plants, gracified by sanded glades, high pyramids of porphyry of great cast and cost. In this garden, too, were all varieties of wild animals and birds.

As for the amplitude and firmness of the castle, the circuit within its walls contains seven acres. The walls are from ten to fifteen feet thick. The buildings were all sheathed in lead to protect them from decay. One park contained 789 acres, and the silver artificial lake 111 acres, well stored with fish and fowls. The fortress, manors, parks, and chase covered over nineteen or twenty miles of a pleasant country ; the like *then* both for strength, state, and pastime not being within the realm of England.

Visitors at Kenilworth.

In the summer season persons are constantly seen wander-

ing through the dark aisles, and over the crumbling, vine-wreathed towers. Many inscriptions have been engraved by visitors on the smoother stones of each building; showing the wide prevalence of that principle, poetically styled, "Man's Universal Passion," and prosaically speaking his greatest foible.

I am utterly lost in trying to estimate the number of jack-knives, that have been wasted in giving notoriety to such names as these:— William Beats, C. L. Phillips, W. Avern, Mary Roberts, I. King, Lamb, S. Dudley, Chambers, J. Power, E. Verry, N. Orls, James, T. Ward, J. Lattimer, S. A. Johnson, J. Stratton, W. Essex, L. Stratford and I. Redgra.

Sentimental Conclusion.

There has just been a contention in my head whether to close this description of the old ruins with poesy or philosophy; *Yankee* philosophy is meant of course. The bard says:—

" Time has flown back a few short centuries
In sportive mood ; again these walls are hung
Confusedly with arms and armor bright !
Habergeon hard, and ponderous battle-axe,
Hauberk, and helm, and cuirass, lance and sword.
In days of yore the gladsome day was spent
In joust and tournament, and courtly glee ;
Then castle roofs reëchoed with the peal
Of midnight revelry and festal mirth.
O what a glorious time was that to live in !"

That is, being interpreted, 'twas an excellent, jolly, good time when the castle bristled all over with sharp killing-irons, and robust, able-bodied men used to spend whole months in eating, drinking, kicking up their heels, and buffeting one another like mad turkey-gobblers!

What's the use, the advantage, *the good*, of such displays, such customs, and such lives? Even if present happiness was all their aim, surely many more rational ways were open for its pursuit. The pleasures of sense are extremely low

and grovelling in comparison with those of the god-like mind. But the pleasures of warlike operations are still meaner; they are infernal. For who but fiends in spirit, of whatever form, can delight in the sundered ties of affection, the brutal rage, the pains, the dying agonies, the ghastly sights, the miseries and degrading vices resulting from unmanly strife between the fraternal children of earth?

True, for their architectural merit, the remains of such structures as this was, excite our admiration. The men of those chivalrous times possessed great energy and courage; but the manner in which these beautiful things were used was so prejudicial to the advancement of the world, that I cannot regret the wondrous change. On the contrary, I gaze on the fallen magnificence with deep feelings of satisfaction.

When industry shall come to be esteemed a noble virtue, when learning shall have illumed the understanding of mankind, when reason shall have supplanted the superstitions of the heathen world, when the enlightened people of the nations shall have the privilege of making and executing their own laws, and, therefore, when all shall be free, friendly and happy, then indeed might the poor bard, with all the philosophers and philanthropists of earth consistently exclaim,

“ O what a glorious time for men to live in !”

But, thanks to God, we are blessed with a more divine race of poets than the one quoted represents. They have discovered, that truth and song are not so adverse to each other, but they may be most happily wedded. Sings one of these,

“ What constitutes a State ?
 Not high-raised battlement, or labored mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate ;
 Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned ;
 Where laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;
 But *Men*, high-minded MEN.”

CITY OF COVENTRY, CO. COVENTRY, {
Eng., Friday, Dec. 7, 1849. }

Farewell to Kenilworth.

HAVING rambled through all parts of those grey ruins, the gate-house, Caesar's Tower, the kitchens, the strong tower, the great hall, the white hall, the presence chamber, the privy chamber, Leicester's buildings, Henry the Eighth's lodgings, the Swan Tower, Lunn's Tower, the Water Tower, the room in the wall, Mortimer's Tower, Gallery Tower, the privy garden, etc., I ascended the moss-grown wall to take a farewell survey of the sombre picture, which will never greet these eyes again. It is twilight now. Imagine my sober situation and sad reflections. Hark !

The cowbell tolls; Nell, at this time o' day,
Is doubtless milking in the distant lea;
The parson toddles on his winding way,
Leaving the alehouse and the world to me.
Now rush the flittering bats upon my sight,
And all the vales a foggy vapor hold,
Save where the frisking zephyrs bend their flight,
Or staring owls their lazy wings unfold.

Alas! how grave, how desolate these once joyous, thronging halls. Sic transit gloria mundi! But, yet, think not the mouldering castle wholly tenantless!

Full many a newt of purest red and green
These dank, unfathomed chinks and rat-holes bear,
Full many a toad is born to blush unseen,
And fling his music on the dusty air.
Perhaps, beneath these sighing crab-trees high,
Where erst the dulcet wood-pecker hath stood,
Some mute, conservative snake or snail may lie,
Some worm, that ne'er attempted harm or good.

I walked to the Churchyard and reclined among the graves.

The intemperate looking moon began to leave drink, and arise in her majesty above the low temptations of earth, ar-

rayed in spangled robes and monstrous neck-ruffs well underpropped with starch. By the light of her rosy cheeks and the other plump features of her comely countenance, I could distinctly discern a little way eastward, the 'Sow and Pig's' Inn, the Gothic Tower and beautiful Norman arches of Kenilworth church. That is the seat of lord Robin's piety. I must go thither to inspect his religious offerings. On my way I pass through the old churchyard adjoining. The soft stone monuments are deeply worn by falling rains and the rude pressure of human feet.

This tablet appears very ancient. Let me trace out the inscription :

" Here lies the body of William Lee,
buvried according to his own appointment,
Feb. 5, Anno Dom. 1617."

Here's another :

" Memento Mori !
William Dvnnand, Aprill 18th, 1698."

The graves are overgrown with long grass and moss. They look as if nobody comes to visit them. The world is so full of living friends, that the dead are soon forgotten ; but do they forget us ? are the spirits of all these departed sons and daughters of earth unconscious of the condition, the deeds of their posterity now on the stage of life ? With all the lights and aids of voluminous priestly lore, where is the divine doctor of England's Church, or any other, that can unfold the dark mysteries of the tomb ? that can truly describe the nature of our future state, its location, or even one single feature of that unknown world ?

Mysteries.

Are there spirits around me, while I recline amid these mounds beholding my thoughts, reading my intentions, and perceiving my destiny ? Oh ! would they but answer my enquiries. How many things I would get explained ! Why

should the future be concealed from our longing eyes! Is there danger of man's learning too much? Are not light and knowledge good for the soul, as liberty is for the body? Darkness, mystery and ignorance are utterly opposed to all goodness and grandeur. They are the eternal foes of truth. To dispel them from the mind is indeed the noblest undertaking of mortals. I hope we shall be able to see more clearly by and by. New discoveries are constantly being made. Is there a soul so weak and cowardly as to *fear* light, or not dare to "pry into mysteries?" Why, such an one is just like that mole yonder. See the ninnyhammer stick up his little, solemn nose from the hole under that sod, and squint round! He quivers and blinks, seeming to think the moon a snare. His little heart fails him. Back he dodges out of sight, into the familiar regions of night and dirt.

Reflections on the Dead.

What various characters did these neighbors bear. A few *perhaps* were honest men. God bless their souls forever! Some strutted, puffed and blustered through the world, because they possessed more property than others. Some fretted and fumed all their lives about trifling crosses and disappointments. Some frowned and crouched about their richer brethren, because they had caverns where brains ought to have grown. Some begged their bread, because they were too honest to steal. Some sipped sack, ate roast beef and expounded the gospel, because the people hadn't wit enough to understand it without them. The idle were more esteemed than the industrious, and the trafficker domineered over the producer.

But they were all nearly alike, foolish and pitiful creatures in the eyes of angels, provided that race takes cognizance of material objects. Similar passions and motives moved the breasts of all, and prompted every action. Happiness was their whole aim, but they sought it in extremely different

ways. And when they came to die, every one had a similar desire to be remembered. This is the most unaccountable weakness of our nature. What inducement can a *bad* man have to wish for the continuance of a name which is infamous? Perhaps he does not realize his own depravity. Why should even a *good* man be solicitous about fame after he shall have lost all consciousness and ability to enjoy it? Wisdom sometimes nearly extinguishes the passion, but it requires a powerful effort to accomplish this.

Monumental Stones.

What is the object of all these monuments? Evidently to preserve the names of the dead, and mark the spots where their bodies repose. But how poorly they answer the intended design? For the wasting frames remain only a few years, and the inscriptions become erased in three centuries. I don't recollect but one kind of monument, that is indestructible. *That* is the production of something that tends to elevate the condition of mankind. Such an one will last as long as our race endures, though the *name* of its author be forgotten.

What's in a name? merely a sound or the scratch of a pen. Both the sound and sign soon become so changed, that the person they represent would be unable to recognize them, were he arisen to life again. It is a trifle.

When in Philadelphia once, I went to see the grave of Franklin, also that of Girard. The former has this inscription only:

"Benjamin and }
Debora Franklin, } 1790."

The latter has not a letter or mark upon it.

It is a high source of enjoyment *to the living* to visit the places where our friends were laid to rest, and peruse the instructive epitaphs.

Something more than bare names and dates should be in-

scribed. It is interesting to see, also, a concise account of the departed friend's or neighbor's lineage, his peculiar traits of character, likewise the deeds of his life; which should be plainly written in our mother tongue. For not one in a hundred takes pleasure in puzzling out foreign expressions in cemeteries, that usually contain so many inscriptions.

Here is the place and the time for reflection.

The Antique Church.

O! Church of St. Nicholas and pious Leicester, who broke the hearts of two virtuous and affectionate wives! Speak — tell me the story of thy experience from the dark night of the 13th century to this moonlight time! How many insolent aristocrats have presumed to worship the lowly and democratic Jesus within thy proud walls!

What sums of gold have been lavished upon thy form, and poured into thy treasury, by iron-hearted lords or affluent hypocrites, who vainly hoped *thus* to cancel their villanies, and conciliate the favor of the *kind*, but just God!

The origin of this edifice is unwritten, unknown.

In 1570, Leicester endowed the vicarage with all great and small tithes of the freehold and copyhold estates within the manor. He beautified the chancel, built a new roof, and encircled it with battlements. He also carved his crest upon the walls, and

“ Marked the marble with his name,”

which the churchmen still point out to visitors with expressions of exultation.

I forbear to trouble you with further details, because the air is becoming quite chilly, and the stars are putting on their night-caps to retire. Perhaps I had better leave now.

Visit to the chief Antiquary of the Place.

In the morning I glanced hither by the hourly train, and suddenly alighted in an antiquary's shop. He enter-

tained me with-old fashioned hospitality, proving himself a 'righte clever wyghte;' which considerably strengthened my former partiality for that genus of vegetables.

After showing me several *branches* of his family *trees*, in which were many *curious old cuts* interspersed among the *leave* to make them *bear better prices*, he gave considerable insight into the history of the town. Feeling very thankful for these favors, I hoped he would continue to *flourish* through propitious *rains*, and ever receive his *dews*, enjoying alternately the *sunshine* of prosperity and *windfalls* of fortune. He gave me several *low boughs* as we parted, indicative of a *cultivated* mind. As further evidence of the same, please examine the *paragraffs* on the next shelf.

Chronicles.

This was a famous, old Puritan city — the ancient home of those distinguished families of New England, the Sewalls and Davenports, whose ancestors were among the most worthy citizens. In 1619, Henry Shewall, an alderman, was elected a member of parliament; in 1587, Henry Sewall was mayor; also in 1606; in 1617, William Sewall was mayor.

In 1553, Edward Dampport (probably misspelled for *Davenport*) was a member of parliament; in 1550, Edmund Davenport was mayor; in 1602, Christopher Davenport was mayor. H. Davenport held the office in 1613; another Christopher had the office in 1641, since which time no person of those cognomens are mentioned in the list; because they went to America. 'Henry Sewall' above mentioned was great-grandfather to the first judge Sewall of Massachusetts. The judge's grandfather, Henry, out of dislike to the English hierarchy, sent over his only son, Henry, with cattle and provisions for the plantation in 1634, subsequently following himself. He lies buried at Rowley.

Rev. John Davenport, a very learned man, believed to have been the son of *Christopher* first mentioned, was persecuted

from this fair land of his birth, and sought refuge first in Holland, finally in New England. He lies buried beside Cotton and Winthrop, in King's chapel graveyard, Boston.

The Hopkins family, doubtless ancestors of Edward Hopkins, who helped Mr. Davenport and Theophilus Eaton lay the foundations of New Haven colony in 1638, were very noted persons here two hundred years ago.

Female Soldiers.

During the civil wars, Charles I. had many enemies in Coventry. In 1642 Parliament garrisoned the city, planting cannon on all the principal towers.

A large number of patriotic women being marshalled at the sound of the drum, marched in military array, armed with spades and mattocks, to fill up some quarries in the great park, and thus prevent those places from affording future shelter to their royalist foes.

A lady by the name of Adderly was the fair captain of the Amazonian band. Mary Herbert, her lieutenant, conducted them back after having accomplished the work, firing a pistol, which she carried in her hand, as a signal for dismissal.

This is a place of great antiquity, being a town of the ancient Britons, as its name indicates. The syllable "tre" is the British word for *town*.

'*Covent*' or *Convent* was prefixed on account of the monastery it once contained, which was probably founded by the Saxons; Leland says, 'by king Canute the Dane.'

The existence of this monastic institution was probably the cause of the city's early prosperity. Its removal occasioned a diminution in population from 15,000 to 3,000. The fascinations of a religion full of pomp and gold, which have yet a hold on the people, brought hither much ostentation and many rich families, so that it became a celebrated city.

Henry IV. held a parliament here in 1404, from which *law-*

yers were prohibited; in 1459 another parliament was held called by the Yorkists, *Parliamentum Diabolicum*.

Nearly every king and queen have visited the place, and many interesting events have transpired here. In 1566 the unfortunate Mary, queen of Scots, was conducted to this city and confined as a prisoner in the Mayoress' Parlor. Three years afterwards she was again brought hither, and kept in confinement at the Bull Inn, under the care of the earls of Shrewsbury and Huntingdon.

That unrivalled actress, Mrs. Siddons, whose maiden name was Kemble, was married at St. Michael's church Nov. 24, 1773, to Mr. Siddons, an actor in her father's company of comedians.

The first newspaper here was the Coventry Mercury, established in 1741.

Amusements.

Coventry, from a very remote period, has been noted for its pageantries, which doubtless had their origin in the religious mummeries, plays, and processions of the monks belonging to different religious houses of the city.

The Grey Friars were most celebrated for these exhibitions, which were termed Corpus Christi plays, from the day on which they were annually performed. But that occasional pageant in honor of the fair lady Godiva is the most popular one of modern times.

COVENTRY, Eng., Friday, }
Dec. 14, 1849. }

Character of Leofric.

THE legend of stern Leofric, earl of Mercia, and his good, young countess, is worthy of a brief narration :

Leofric was a man of great consequence here about A. D.

1050, having gained the high esteem and favor of various successive monarchs. He was appointed captain-general of the royal forces by Canute, after whose death he became attached to the interests of Harold, (son of Canute,) the unfortunate antagonist of William, duke of Normandy, styled "The Conqueror." He was also instrumental in placing Edward the Confessor upon the throne.

Early historians pass great eulogiums on earl Leofric for his zealous piety. But he exercised tyrannical sway over his people. He laid grievous taxes and penalties upon them, so that petitions and supplications disturbed his devout vespers and morning meditations. However these worldly matters thus intruding themselves into the sanctuary, provoked him to augment, instead of alleviating, the oppressive burdens.

The Kindness and Perseverance of Woman.

Under such circumstances, confidence in the more tender sympathies of the female heart prompted the poor inhabitants to apply to Godiva for her compassionate intercession in their behalf. The angelic woman, though well acquainted with her husband's churlish disposition, freely espoused their cause, and began to plead for their relief. Her humane entreaties were answered only by harsh repulses, and angry requests, that she would have more regard to their own interest, and cease her disagreeable importunities; for it was highly unbecoming her sex to be meddling with political affairs. He even forbade her mentioning the subject to him any more.

Still Godiva did not despair. She, however, prudently desisted entreating, and waited for a more favorable opportunity.

Months passed away. The earl was strenuously engaged in suppressing disturbances at the north, and his subjects continued to groan under their cruel burdens. At length his efforts being crowned with success, he returned home with a joyful heart to greet his beloved wife.

The amiable lady received him with the most tender ex-

pressions of affection. In his transport of love, clasping her to his bosom, he anxiously inquired if there were aught wanting to complete her happiness. "Only make known your wishes," said he, "my fairest, best Godiva, and they shall be instantly complied with."

"I deeply appreciate your kindness, my excellent lord, and the warm breath of gratitude enlivens that flame of conjugal love long since kindled upon the altar of my heart. I have no request to make, but *one*; which is of such a nature, I *know* you would deem it impertinent."

"Oh! no; banish all scruples at once, my dear countess. Let not your divine modesty impede the word. Speak, and I promise the fulfilment of the command, though at the sacrifice of half my earldom."

It is sometimes fortunate for humanity that old caprices and precedents, both of realms and rulers, escape from the recesses of memory. The earl had doubtless forgotten the circumstance of having formerly forbidden his wife to prefer petitions for the redress of popular grievances. And he could have no idea, that a light-hearted young woman would forego the blandishments of personal array, for the sake of aiding contemptible plebeian classes.

The countess falling upon her knees, and gazing in her husband's face with gushing tears, replied: "Forgive me, but oh! do free our poor, industrious people from the heavy rates, which bear them down to the dust and therefore destroy my peace. For how can I enjoy the superfluous luxuries of every clime, while others around me are compelled to quench their burning thirst at the pools of misery, eating the bread of sorrow? While innocent little children are shivering and moaning at my threshold, how can I recline at ease amid soft robes of comfort and sleep sweetly in the perfumed, soothing air of heaven! We do not need their tribute. We are rich enough without it. But, if we did, I would rather descend from our exalted position — nay, I would rather earn my bread by

honest toil, than wrest it from these worthy fellow-beings whose necessity is so great."

Leofric turned away in a passionate mood, and would not listen to her pleading. He answered with severe reprimands and hard reproaches. But on further reflection he added: "I regret very sincerely, that you should thus, at a moment of sunshine, have broached this unpleasant subject to stir up my feelings. I had determined not to heed the inconsistent, the uncalled-for petitions of the beggars; nevertheless, I will keep my word, and you shall have your magnificent wish.

The countess would have fallen at his feet to manifest the thankfulness of her overflowing heart, had he not prevented it and continued — "*on this condition, on THIS condition.*"

"No matter what the condition may be. I'll abide by it. I promise"—

"Listen first, and then see if you promise."

"On this condition; that you make yourself a public spectacle, for the amusement of the whining *people*, whom you respect so peculiarly, by *riding entirely naked through the whole city.*"

"Ay, my lord, I promise even *that*. I could never perform such an exploit, except in the cause of humanity. Heaven lend me strength and courage to accomplish this pilgrimage of mercy. And," said she to herself, musing, "after all, it is a little thing to do, in comparison with the deeds of many sainted female martyrs of the olden time. Our first parents are always portrayed naked. The heathen goddesses are represented dishabille. Are not the glorious angels of Paradise without raiment? But is not Leofric trifling with me, to test the sincerity of my pity for our good people?" Then approaching the earl, who could not help admiring her spirit, she earnestly asked: "*will* you give me leave to do as you proposed?"

"Yes," said he, "if you will thus demean yourself, and bring down the hisses of respectability upon our house."

“Oh, if that were all, I should be quite unconcerned, and free from any emotions of timidity. For the voice of compassion completely drowns all such sounds. But should they perchance invade our ears, we may call to mind that none, save those who lack *sober* arguments, assail with *derision*. Only the silly *fowls* and *reptiles* of the human species *hiss* at virtue.”

Godiva's Sacrifice of Modesty.

Leofric informing the inhabitants of the sacrifice his lady was about to make on their account, the appointed day they shut themselves within their houses, and darkened every window.

The fair, young countess mounting a beautiful white charger, loosened her long tresses which floated over her snowy body like the shade of a willow over a bed of pale roses, away she rode on her errand of love.

Along the echoing streets she passed,
A fairy vision of light,
Enrobed in innocence alone,
And wavy locks of night.

No one appeared through all the principal thoroughfares of the silent town, until she came down Hertford street, towards St. Michael's church. Here the steed suddenly halted, loudly snuffed the air, and neighed three times.

Startled at the singular occurrence, Godiva glanced around, a modest blush mantling her radiant cheek and neck. What should meet her sight but a poor, little, thimble-headed, patch-eared *tailor* at a window, twisting his eyes round every point of the *needle* to get an *impression* of the lady, as she *threaded* the street. But, lament for the unfortunate peeper; for both his eyes dropped out on the instant! and the young eagles — no, *turkeys* — swallowed them. Still worse, unlucky “Tom” has been forced to stand there grinning, down to this day.

With this exception, the heroine's journey was uninterrupted, and she blithely galloped home to claim the promised boon.

A charter of freedom was granted to the citizens, which never has been lost. In memory of the event, a picture was placed in the south window of Trinity church about the time of Richard II., 1390, representing Godiva and Leofric, holding in their hands a charter, inscribed with this couplet in Old-English text :

“ I Luriche, for love of thee,
Doe make Coventre Tol-free.”

And ever since, the inhabitants celebrate the beautiful sacrifice of their guardian angel, with an occasional procession, in which a maiden of symmetrical person appears, laced in light drapery, riding upon a milk-white steed.

WARWICK, Eng., Dec. 21, 1849.

Appearance of Warwick Castle.

BEFORE me the great castle rears its lofty battlements above the primeval oaks and cedars, like a dark mound in a New England forest. It seems as if planted here by nature on a solid rock-foundation near the channel of fair Avon, its main body towering a hundred feet above the water's edge.

The buildings and walls are perfect, but tapestried and festooned with creeping plants of various fading hues. The oblong blocks of stone are lined with coats of moss. Entering the slowly-unfolding gates, I find myself in a deep excavation of the huge rock.

The ground rings below, and old oaks are bending over to embrace each other above.

I advance, and soon the majestic pile appears based on a

grassy slope. The two high towers mount up over-topping the whole roof.

The court is a stately forest, containing massive buildings of every form.

On one side, a mighty mass of grey stone is partially visible through the colossal trunks of high larches and huge arbutuses.

On the other, appears a hill crowned by the keep and fringed with thick shrubbery.

Carvings, Paintings, etc.

The great hall is adorned with splendid carvings. Several buff coats are hung against the walls, one of which belonged to lord Brooke, who was slain at Lichfield, in the cause of Parliament. It is stained with his blood.

In the ante-room are some fine pictures — one of the beautiful Joanna of Arragon, by the divine Raphael.

Joanna of Arragon.

It is the most enchanting portrait I ever had the pleasure of seeing. The form is natural, the complexion delicately transparent, the eye leads down to the very depths of the soul. There is a mild majesty and yet affability in the position, a feminine sensibility, intense passion and the sweetest melancholy blended in the countenance. The drapery and ornaments are arranged with perfect grace. Truly the author of such a work must have been endowed with a genius more than human.

Queen Elizabeth.

A portrait of queen Elizabeth, said to be a faithful likeness, hangs over the mantel-piece in the gilded room. She appears about twenty-five years of age, fair as a poppy. The complexion is rather white, with auburn hair. The eyes are azure beneath their light lashes. The expression of her countenance is pleasant, being entirely free from the sternness of later portraits. Her dress is too rich and disgustingly ornamented.

Henry the Eighth and others.

In lady Warwick's Boudoir, over the mantel-piece, hangs a half-length picture of Henry VIII., by Holbein.

The old scamp, in his splendid dress, looks as fat as a butcher. His white eyes seem to follow you like those of a prowling beast. In the expression of his square face, you can see all those heartless principles which characterized his reign — brutal sensuality, egotism, hypocrisy, obstinacy, cruelty, with considerable mental strength and gross wit.

A portrait is suspended opposite the fire-place in the breakfast room, with the inscription : " This is an original of Sir Philip Sidney."

One of Mary, queen of Scots, hangs beside it. She appears beautiful but not, as in earlier years, a buoyant spirit, blithe and brilliant as the dawn. It has an air of sadness, the expression of a noble nature chastened by misfortune.

Shakspeare.

The red chamber contains a portrait of Shakspeare. He looks younger than usual, with fine features, the pointed beard and mustaches. He sits in a high-backed red chair, behind a table, in the act of composing. His face is directed towards you, yet he seems not to observe you, on account of inward reflections. The head is not large, but indicates a very active brain. The skin has a reddish appearance. I know not the painter, but he has evinced a lively fancy and just conception.

The Old Fortress.

Guy's Tower contains five stories and thirteen rooms. They are in the same condition now as five hundred years ago. The summit commands a wide prospect, including Coventry, Kenilworth, Leamington, the Broadway, and Edge Hills. From one side of the tower a door opens upon the ramparts. The Warwick Vase is quite an object of attraction. It was

carved out of a solid block of marble, by one of the Roman sculptors. Its handles are adorned with very elegant foliage and fruit. A lion's hide forms a sort of drapery with other rich ornaments of art. The capacity of the vessel is 163 gallons; its diameter, 9 feet. This curious monument of ancient refinement was discovered in the year 1770, in draining the Memphitic lake within the Villa Hadriana, called Liga di Pantinello.

The extensive gardens are very tastefully laid out along Avon river.

I must not trouble you with any further dry details, but hasten on to the birthplace of Shakspeare, five miles distant.

"I leave thee, Warwick, and thy precincts grey,
 Amid a thousand winters still the same,
 Ere tempests rend thy last sad leaves away,
 And from thy bowers the native rock reclaim;
 Crisp dews now glitter on the joyless field,
 The sun's red disc now sheds no parting rays,
 And thro' the trophied hall the burnished shield
 Dispenses wide the swiftly mounting blaze."

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, }
 Warwickshire, Eng., Jan. 4, 1850. }

Alarming Occurrence.

HASTENING on foot from Warwick, I reached the banks of this placid little river in a couple of hours; but please stop to hear what happened on the road.

When fairly under weigh in the misty sunshine, gazing hither and thither, now on the fallow grounds and fields of grass smoothed up in regular undulations, then on the quiet flocks of large, fat animals grazing in the rectangular leas, surveying the glassy streams, meandering through rich, grove-

embossed glens and broad meadows, where the coy deer come to drink, and greet the capering breeze, a horrible sight appeared directly ahead, in the vicinity of a snug cottage. A chubby youth was deeply engaged in pioneering a promenade, along the solid way, at the same time encumbering a lowly chariot with that which fructifies the glebe, and makes the roses, pinks and violets grow.

The heavy carryalls went whirling by; here and there a lad with a clean face cantered his frisky pony past, at whom the insolent rooks nodded their heads, as they skimmed over, crying out "pshaw! pshaw! haw!"

Accidentally two grandee coaches and a market wagon, meeting where the rustic plied his trade, — "Away!" shouted the drivers, — "Fly!" "Avaunt!" "Stiver!" "Evaporate!" "Villain!" "Blockhead!" "Lout!" and fetching their snaky lashes round hissing, gave the poor fellow such biting cracks, he buzzed about like a whirligig, leaped up, shrieked, and kicking over his chariot, scared the horses into tantrums.

One driver lost his reins, and attempting to alight made a mis-step and pitched down, driving his head clear to his shoulders, into the dusty pyramid. The passengers tumbled out in a heap, the women screamed, the horses squealed, and all came near losing their senses. Each one of us disentangled, snatching a fragment of the broken carriage of Rusticus, headed the teams with desperation. They bounced up and down, jumped and raved like mad wild-cats; but we kept them pent up and dammed their fury.

What hardened wretch could listen calmly to the moans that followed? I hear their ejaculations of grief, this moment, in the thrilling modulations of that feline opera under my window, Ugh!

"My bran new bonnet quashed, Oh—h goddy! goddy!"

"That cane, that 'ansome cane with a John Bull's head! ye powers of destruction! bah! bah! splintered, gone, gone! O—O! owl—l, 'ELL!"

"Boo! hoo—o—oo! Ah—ou—ah—h! my nose is ruined! that nose! I, hi—hi shall slump! Upon my soul, I'll swoon!"

"Loddy! poo—o—o! what anti-odors on the air! Out! out, on such abominations! Cuss him!"

"Gracious, pa! look at your coat tail!"

"My odd's grace and demonstration! I'm an unhappy gentleman! I perceive the diabolical, pestilential consequence of this most disastrous catastrophe, most distinctly!"

Seeing my presence was no longer agreeable to myself or absolutely needful, I sloped. As I passed the cottage, Rusticus popped his head out of an old swill-tub to see if the respectable company had retired, but catching sight of me he suddenly dodged back, and probably we shall never see each other again.

The Spirit's Independence.

What a luxury it is to walk in the quiet country! My soul always exults among the free elements of nature. Thank Heaven, here are glorious enjoyments for the poor, which the harpy-hearted lord cannot withhold from us. The winds smell as sweet to us as to the devotees of Plutus. Our eyes are blest with the splendid hues of the world, and soft notes thrill in our ears. You monopolists of luxury and power, come, deprive me of these things, if you can. Fence in the fields of heaven, and spike the walls. Close the gates of the effulgent sun and charge a fee for a sight of his benevolent face. Set your lackeys to guard the portals of the clouds—Direct your legislators to make laws against the vulgar shooting of stars. Ye spawn of old covetousness and venal love, set your minions to imprison these rebellious thoughts. Bind your galling manacles upon our careering souls if you are able. Crop the wings of our ideas, that flout your vermilion physiognomies and tweak your snub noses.

A Fox Hunt.

Hark! the dismal baying of hounds approaches in yonder woodland. Now I hear the tooting trumpet over towards that bog. Doubtless some poor old lady is trying to call back her truant bees. What remarkable perseverance she displays! Ho! there comes a gang of horse-jockeys over the hill. How they put in! Bravo! down they scamper through the switchy hollow, like a flock of wild asses in the jungles of Beloochistan. Some in red, some in green, and some in grizzly jackets and trowsers.

Hold! here comes the company of excited dogs. What on earth are they scouting about after? They seem half evaporated with sweltering heat. Ye heathen gods! they're chasing that diminutive, ragged shadow of a fox. Why there's a hundred of them foaming along after one unfortunate little creature, panting, as if his life was almost extinct. Now the horsemen are crossing the moor. They approach a wide ditch. Over bounds the foremost. Fury and fish-hooks! One horse has plumped his rider sprawling into the mud, and off he goes snuffing and neighing, without even turning his head to see what has become of his hapless master. The unhorsed man flounders about, spitting out dirt and vengeful words. You lordly lobster, why didn't you cling tighter to the crupper? Only yourself is at fault.

Off plunges another, and rolls over the shrubs, while his horse lies flat in the pool beating the air with his iron heels. Oh! that nice saddle and bridle! smutched, beslubbered, spoiled! I shouldn't wonder if the gentleman, that just took soil, lies senseless on that dangerous spot. Perhaps his eyes are blinded by the holly reeds, or his tender shins are gored, and aching with bewildering pangs. Alas, for the brave! fallen and bleeding in the very moment of victory! For the fox is nearly run down.

Suppose I should pop my pistol at poor renard, and end his

woe; would they scalp me? Would they make game of me? Was never a similar act punished in old England, as a crime, and the guilty youth persecuted from his native country by the shallow-pated aristocrat, whose game he poached!

The Place where Shakspeare Stole 'that Deer.'

If you ever come to Charlecote, you may see the very house of Sir Thomas Lucy, that lord, to whom young William Shakspeare was made to bow down and ask forgiveness for having shot his wild deer.

Charlecote is four or five miles from Stratford, up the river. Shakspeare was fond of rambling over the open country, and rowing his light boat up and down the smooth stream. Don't his poetry plainly show he had been an intimate friend to nature's rural scenery!

Occasionally, when a party of the youths of this country village met to go in pursuit of pleasure among the fields, woods and waters around, of course Shakspeare would be one. But not a bird or beast existed, on which some *nabob* had not a claim. They must either forego all such sports or transgress the laws. Like Yankee lads, that rob old Hunks's orchard, or steal his melons, (which often prove delicate little pumpkins on after-examination,) these merry Stratford boys did not hesitate to mar the peace of lovely Lucy, by snatching away his exclusive privileges. But Master Shallow was mighty in the estimation of the law, as well as in his own estimation. He felt the insolent infringement of his rights and determined to have revenge.

"Persuade me not!" said he to a neighbor, "I will make a serious matter of it. If he were twenty Bill Shakspeares, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire. The council shall hear it — it is a robbery."

"Sir," replied the neighbor, "William doth in some sort confess it."

Shallow. — If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not

that so, Master Page? He hath robbed me; indeed he hath; — at a word, he hath; — believe me; — Robert Shallow, Esquire, saith he is robbed.”

His Secret Departure — Success in London — and Triumphant Return to his Native Town.

Shakspeare perceiving the danger of the prosecution, bade a young wife and tender children an affectionate adieu, and fled in the gloomy shades of night from all the dear haunts of his childhood, not knowing as he would ever be allowed to return, or what employment he would succeed in obtaining abroad. He proceeded to London, where his enemy would be the least likely to find him, and where the best opportunities were offered for engaging in business.

Some of his friends, natives of the same town, were playing at the Globe Theatre. He sought them out in the great city. They gave him a warm greeting, as such men are wont to do, and offered him a situation in their little establishment. He being probably not very aristocratic, said he wouldn't object to assisting them as waiter, or prompter, or in any way he could make himself most useful.

I know this was the case, because great men like him, are never afraid of injuring their reputation by any kind of honest labor. He was determined to succeed, and cared not a fig about the sneers of shallow fops.

At the end of twenty years, having eclipsed all the poets that ever existed on this planet, he returned to old Stratford, worth two or three hundred pounds a year, cast his pen aside, forgot his works, or at least gave them up to the world with perfect indifference to future fame, and spent the rest of his days in the bosom of paternal and social enjoyment. He died at the middle age of most men; but *he* had lived very long. His *soul* was full of years.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, }
Jan. 11, 1850. }

Description of Stratford.

THIS is a neat and pleasant town. Three centuries prior to the Norman Conquest it was a place of considerable note. A monastery was founded here soon after the conversion of the Saxons to the Christian faith. Its name comes from *street* and *ford*, the ancient passage-way over the river.

During the civil war of the 17th century a party of royalists were stationed here, but were driven out by the Parliamentarians. Subsequently the royalists, being reinforced, returned, bringing Henrietta Maria, the queen of Charles I. Prince Rupert also soon joined them with his troops. Maria lodged three weeks at New Place, the house of Shakspeare. Mrs. Shakspeare was then living there.

Sir William Dugdale, the famous antiquary, scarcely mentions the great poet, whose transcendent genius was not extensively known for many years after his death.

The humble mansion in which he first saw light, was till 1806 occupied by the family of Harte, the seventh in descent from Joan, sister of Shakspeare, to whom he gave it by his will.

After the poet's death and the decease of his widow, New Place, as he had named it, passed into the possession of Mrs. Dr. Hall, their daughter, and thence to Elizabeth Hall, their grand-daughter, afterwards lady Barnard. Garrick and the other great actors of his time were accustomed frequently to visit New Place.

In 1753 it came into the possession of the *Reverend* Mr. Gastrell. This divine was so inhuman as to despise the productions and memory of his predecessor. He demolished the large, flourishing mulberry tree planted by Shakspeare's own hand, ordering it to be cleft into firewood. His only excuse for such sacrilege was, that it occasioned too many in-

quiries from visitors. The building suffered much by that same spoiler.

The Tomb of Shakspeare.

In the old church lie the remains of the poet, his wife, and two daughters. Against the north wall stands his monument, elevated about five feet above the ground. Under an arch, between two Corinthian pillars of black marble, with gilded bases and capitals, is his effigy in a sitting posture. He appears in the act of composing, a cushion being placed before him — a pen is held by the right hand, the left resting on a scroll.

Above the entablature are represented his armorial bearings: (The tilted spear, point upwards, and the falcon supporting a spear for the crest). Over the arms is a death's head, and on each side a boy figure, one grasping a spade, the other holding in his left hand an inverted torch, and resting the right on a skull. The bust now white was originally colored to resemble life. His eyes were of a light hazel hue, hair and beard auburn. The dress consisted of a scarlet doublet over which was thrown a loose, black gown without sleeves.

It is said this monument was erected by the relatives of Shakspeare a few years after his death.

His Origin — Lucy's Tomb — Poaching.

The father of William Shakspeare, whose name was John, was a wool-stapler, of Stratford, and, so far as known, of humble ancestry. His mother, Mary, was a daughter of Robert Arden, of Wilmecote, of that illustrious family in the County of Warwick, to which I have before alluded.

Sir Thomas Lucy, from whom Shakspeare stole the deer, lies buried in the Church of Charlecote. He died in 1600. His tombstone has no epitaph, but his wife's bears an inscription written by Sir Thomas.

It ends with this couplet :

“ Set down by him that best did know
What hath been written to be true.”

The practice of poaching has always been common in this neighborhood. It is indeed not uncommon in any part of the country, and yearly increases.

Three persons lose their lives on an average each year, in consequence of the barbarous game-laws. Some are shot by the keepers and some keepers are killed by poachers acting in self-defence.

Shakspeare took revenge on his prosecutor by posting a satirical ballad upon the gate opening into his park, a public place.

The beginning of it only has been preserved from oblivion :

“ A Parliament member, a Justice of Peace,
At home a poor scare-crow, at London an asse;
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,
Then Lucy is lowsie, whatever befall it.”

It has been said this first attempt of the future dramatist does not indicate his powers. Perhaps it answered his purpose better than more sublime verses. The *subject* was small.

When the fire of his intellect was required to paint a great scene, it blazed. He needed only to rouse himself to noble action—to make the effort, and the inspiration came. I never think of his glowing style, but that bold invocation of the muse, in the tragedy, Henry the Fifth, occurs to me :

“ O ! for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention !
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the part of Mars ; and at his heels,
Leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employment.”

His Education and Courtship.

Shakspeare obtained what book-learning he began with, at the *free school* of Stratford. Probably such schools are better now than 200 years ago; but they are generally rather small affairs. I asked the teacher of a school what branches he taught. "Oh!" said he, "everything. When scholars desire to learn Latin I give them what instruction I can in that language. So with French, rhetoric, philosophy, etc." Few study the ancient classics in these times, but, doubtless, nearly all in Shakspeare's day. How many superior advantages this generation has for educating themselves! yet there is no such poet at present on the stage. His schooling was brief, but not his observation and reflection. School-masters too much neglect to impress upon the minds of their pupils the importance of original thinking, instead of servile *imitation*, *repetition* — dependence on predecessors.

"And base authority from others' books."

At Shottery, a small village, one mile to the west, a little cottage is shown as the birth-place of Miss Ann Hathaway, and the very room where young Shakspeare wooed the charming maid. His "courting chair" was a few years since sold to Mr. Ireland and George Garrick.

Here are many things to remind one of the former residence of Shakspeare: statues, portraits, names of places, institutions, etc. The people take great pride in his fame, and every swain "frames sonnets to his mistress' eye-brow," under the influence of that master-spirit of love poesy. Even their advertisements in the papers are often prepared in rhymes.

Here is one of 'em.

"I want a wife of modest air,
Soft eyes of night and silken hair;

A perfect form, not huge or small,
But graceful, fair, and rather tall ;
Accomplished, tho' of low degree,
Her age full-blooming twenty-three ;
Of temper sweet, a generous heart,
Devoid of prudishness and art ;
Who cannot smile at sorrow's tear,
Or breathe a sigh when I am near.
If such a damsel wants a mate
Of honest life and valid pate,
With seemly diffidence please tell her
I fancy I am just the feller.

O. D. R."

LONDON, Feb. 1, 1850.

English and American Eloquence.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the noise the Yankees have made in this world, their character and manners are but imperfectly understood by Europeans. At Exeter Hall, when Mr. Mahon of Ohio rose to speak, a gentleman on the platform remarked to me, that he was an American. "But," said he, "he speaks English. The Americans generally speak English, though rather imperfectly. They have a queer, drawling tone, and some peculiar expressions."

"Well, so I've heard," said I.

"They are not probably as highly civilized as we. One of their barbarous phrases is 'go a-head.'"

He seemed to take considerable interest in Mr. M.'s speech, and said, after all, it was about as good as any of them. Now, I have heard quite a number of the orators here, as well as a great many of our public speakers, and I am sure Webster, the Philipses, Sumner, Choate, Clay, Calhoun, Cass, Benton, etc., have no superiors, nay, some of them no equals, in this country. One reason is, our men have more intelligent audiences to address, and hence are not obliged to use so simple,

ordinary language. Another reason is, our people are more accustomed to public speaking. They rose on the strength of their own abilities, as a few have done here.

The hereditary statesmen of England are pompous declaimers. They manifest large airs. People bear it because used to it. From infancy they have been taught to reverence that kind of characters.

Yankees resemble Scotchmen.

The New England people are often taken for Scotchmen. As I stood reading a notice in one of the show-windows, a corned man came up and began to address me in some strange tongue. His words were something like these :

Et te se aneche nasoetelia helicos alemus duberter mi comps vespili."

"I can't understand a word you say," said I. "What do you mean?"

And then he went on with his gibberish again :

"You know wh-h-at I say — you're a Scotchman. I — hi — know you're a Scotchman."

"How do you know that? Come, tell me what makes you think so."

He said he knew by my dress and because I was tall, but couldn't give very particular reasons. The Western Americans used to say they could hardly distinguish a Bostonian from a Scotchman, either in speech or personal appearance.

Adventure at Smithfield.

As I was strolling about town the other day, I got into the midst of a cattle market. There were a great many oxen from Holland. You can distinguish them by their broad horns and frizzled hides. They are not so large as English breeds. Our farmers know well the superiority of the neat cattle of this country. Some cows seem as large again as ours, but Ohio has much better breeds than New England.

The streets, for a quarter of a mile around, were nearly blocked up with droves. Bullocks bellowed, sheep bleated, dogs barked, swine squealed, and calves blaired. I undertook to navigate my way past, but soon found myself hemmed in by a formidable breastwork of horns on one side and wagons on the other, while ahead the unruly animals offered a discouraging barrier. Sturdy old butchers pitched and floundered about among the beasts as if they enjoyed the sport. It was impossible to stop, and dangerous going forward; but I "put in," till met by a truant porker. He came straight at me with shut eyes, in the muddiest avenue of the whole region. One cried, "this is no place for you;" another shouted, "look out!" The scene was quite interesting.

A round man laid hold of his ears, and a dog had him by the tail, but still he kept coming, sweeping all before him. I concluded to stand one side and trust in Providence. He plunged by without touching me; nevertheless, I shall always think it was a critical position to occupy. The ropes and loose frocks switched about at such an alarming rate, I was glad to take advantage of the first turn. A person must put up with some inconveniences in order to see what's going on here.

What a host of living souls are slain for the inhabitants of this city! It seems cruel; but they have their day, which they wouldn't have unless used for food. Who would keep them solely for their own enjoyment?

London Meat-Markets.

The markets where their flesh is sold, offer also moving spectacles, especially on Saturday evenings. The quarters, chins and spareribs are all tastefully arranged on hooks in front of shops, brilliantly illuminated, so that the whole street is completely walled with meat. Then they have many kinds of wild game, finely arranged: hares, venison, pheasants, grouse, pigeons, sky-larks, starlings, woodcocks, fieldfares, etc. All sorts of hawkers congregate there to sell small wares. They

are looked upon as little better than professional beggars, and so esteem themselves. The salesmen are continually crying out, "Will you buy? Will you buy?" All such cries are spoken in a regular tone, entirely unique. A Yankee would suppose the lingo unintelligible, but cockneys readily understand what is meant, because they have heard the very same grunts and groans ever since they were born. Every hawker has his peculiar sound. I perceive the nasal twang is most popular. There ought to be a law against such scandalous abuse of that useful feature of the face.

The king's English is most horribly murdered by common street orators. We have nothing so barbarous in America, except the dialect of the southern slaves.

The Monument.

It is dangerous asking questions in this metropolis. One only gets enemies by it. The other day, I pointed up to a tall monument, with a cage near the top, and sharp points sticking up from the crown, asking a young man in a shop what it was. "Why don't you know? that's the monument," said he.

"What monument?" said I.

"Why *the* monument. It's *stone*," he replied.

I saw he considered me too inquisitive; so I went and asked another man, who told me it was erected to commemorate the great fire of 1666. The piazza had to be covered with iron bars to prevent certain whimsical persons from diving off, having settled in their minds the question whether

"To be or not to be?"

He said the top was made to represent flames. Its shadow, at a certain hour of the day, falls on the very house where that great fire originated.

Soldiers in London.

I often try to make talk with the soldiers, but they are wonderful crusty. They appear to be mostly Germans. I

was lately looking round the Tower. Sometimes the sentinel would snap out, "You can't goo dish vay—you can't goo dat vay." The Mint is adjoining the Tower, on Tower hill. It seems a special care to the red-coats.

A corporal was marching half a dozen men up and down the rocky pavement. "Halt!" says he, and they all stopped as short as if they came to the edge. I thought I saw one of their eyes turn a few degrees to the left, before the corporal spoke up again: "Right veel!" The square knapsacks came round like a brick. "Forward, march!" I felt almost inclined to smile at the proceeding; but then the thought struck me, "perhaps that little train-band may have the glory of Britain at heart." To be sure they had been guilty of some trivial misdemeanor, for which they have to be trained on the banking; but how much fame awaits their magnificent exploits, no tongue can tell.

The Tower — Democrat Wilkes.

The various buildings of the old Tower look very ancient. Its walls have been much patched and mended. Considerable repairing is at present going on.

In a central part of the city I came across two monuments: one marked "Robert Waitman;" the other, "John Wilkes." The people around them said Waitman used to be a linen-draper, and they pointed out his shop. Being a talented man, his neighbors honored him with the office of alderman, and when he died set up this column to his memory. He was a democrat, as well as Wilkes. Some of their relations now live in New York, U. S.

Personal Appearance of the English.

There is considerable difference between the personal appearance of Englishmen and Americans. These people are taller and larger. The middle class, as they are termed, are, however, much more robust than plebeians. There is a mar-

tial air observable in the higher classes. Large people seem vain of their dimensions — young men talk about being tall enough for such and such a position in the army. Ladies too, are apparently proud of their height. They walk the streets with more independence than Yankee girls, and do not seem so delicate. The truth is English women drive about in the open air a great deal, which renders their constitutions hardy. Even the old ladies look fair and happy. No doubt this climate is more salubrious than ours.

I am not however disposed to disparage our girls, and therefore will confess their mental accomplishments are fully equal to the English lasses.

A race of women are arising in the Western States of America, equal in personal beauty and noble spirit to any that ever existed in old Sparta or Rome. Hav'n't you heard of the Hoosier girls? If not, you will, and so will all the world.

Victoria sets her sex a noble example in respect to exercising for the preservation of health. She takes an early walk every morning, whether mild or bleak, sending her children out, too, among the frisking breezes.

The parks are large enough for long jaunts. You cannot distinguish a man from a horse across one of them. It is very pleasant walking up Primrose hill, at the western end of Regent's park. This is a sightly spot. In going thither, you must pass by the Coliseum, and Zoological gardens.

All Yankee visitors to London go to see these places. The exhibitors knew I was a Yankee as soon as they saw me. I inquired how they knew it. "By your looks," they replied: "the Yankees are pale and sober. The cut of their beards is different from ours."

LONDON, Feb. 8, 1850.

The British Metropolis.

I'M surfeited with sights and sounds. O how much pleasanter are the quiet hills and vales of New England! I love to look back to my native wild-wood-home, among the mountains, while this ocean of life is whirling and roaring around, allowing me no opportunities for reflection.

It is often asked, "Well, what do you think of London?"

Sometimes I feel inclined to extol, and at others to find fault with it, viewing it as a whole. But the society, as well as the area, is divided more distinctly than any American cities. The poor have no resemblance to the rich, merchants are completely separated from mechanics. One class despises another because there is a slight difference in their "respectability," as it is called; and so this despised class looks down upon the next.

I must confess the poor here are rather degraded; but they so much the more deserve commiseration. For it is not their fault. The public gives them no education, withholding even the light of nature.

If all classes mingled together, as in our glorious republic, knowledge would become more diffused. The low would learn of the high, and still not thus injure their fortunate neighbors; for imparting knowledge really increases one's original stock.

Sometimes it is sarcastically said here, "I've heard there are certain aristocracies in your cities. You seem to be unable to get along without two classes, notwithstanding all the sublime declarations of your democratic philosophers to the contrary."

"I have a ready answer, of course, to such a base libel. The only aristocrats we have are foreigners; at least they are all I ever knew; and I sincerely pray our country may never

be cursed with a native race of the monsters. It is evidently right for people of similar tastes to associate most intimately, but property and pedigree should be entirely disregarded. Let us never have any Lords in our calender except the Lord of Hosts. There's no particular objection, however, to Lord Timothy Dexter, since the glory of his name will not be likely to induce others to imitate his lofty example.

Great Assembly of all the Inhabitants.

As I was strolling through Hyde park yesterday, it occurred to me there was room for a great show of Cockneys. St. James' park adjoins. Suppose all the human beings living in the city could be assembled on those open grounds, wouldn't the sight be worth a voyage across the Atlantic? The queen, standing on the roof of Buckingham palace, could see a large portion of her English subjects. Each class would keep separate from the rest, and the whole would be arranged in streaks of divers shapes and hues, resembling a square chine of roast beef. On the upper part would appear the light colored streak of fat with abundant trimmings, — that's the pampered boobies' part; next, the ruddy, juicy streak, — that's the commercial class; then the real muscle, all made up of nerves, — that's the laboring class; and last the bare, marrowless bone, — that's the beggars. There is a hundred times as much lean as fat. As for the *bone*, in France it is *good*; or will be, when the Socialists establish their improved system of cookery. So might it be made useful everywhere. It should never be cast away to the dogs. Kill the dogs and save the bones for social soups. What would be her majesty's reflections on this scene?

The Queen's Reflections on her wretched Multitude.

"Poor creatures!" she would exclaim, "I deeply regret your hard fortunes; but it is the will of God you should be thus circumstanced, and I do heartily thank him for all his

blessings. Albert, the soldiers are all prepared, in case of any disturbance of the peace, I suppose? The garden gates are well secured? No danger of any one's getting over those long spikes you think? I always feel nervous at the sight of so many wretched people."

"Oh! lay aside all fears, Victoria, we are guarded by fifty thousand armed men, besides five thousand policemen. 'The Lord will protect us from all harm, if we put our trust in Him,' as our divine said this morning."

What makes them miserable.

It's my opinion, the principle causes of so much poverty, are the low price of labor, want of education, and the free sale of spirituous drinks, all which evils ought to be remedied by laws.

Hero-worship.

Statues of Wellington are to be met with in all parts of the city. There is one in Hyde park set up by the ladies. But our Yankee ladies would be very much shocked at its design. The monument was cast from cannons taken at Salamanca, Waterloo, etc. It represents Achilles in a defensive attitude, with his shield upraised, and a headless human body standing by his side. Why such a subject was chosen is hard to conceive.

Achilles was not a very amiable man, as I take it, nor was the cause in which he fought a just one. Helen was not maltreated or carried off contrary to her will. I think it is evident that the siege of Troy was not in reality undertaken to obtain satisfaction for injuries, but to acquire glory; which in these times ought to be considered the basest of all crimes. In reading the Iliad, what man or woman does not prefer the great soul, the patriotism, and unfaltering perseverance of Hector, to the brute force and insatiable wrath of his conqueror?

While examining the statue, a gentleman came up, to whom I remarked, people seemed to honor the hero of Waterloo more than any other, although his exploit, in the estimation of many, was not so wonderful after all, as it would have been, if he had not been aided by half of Europe.

Lord Nelson has a daughter in destitute circumstances. In a republic such a fact is no disgrace to the government; but here it must certainly be so considered.

It is very unfair and anti-republican to bestow all the praise on leaders. Instead of soldiers taking pride in honoring their leaders, the commanders should take pride in the bravery of those who condescend to be led into the jaws of death. Our Bunker Hill monument stands on the right foundation. It rests on the people. It was erected for each man, who nobly fought on that hallowed ground, not for glory or fame, but his inalienable rights, and the liberty of his country.

The Parks — Skating upon thin ice.

The trees in these parks are of many kinds, but most of them are elms, plane trees, limes and poplars. There was a gale, night before last, that overturned quite a number of the old, gnarled elms. The wind has so fair a rake, that trees cannot grow tall. They are all low and very irregular in shape.

The boys were sailing there little crafts across the pond. It is a quarter of a mile in width and a mile or two long, being spanned by a stone bridge. They call it the "Serpentine," on account of its bends. Recently, a cold night having made thin ice, hundreds of the gentle boys and girls sallied forth for a skate or slide. But, getting rather too thick in the midst thereof, the slender floor gave way, and down went the whole company in a heap. I must not laugh at their calamity; but you may be sure it was a Christmas pie, worth seeing; such as the Down-Easters would enjoy, since nobody was hurt. Boys and girls here are well attended by servants, wherever they go.

Boyish Sports.

I see another class, however, not so happy. Passing by a vacant place one day, I noticed a company playing ball. One of them said they belonged to the "ragged school." The rules of their game seemed to be similar to ours, except the manner of holding the bat. We used to hold it with both hands, and strike as if for life. But these players acted lazy, swinging the flat thing with one hand. Their ball of walnut would plump a lad over whenever it hit him fair on the cocoa-nut. That place was called "lammas ground," as all unoccupied spots are. Nobody owns them.

As I was walking round to get a right idea of Westminster Abbey on the bank of the Thames, I observed some boys jumping and pitching quoits in a green enclosure. Some one said they were students of King's College. Their heads were crowned with just such an octagonal galericulum tassellorum as the poet wears at Harvard University when the procession gets under weigh. One had on a tucked up gown, the waist being gathered in a beautiful little pucker between his shoulder blades. I stood and twigged them some time, expecting every moment some marvellous exploit would be done. But the poor fellows are as flimsy as dough-boys. No one could leap higher than his breast, or over six feet ahead, and the pitching was no better. They looked bright, however, and will make proper men no doubt. I must admit, that the youth of England are remarkably civil to strangers. Even the very lowest never refuse me a correct answer, or exhibit any signs of that kind of ill-breeding sometimes witnessed in wild places.

Westminster Abbey — Snared by the Bores thereof.

The first time I visited Westminster they served me a scandalous trick. Seeing the sign, "Poets Corner," in I popped, scarcely knowing what place it was; but feeling sure there could be nothing bad about a poet's nook. What a thrill

of rapture ran over me at the sight of so many old friends. (A person can call these "friends" without special permission.) "O Rare Ben Jonson," "Edmund Spenser, the prince of poets in his tyme," "Samuel Butler," "John Milton," etc., met me first, with their noble expressions, full of wit and nerve.

"Please to take seats, gentlemen, for we commence *service* now," said a long, pale, white-cravated man, in a most precise tone.

Only think of the coolness of the thing. Just as a fellow got into such company, to request religious observances — make him wait an hour! Every man looked savage enough to devour parson, prayer books and all. Oh! to listen to preaching on compulsion! It is horrible. Your mind is so harrowed up, you can't sleep, and there you must sit and be bored, 'till the seat seems as hard as Pharaoh's heart, or Rajah Brooke's bronzed face.

Butler put on the most comical expressions imaginable, Ben Jonson looked daggers, and appeared to be swearing all through prayer time, Shakspeare winked his eye in a facetious manner. I couldn't discover a sign of repentance for that deer-scrape. Still it's hard to think his soul isn't all right, after having furnished so many texts for the clergy in their work of salvation. Garrick was full of glee, having evidently got so used to the performance, he can bear it as well as if he were thoroughly corned and sound asleep under the table. Well, at last relief came, but all my poetical notions had evaporated, and I immediately decamped, lest some other snare might be in preparation for me. On getting out, I saw a notice posted up, informing strangers that service would be performed there three times each day.

Is it any wonder Pope, that boldest poet of his day, should have refused to be buried in such a monastery of Protestant friars? I will go and see his grave; and hope to find his own, self-written epitaph: —

"Under this sod, or under this sill,
Or under this stone, or what'er you will,

Lies one, who cared not and cares not a pin,
What they said, or may say of the mortal within ;
But who living or dying, serene still and free,
Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be."

LONDON, Feb. 26, 1850.

The Queen, Prince Albert, and Royal Children.

LAST Saturday evening I attended the performances at old Drury Lane theatre for the sake of seeing the royal family, who advertised to be there.

The plays were "A Spoiled Child," a Pantomime, and the tragedy of "Charles XII."

At the precise time specified in the bills (7 o'clock), the curtain rose. Victoria, Albert, and the children did not arrive however till 8. It is probable the queen's good sense perceived the folly of such a farce, and they kept back on that account:—A small boy was represented as playing so many silly tricks against his father and maiden aunt, that the woman persuaded the father to exchange his son for a poor sailor lad. But they soon found the new one much worse than the old boy, and were fain to change back. When on the point of doing so, it appeared both characters were really the same little rascal. So the youngster triumphed over father, governess, and all.

The house was not quite full. A particular box is reserved for the royal family, chairs occupying the place of seats. As they entered, a few in the galleries cried out, "God save the queen!" But she didn't thank them for such a prayer. She has no special desire to have low fellows in high places blubbering that old, stale sentence, in presence of her husband and children. They ought to say, "God save the whole family," altogether, or else hold their peace. Albert whispered to the four, bidding them retire, to show contempt for the homely greeting, but they soon returned.

I had a good opportunity to observe their conduct. There's no mistake but the poor doomed things are well trained. Of course the two infants remained at home. They all looked healthy, and in no respect different from a class of scholars in one of our country schools, just going through "Baker, Brier, Cider." Not understanding whom the people were cheering, they joined in clapping hands, 'till Albert hushed them. Let no one think royal brighter than republican children.

The pantomime was a sprightly ridicule of queen Elizabeth's eccentricities — her maiden life and amours with Leicester — as well as French, Russian, and American politics.

The French are always made to appear most inconsistent ; for there is no bound to an Englishman's hatred of his neighbors across the Straits.

An umbrella floated by the stage with "America" printed on it.

The Canadian provinces are always represented as frivolous, profitless colonies, so that we may conclude they are presumed to be going. When *lost*, they naturally become sour grapes. Our American theatricals, you know, are not so fashionable as the English.

Whether this is to be regretted or not, I leave for philosophers to decide. But one thing is evident to all, we should not give our support to *royal* plays, except those that ridicule royalty, like some of Shakspeare's best dramas.

In the last play, Charles XII. is represented as a brave, impartial, but absolute monarch ; loved by his subjects because he feared nothing, and the Turks called him "Iron-head." Victoria and the family went home after the pantomime. I suppose the children got sleepy.

The Moon Queen is esteemed best of the Christmas pantomimes. These London theatres have very extensive scenery. Their number of actors, too, is always about twice as large as in Boston ; but they are a more illiterate class of peo-

ple. It won't be proper for me to compare moral characters. You will be reminded of Dogberry's saying: "Comparisons are odorous."

Another Visit to Westminster Abbey.

I was interested in walking through Westminster Abbey, on account of the associations awakened there; remembering all of England's illustrious men have contemplated the same scenes. It did not seem that they make the gloomy place their spiritual home, and we know their bodies have left the tombs taking new forms.

There were magnificent monuments to men I never heard of, or you either, unless you met them in some ancient blue-book, (as the Court Directory is named.) Shadwell, Triplet, and Knipe are there; but not Shelley, Hume, or Gibbon.

Visitors are permitted to see the geniuses free, but they must pay for a sight of the lords and sovereigns. This rule is observed in many places.

The principle it teaches is, that nobles are above men of genius — that it is worth more to see kings than philosophers. You may be sure the English miss no opportunity to divide the two classes, and exalt the aristocracy in the eyes of the gaping world. The creation of new nobles should be understood, as nothing less than bribery — an unwilling step in most cases; without which the favored race would run down like our degenerate sheep, of which Mrs. Houston makes mention.

Oliver Goldsmith's Visit to the Abbey.

Goldsmith came to see the monuments, and on his return described his visit in the "Citizen of the World." He stooped to converse with those men in black, who still walk about taking in the coppers.

On seeing a very fine marble stone, he says he expected to find the epitaph of some great man, a king, or hero, or at least a wit; but the attendant explained to him that a person might

be laid there without being any one of those characters. Oliver was in a quandary to account for his presence, until the guide informed him the man was rich.

"Leaving this part," he proceeds, "we made up to an iron gate, through which my companion told me we were to pass in order to see the monuments of kings. Accordingly I marched up without further ceremony, and was going to enter, when a person who held the gate in his hand, told me I must pay first. I was surprised at such a demand, and asked the man whether the people of England kept a show? Whether the paltry sum he demanded was not a national reproach? Whether it was not more to the honor of the country to let their magnificence or their antiquities be openly seen, than thus meanly to tax a curiosity which tended to their own honor?"

"As for your questions," replied the gate-keeper, "to be sure they may be very right, because I don't understand them; but as for that there threepence, I farm it from one, who rents it from another, who hires it from a third, who leases it from the guardians of the temple, and we all must live."

Oliver paid the fee and walked on, listening to the attendant's numerous lies. Soon they came to Gen. Monk's rusty armor; and again money was demanded for the servant, who remarked that every gentleman put some change in the old helmet for him to spend. But Goldsmith declared he would give no more, and retired. Every traveller in this country will have a similar account to give. He was honored with a marble medallion, in the poet's corner, on account of writing the "Vicar of Wakefield."

Andre — Gay.

Major Andre, the spy, is there in alto-relievo. John Gay, the pastoral poet, and satirist, has these two of his own lines inscribed on his tomb:—

"Life is a jest and all things show it:
I thought so once, but now I know it."

Sponger at Westminster Hall.

As I was turning a corner to depart, a man with large brass buttons on his coat hailed me, asking if I wouldn't like to see the courts. I hesitated to consider what his object could be for thus accosting me ; because a stranger never meets with an such disinterested politeness in England.

"Oh !" says he, "it's all right. Walk in. No charges for admission here. All free !"

So I bolted in, asking no favors of my informant. But he seemed determined to keep me company. Entering a great, rough hall, "This," he remarked, "is the largest hall in Europe unsupported by pillars."

Several groups of citizens were standing round, and many advertisements appeared posted on the boards, headed, "LAW WANTED." Passing through a door on the left, and slipping under a curtain, we stood in presence of the court. My friend still stuck to me, for what, I could not imagine ; 'till he whispered, "A small fee if you please."

"Why," said I, "you told me there was no charge."

"Oh, I meant *no charge for admission*."

"Well," said I, "you can leave as quick as you please. This is rather small potatoes, friend, to urge your services upon people and then demand pay."

I gave him some money to avoid being thought niggardly, and off he budged to take in others.

How different are the manners of our countrymen. The first time I visited Girard College, the intelligent guardian came out to meet me and my friend, cordially saluting us with : "I perceive you are strangers, who have come to see the new building."

"Yes, sir, that's true ; is there any objection ?"

"Not the least, not the least, gentlemen. We feel honored by the notice people give us. Walk in, and take seats. The lad will be here presently, to show you over the college, and

upon the roof, if you should wish to ascend. But I must request you not to give him any fees, because he has regular wages, and we don't like the idea of sponging upon our visitors. It was not the disposition of Girard to obtain money in that way. When you have seen the various rooms and other parts, I'll give you an accurate description of the whole to prevent incorrect conclusions, which some have formed from a too cursory observation."

Thus we found the American by no means afraid of wasting his breath; because he knew how to speak; and not at all anxious to cheat us, because he was not an English servant without honor, reward, or information.

Appearance of the Court.

Before me sat about thirty happy looking men, in gray wigs, terminating in queues behind, and curled all over like old singed rats.

The principal judge was horribly fat. Quite a company of spectators stood around. One man was talking to the court in a regular, measured, monotonous voice, repeating the same phrases in every sentence. The judge constantly responded, "Eh! ugh!" They all wear gowns, except the clerks. Said I to the young man next me, "Who are those grey-headed fellows?"

"Hush!" says he, "they are barristers; these are clever men, you know. Those above are judges; the first is judge Talfourd.

"Well," said I, "what in reason's name are they bundled up, and wigged for?"

"Don't speak so," said he. "Those wigs are great honors those hare. They show the gentlemen 'ave taken their degrees, and are clever."

"But what good do the long tails do?"

My friend never relaxed his gravity in the least, but ap-

peared to pity my ignorance. He assured me it was all right, and just as the fashion had always been.

Duke of York's Column.

After visiting another similar court, I left. Going by a tall monument, with a marble statue on the summit — “What’s the object of this high shaft?” I inquired.

“That is the duke of York’s monument,” replied some one.

“What duke of York?”

“Oh! I can’t tell that — I never heard.”

As I started on, my intelligent informant came tagging after, demanding a small sum for his service.

Visit to the Tower.

On visiting the Tower of London, the porter sold me a ticket for twelve cents.

The showman is a rare sight himself, wearing red apparel, trimmed with shining tinsel stuff, and having a string of ragged poppy-flowers round his tarpaulin.

The first room we entered, called the Horse Armory, is 150 feet long, being filled with finely carved horses, bearing mailed knights and kings of the old school.

Henry the Eighth is the largest of the lot. Gen. Monk has monstrous crooked legs. Queen Elizabeth looks like the personification of vanity, riding out to dazzle the eyes of fools with strings of pearls and diamonds.

Oliver Cromwell is the most sensible looking man of all. The best armor was made in Italy.

In another room, they have an immense collection of war implements. It is truly shocking to see what labor and ingenuity have been spent on such manufactures in past times. There was an arrow head, picked up on the field of Marathon. They exhibited the block, on which some were beheaded in the Tower, and the ugly, old axe, used to cut off heads.

The oldest muskets were without locks, being touched off by matches. Some of them terminated at the butt end in lances. Some of the shields have pistols inserted in their centre.

I saw many instruments of torture, intended to pinch, gall, and cramp the bodies of men and women.

There is one collar, weighing fifteen pounds, with knobs on the inside to gall the neck. A person fond of horrors can be satisfied in the Tower, England's proud fortress of antiquity.

LONDON, England, }
March 8, 1850. }

British Museum and National Gallery.

THE National Gallery of Paintings and the British Museum are the most splendid institutions in this country. There is no defect in them. People are permitted to visit them whenever they choose, free of charge; and truly such lessons as may there be learned are worth a voyage across the ocean.

The amount paid for the pictures is enormous, but well expended; for every nation needs such a collection as models to ambitious artists, and the refining of popular taste in painting.

I believe Benjamin West, a native of the United States, is allowed to be the greatest English painter. Of course his pictures are not equal to those of the best Italian and Flemish masters. His invention was perhaps as good but not his execution. There are some fine paintings by Reynolds in the Gallery.

The Museum consists of a vast collection of specimens from the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, antiquities, fossils, Greek, Roman and Egyptian statues, and a great library containing many original manuscripts from the most celebrated writers of many ages.

In winter the Museum is open only Monday, Wednesday and Friday ; but the Reading Room is accessible at any time to those who have obtained tickets, which are free, for all applicants able to prove themselves honest men or women. Hundreds are constantly present inspecting the rare, old books. Quite a number of ladies may generally be seen among the literati. No one speaks aloud. When a book is wanted you have only to hand an order to the librarian, and the volume is brought in a twinkling. None can be carried out of the room. The attendants are the most gentlemanly persons I have seen in England.

Looking over a volume of old newspapers I met with the following curious communications in the London Morning Post, Monday, Aug. 19, 1776 :

“ History of one Arnold, one of the American Generals.

General Arnold was born at a small village in Warwickshire, called Ouseley, two miles distant from Coventry. His education was suited to the circumstances of his parents, and he was bred up to a profession if not honorable, at least honest ; the general served seven years apprenticeship to his father, who was by trade a blacksmith ; at the expiration of his servitude, disliking the laborious employment of blowing the forge, and scraping horses hoofs, he enlisted as a grenadier into a marching regiment, where he continued some years. It is now, however, that history becomes obscure ; and as we wish not to give the reader any dubious facts of this exalted personage, suffice it to inform them, that the general made a tour to Virginia ; whether voluntarily and to better his fortune, or for the amendment of his morals, we are not authorized to determine ; we are told that during part of the last war he served in a Provincial corps, — his conspicuous era commenced last winter by being announced in the Gazette, the leader of a banditti, who invaded Canada. The event is universally known ; the general and his followers

disappointed of the plunder and riches of Quebec, which in all probability was the chief object of their expedition, are now retreating with the quickest steps before Carleton; trusting that nimble heels and impenetrable forests will conceal them from justice. Should our hero be overtaken, it is likely his services will be finally rewarded with a certain *collar*, instituted by law, for men of such distinguished characters. To Newgate biographers, therefore, and composers of dying speeches, we resign the honorable task of recording General Arnold's public exploits and exit; they may shortly have occasion to make use of these materials, and we vouch for their authenticity.

Yours,

A Man of Warwickshire."

"Common Sense."

No less than 46,000 of the pamphlet called "Common Sense," have been printed and dispersed in different parts of America, which has been attended with a greater effect than any other public performance of the kind that ever appeared in any country, and gave the decisive spirit for independency.

The Queen once found the Prince of Wales reading Dr. Franklin's pamphlet, *Common Sense*, she expressed her disapprobation, and asked him who put it into his hands: He answered, "Nobody." "Where did you get it?" "I don't know." "When did you see it first?" "I can't tell." "Who has seen you reading it?" "I know nothing at all of the matter." It seems clearly from hence, no easy task to get anything out of his Royal Highness, that he does not wish to communicate.

Works of Art.

IN the Townley Gallery there is a beautiful collection of ancient Egyptian, Grecian and Roman statues. The ease and grace of some of them can never be surpassed; but many

bear the marks of a more barbarous taste than exists at the present time in some enlightened countries.

By comparing the Greek mythological figures with the Egyptian, it seems evident, that the one was only a modification of the other, in the same manner as the Protestant is an improved form of the Roman Catholic religion, and *this* is a modification of the Jewish theology. Where the reptile worship originated is difficult to tell; but doubtless it was received from the ancestors of the Egyptians, and highly exalted by that advanced nation.

Whether human beings at first had tails, horns or wings, has not yet been discovered; nevertheless there was surely a time when such animal features were greatly admired by the best artists. The Greek gods appear far more human than those of their predecessors, but not so dignified and formal.

The licentious Greek sculptors turned ram-headed "Amen-ra" into Jupiter with horns not bigger than those which grew out of the head of Mary Davis, whose portrait hangs in the National Gallery, and of whom you have perhaps heard.

"Ra," a man's body with a hawk's head, in Greece, became the symmetrical Apollo, that is, the *sun* personified. "Thoth," a man ibis-headed, became Mercury.

It is no wonder to me, that the Jews while in Egypt making bricks for the pyramids, should have become disgusted with pantheism, when they were liable to capital punishment for stepping on a lizzard's tail. I can't help thinking the Devil is in reality Pharaoh's Amen-ra with his horns and hoofs; but let no one on this account charge me with irreverence for his Satanic majesty. I am willing to follow the fashions of the age and nation in which I happen to live.

The ancients were more disposed to *worship* in their way than we are, and the Oriental world more than the Western.

I heard some one the other day, say that the East India plebeians were so given to adoration, that when one of our common ploughs was first carried among some agricultural

laborers there, they stuck it up in the field and fell on their faces before the "wonderful critter!"

The massive head-dresses of Egyptian statues finely illustrate the doctrine of cynics, that 'the less wit there is in a person's head the more he will seek to adorn it by artificial fixtures.' Their foreheads are much lower than those of Greeks and Romans, and they are inferior in stature. The mummies in another room show the form of that race. Their heads are much smaller than those of Anglo-Americans. I observed one lady's fingers half covered with beautiful rings resembling modern ones, but made of porcelain or ivory. Her cranium was very diminutive. Long rows of ants and wasps were represented on her napkin, which I at first took for little portraits of the lady herself.

One mummy is Cleopatra of the family of Soter. Several are kings. Ha! the stupid ninnies! instead of being waked up, and set to singing in Paradise, as they anticipated here, they are laid up for the inspection of us, heathen, heretical barbarians in the electric and steaming era.

I have had several impious thoughts while gazing on them. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'suppose that little hand with the rings ever cuffed Moses's ears? Just as likely as not some of these folks died of the frog or the musquito plague, and some saw the Nile run blood, or ate Joseph's corn-cakes.'

Antiquities from Italy.

The *antiquities* from Herculaneum and Pompeii are interesting. Among them are many penates. Cupid is most conspicuous of all, being represented, in every possible attitude of attack, with his bow always bent and his quiver full. The *Etruscan vases* are very beautiful, showing what astonishing skill that people possessed in the art of painting as well as pottery.

The pictures on the vases are worthy of the best modern artists; yet, it is probable they were made by common me-

chanics. The best era of Etruscan art was nearly contemporary with the founding of Rome, 2,600 years ago. In the time of Caesar these vases were sought for as objects of curiosity or *virtu*. They are discovered in tombs, and were probably deemed sacred, on account of having been used for religious purposes.

NORTHAMPTON, March, 10, 1850.

Washington.

THIS town like most others in England, is built of rough free-stone, the roofs being thatched with straw.

Many windows are composed of the old-fashioned diamond-panes of glass.

It is the greatest shoe-manufacturing town in this country, but the workmanship is inferior to ours in Massachusetts.

I called on the principle antiquary, Mr. Baker, author of a splendid history of the county.

Mr. B. said Lawrence Washington, the ancestor of George, was once Mayor of the town, but I was unable to find his name in their list at the guild hall.

Castle Ashby — Dr. Franklin.

On returning from All Saints' Church, my friend B. remarked, that he would like to accompany me to Castle Ashby, the residence of Compton, Marquis of Northampton, if I would get a coach. The distance is six miles by the way of Billing Magna. So to please the old gentleman, I procured a team, and took his whole family, dog and all.

We visited several antique churches in the neighboring towns. At Ecton, I went into the blacksmith shop, once occupied by the Franklins, ancestors of Dr. Benjamin Franklin. It is a very small stone building, now used for a shoe-makers shop. Six or eight men were at work in it. I asked them if

they knew Dr. Franklin's ancestor used to blow his bellows there, and smite the sounding anvil. The poor devils had never so much as heard of our philosopher; and probably we should not, had he been born in England instead of America.

Castle Ashby is a magnificent edifice, apparently quite new. One peculiarity is a passage of Scripture expressed by carved letters around the roof, beginning, "*Nisi Dominus fabricavit,*" etc. There are some pictures, statues, and geological collections in the house. Compton, the present owner, is at Cairo in Egypt.

He is said to be a patron of science; but his father loved fishing in the frog pond better than anything else.

George Bancroft spent some time here while in England. All the people of this neighborhood for a dozen miles around seem to feel themselves somehow dependent on the Marquis.

A neat church stands near the house, where they assemble each Sunday to hear preaching. I should think there are seats enough for twenty, besides the nobleman.

His stewardess showed us marked attention, and gave me leave to pluck some leaves from the gigantic trees in the garden. She didn't dare to disturb the springing flowers or ripe oranges in the glass-houses.

Character of Country Gentlemen.

These people are very hospitable; and when they invite you there's no sham about it. Many a time I've sat down to the table with my pockets full of sweet-cakes, merely because I couldn't stand out against the invitations of one and another.

On our return to Northampton, the coachee said he must have four shillings for his three hours' driving, and the landlord of "The George," sent me the following bill:

[A verbatim copy.]

" 1856, Moict 12.

Yiarge He-tit Neithempt—

Fly to Ashby Pet 12."

I had agreed to pay fourteen shillings, not knowing of the driver's separate fee ; so I paid the twelve very readily, asking no questions. And ever since I have been in doubt which got the advantage by the *bill*, the landlord, or I.

Destiny of Youth.

Here, as soon as a boy can spell "hammer," he is set to hammering soles, and drinking ale. Woe unto him who refuses to conform to the drinking fashion. He can have no friends, no room at the inn, no *other* decent drink. Besides, the food of mechanics is always bread, butter, and *now* and *then* meat, without the slightest variation ; so that ale supplies their only beverage, sauce, pickles, gravy, soup, porridge and bit-
ters.

Temperance.

I walked around the town, with two carriage makers yesterday. Passing by the old castle, along the green bank of the river Nen, we came to a gushing fountain. "This," said one, "is Thomas Becket's well. There are several others, all which Becket is said to have made."

"Then," I replied, "here is a good place to get a drink, for I am thirsty." "So am I," added one of my companions.

The water was remarkably pure and sweet. Having taken a deep draught, we went on, thinking no more of it ; but my friend, about a quarter of an hour afterward, suddenly exclaimed, "I declare my mouth *does* taste *clammy* after it."

"After what?" I inquired.

"Why, after that drink of *water*," said he.

I was unable to avoid laughing at the oddness of the idea. No doubt it was a beverage with which he had little acquaintance, although *professedly* a temperance man.

English Unitarians.

In the evening, I had the favor of an introduction to a

Unitarian clergyman. He said the sect was unpopular in England. Our celebrated divines of that denomination are also esteemed bright luminaries in this country. Emerson's lecture on England lately delivered in New York, pleases the Unitarians here ; but my friends thought he was rather sparing of praise. "He ought to have added," said they, "that England is the freest, happiest, and best nation in the world."

Impostors.

Are not the people of New England too much disposed to patronize English mechanics, and professional men, in preference to their own countrymen ?

It is very often told me such and such a horse-doctor went to America, and became a regular practitioner ; or such a tinker went over, and became a dentist ; or such a play actor emigrated to the West, and turned a Methodist divine.

Barbers are generally supposed to become surgeons in the New World. They unite surgery and barbarism together here, I should judge from my own experience with them.

Prejudice against Irishmen.

The reception of Father Mathew in America is peculiarly ungrateful to Englishmen ; for the Irish people are more deeply detested here than any other, and it is very naturally conjectured, that those who emigrate to the United States, will not remember England with much affection.

John Clare, the Peasant Poet.

I have called at the lunatic asylum to see John Clare, the peasant poet. He is a short, stout man, of light complexion and blue eyes. The expression of his countenance is very child-like. His head is uncommonly large, long and deep, resembling that of Horace Greeley. His hair is grey, but his beard red. A person would suppose his age to be about 35, but he says he is 56. He has been in the asylum ten years.

His insanity consists in believing his fancyings to be realities, and what he reads to be his own experience.

I told him I lived in America ; but I had read his poems and admired them.

He said he had been in America, at a place called Albania, on the Hudson river, and saw Irving and Bryant there. He also saw Corduroy, and was delighted with him. "Corduroy," said he, "dwelt in a beautiful cottage—a poet's cottage, encircled by trees and flower-gardens. Hundreds of gentlemen and ladies, in their splendid carriages, came to see the poet's cottage."

"I saw Whittier and Dana," said he. "Dana was formerly a clerk in some office, but he became a poet."

I referred to the British and Scotch poets. He spoke of Burns as of a brother, assuring me he had been in Scotland and seen his grave at Dumfries church.

He said the monument, he saw, was about as high as the table before us, but now a higher one has been raised. These stories are all fiction : for he never went further from home than London.

When I mentioned Byron, he drew a volume from his pocket, saying he had borrowed it of some one to read. It was half of Byron's poems.

I asked him about his farm at home. "Oh ! dear," said he, "I don't know how things go on there now. I want to go home and be free." "Why," said I, "this seems to be a pleasant place." "O yes, but its a *mad-house*, and nothing less. They won't let me go ; I'm a *prisoner* here. Oh ! I want to be a free man again, and go where I please. I am sick of this place, where I have no companions but mad-men."

His Early Life, etc.

I inquired about his early life. He said he learned to read and write at the free school of his native village. The only grammar he ever studied was Cobbet's. He only followed

common sense in writing. "I never made much progress in figures," said he. "I used to write songs to be sung in the streets at fairs, and sell them for a ha'penny each. Nobody knew who made them, for I was ashamed of them, and didn't sign my name. I never tho't they would be printed; but the book-sellers got hold of some of my verses, and then I began to write in earnest."

He said he had forgotten all his poems, and wrote none now. He could not repeat a single line to me.

Finally, at my request, he gave me his autograph, writing in my memorandum book, in a large, clear hand, the following words:

"John Clare
Northborough,
Northamptonshire.
Born
at Helpstone,
in the same county.

Thanking him for the pleasure he had afforded me by his presence and conversation, and wishing him health, freedom and happiness, I bade the unfortunate son of Apollo farewell.

Cause of Clare's Insanity.

The nobility were astonished at such manifestations of genius in an uneducated peasant. They invited him to their houses, flattered and caressed him beyond decency. In fact, he was for a while the lion of London. But at length, their curiosity having become satiated, the poor poet was neglected, as unworthy of their equal friendship. He went to live on his little farm, gradually lost his natural buoyancy of spirits, and finally reason herself.

Probably the premature whiteness of his hair was produced by a diseased brain.

What seems almost incredible is the fact that he still occasionally composes sweet verses. I remember only one line of all that was shown me :

"For where flowers are, God is, and I am free."

The unfortunate bard has sent me the following letter since my return to London :

APRIL 3rd, 1850.

DEAR SIR,

I am glad to hear of you and am sorry you are going to leave us and our country so soon without my having the pleasure of seeing you again. But I believe your country, America, is more pleasant than ours, and that you will be happier in it. "Home, sweet home," is a melody for many other ears than mine.

On your return to New England, please give my very best thanks to Mr. Lowell and Mr. Whittier for the delight their respective works have afforded me.

Enclosed I send a song written to-day, just before your letter came. Please accept it as a poor memento from

Yours sincerely,

JOHN CLARE.

SONG.

I' the sunshine o' the season, i' the spring-time o' the year,
When blithe birds find their songs agen, and wilding flowers appear,
When Phœbus i' the blue sky drove up his mounting team,
I met a lovely maiden down by a lonely stream ;
The shepherd's purse and groundsell too were breaking into bloom,
And humble-bees about the flower's beginning were to hum ;
I met my lovely Jessie a-coming down the glen,
The envy o' the lasses and favorite o' men.

I met my lovely Jessie in her handsome gown o' green,
Her cheeks burnt like the rose-bush, as fair as any queen ;
All round our winding foot-path, the daisy's silver stars,
And buttercups were glowing wi' sheen that nothing mars ;
I courted lovely Jessie as chaffinch 'gan to sing,
Like him I wooed my charmer at the starting o' the spring ;
To be each other's leman true, we tenderly agree,
While earth retains her constant green, and bloom bursts on the tree.

LONDON, March 26, 1850.

New Panoramas — The Nile.

LAST evening I went to see the Panorama of the Nile. It is in the same building with Mr. Banvard's Mississippi. On entering the door two or three porters politely inquired which I wished to see. One was a dark woolly-headed man dressed in a bright-colored costume of the Turkish fashion. He said he was a native of Darfour; but that's all gammon. He directed me into the hall and pointed out some antique curiosities, — a piece of one of the ancient kings of Egypt, found in a pyramid, some mummy cloth, little Egyptian gods, fragments of stone and ores from the region of the Nile. Presently the canvas began to move, and the music to play. They have stolen Banvard's knack of exhibiting, and the whole affair seemed but a reflection of our first great panorama.

The picture of the Nile is very long, but not equal to that of the Mississippi and Ohio. It is not so complete, consisting of detached scenes along the river. The exhibitor appears like a Frenchman, and speaks in an unpleasant tone. Still I was deeply interested in beholding the representation of so many historic sites and scenes, and hearing a description of them from one, who has travelled up the great Egyptian river. He began at Cairo, proceeded up to Abyssinia, and ended in the desert. A boat and oarsmen can be hired for the voyage for sixty dollars. The most thrilling scene is that of the great pyramids, — those sepulchres of mighty monarchs who brought ruin on their nation. There they stand, lone and desolate, where once flourished the proudest cities of the world.

If the largest were hollow, it might contain St. Peter's cathedral at Rome, and all the buildings in its neighborhood. According to an inscription found on it, 200,000 men were twenty years building it, and their wages were eighteen-pence per year for each laborer.

I asked a man near me, if he believed England would ever become blotted out like that. "Oh! by no means," said he, "we can profit by the example of former nations and avoid the rock on which they split." "So, they thought," said I. "But they could not have thus fallen, if the whole people had made their own laws, and all the neighboring states had been, with them, the United States of Africa." One curious fact mentioned by the traveller is, that as you ascend the Nile the wool of animals grows hairy and the hair of man grows woolly. One fine scene was the mountain at Thebes, containing hundred of tombs and thousands of mummies. Those abodes of the dead are frequently used for temporary dwellings by visitors.

By the account of the exhibitor it appears the interpretation of hieroglyphics is well understood.

The natives of that country are the most superstitious people in the world. They have some monstrous tradition about every tree, stone and animal. It is a pity some philosopher can't explain to us the reason why mankind are so much disposed to believe in fables. Perhaps it's because they must believe something, and not understanding science, they catch hold of wonderful tales so old nobody can tell how they originated.

Some prefer to take things for granted, perhaps, because they are too lazy to investigate questions and dig up the truth from its original mine. Others, I've no doubt, believe in Mahomet and Jo Smith, because they expect to gain some temporal good by so conducting.

There is a Mormon society in London; I often hear of it. The members think, if they can get transported to *Deseret*, there they will live forever. Many are being added to the church daily, and some by night; for, on several occasions, there have been nocturnal baptisms in the river.

The Great Earthquake at Lisbon.

The Panorama of Lisbon, at the Colosseum, is well painted, but short. It is called a picture of Old Lisbon, as it was before the great earthquake, a magnificent, commercial city on the hills.

The earthquake scene is very sublime. At first a rumbling noise is heard, while all the common business progresses, and soldiers are marching about the streets. The sound grows louder, the air becomes darker, the churches totter and rattle their bells; a deafening roar succeeds.

The ocean is seen and heard raging, and dashing ships against the very sky. The gloom can almost be felt, so dense is it.

At length the returning light discloses a scene of desolation, where a short time previous the fair temples lifted their proud summits to the stars, bidding defiance to fire and tempest.

The London Zoological Gardens — Wild Beasts, etc.

It is very interesting to walk through the Zoological Gardens on a pleasant day. There are many rare birds and beasts from every clime. The South American and East India birds are most beautiful, but not the sweetest songsters. The North American animals are apparently most active and healthy, but a great many have their cages labelled "America," so a stranger would not know from which part they came. People here have a small idea of our continent. The English birds are particularly pointed out, and we see from what little county each was brought; while the polar bear, the Canadian elk and Southern panther are merely called "American." Most of them are not described at all; because there is a prejudice against our quarter of the world. One philosopher says in a late work, that America is not well adapted to the production of animals; that all living things there have a tendency to vegetate.

One of the sharp editors hence infers, that the human race will not flourish as well in that continent as in Europe. "After all," says he, "the infant Hercules may be nothing but a young Indian." I noticed one golden eagle and several bald eagles. The animals from Africa and New Holland are generally awkward, sluggish creatures, like the natives. Those most grotesque are the giraffe, orang-outang, ostrich, pelican, etc. They have some of the finest specimens of lions and tigers I ever saw.

A great variety of aquatic birds are seen in the extensive pools of the parks, where they are permitted to wander freely among the green islands.

Adventure with the Lynx.

As we were passing by the North American Lynx's den, one of the visitors observed, "That is a sprightly *looking* animal, but, like his countrymen, fonder of flying than facing danger." And, to illustrate the saying, he began to rap the bars. The good-natured creature sat still, watching his movements with her large, flashing eyes, till he carried the insult far enough. "See the coward run," said he, "when I aim this cane at her grave countenance." The moment a good opportunity presented itself, quick as thought she darted forward, seized the fine staff, and snapped it into splinters. The company confessed "it was a clever exploit," but they believed "the beast was not naturally ferocious." Our hero had passed on to examine the monkeys.

The Snakes.

The Reptile house is a place of deep interest. There are snakes as big as small trees, wreathing themselves into many fantastic shapes, and climbing over their cages with considerable activity.

Wax Statuary — Kings — Heroes and Murderers.

Having taken a ride on the elephant, we returned across

the park, and visited Madame Tussaud's Exhibition of Statuary. She is a French woman, but evidently well Anglicised. The figures are mostly flattering representations of the nobility, and the most noted kings and generals of Europe.

I saw only one American, Washington. Some of the busts are unsurpassable in artistic beauty. Among the very finest are those of Voltaire, Martin Luther, Napoleon, and Mrs. Siddons.

I took a seat in Napoleon's carriage, and examined the skilful design of it. Much improvement has been made in the manufacture of such things since his day. Madame Tussaud has a large collection of articles used by the general: the trappings of his war-horse, his garments, and the bed on which he expired. She exhibits a lock of his hair and one of his teeth. Her statements in regard to these things are unquestionably correct, being supported by good evidence.

There is one most contemptible nuisance connected with the exhibition. That is the place called the "Chamber of Horrors." It is a dark room in the shape of the Bastile, containing figures and heads of murderers, the instruments with which people have been destroyed, and skulls. The collection is in bad taste, and not worth any one's while to inspect, though an extra fee is charged for admission. What satisfaction is there in looking at the hard faces of fiends like Robespierre, and Carrier, or Burke and Hare, who killed poor people at Edinburgh to sell for dissection?

LONDON, Eng., April 4, 1850.

A walk through the country.

LEAVING Northampton I wended my way on foot through several counties in the east of England.

The Shepherds.

Observing some shepherds feeding their sheep in a pasture near the road, I stepped over to have a little chat with them.

The boys were gathering turnips in an adjoining field. "This is fine, healthy work," said I. "Yase zur." "What is to be done with all these turnips you are heaping up here." "Wa gie hum to tha yowes, zur."

"Af yer goo theer, yer'll sa thur groond." So I passed along to see the grinding machine. It is very simple. One boy alone worked it, putting the turnips in the hopper, and setting the ballance-wheel a-turning. The vegetables came out at the bottom in slices. The boy then poured them into the sheep-troughs, which he said had been kept full all winter.

I asked what made them pronounce their words so improperly. They didn't "know;" but it was the way folks spoke "theree." They didn't know "mooch larnin and sich loike."

An old shepherd came from the opposite side of the lea, his shaggy dog following after. "How d'ye do?" said I.

"Toidy loike," he responded. "A noice day, massa."

The poor old fellow clad in rags staggered on about his business, and his lean dog, driving the sheep from one trough, began himself to eat. "Why! do dogs like such food?" said I. "Oh! yase, zur; I niver 'ad woon, but would ate swate tarnip."

The Gipsies.

As I pursued my way a poster-up of public notices came along. He had much to say about the gipsies, that used to wander about in the region, their herds grazing by the way-side as they went. The farmers have succeeded in driving most of them off, allowing them to stop but one night in a place as the law provides. Some of them have built houses to live in, and go about collecting old truck for the London market.

Farming.

I noticed a great many black cattle in the pastures. These, my companion said, were brought from Ireland. But few are reared in this part of the kingdom. Oxen are not employed in agricultural operations, but are bought and fattened for the great markets.

In one place a six-horse team was ploughing. A little boy not over six years of age led them, trudging so near their feet I expected every moment the huge animals would crush him in the furrows.

"Look out my lad," I exclaimed, "or the horses will step on you."

"Sarve 'im roight ef they ded," said the ploughman; "'e mought n't ba sa hadeless."

The farmers were sowing their grain. This is usually done by a machine, which, as it rolls over the glebe, makes drills, strows the corn along in them, and covers it up.

Some fields were green with a new growth, and rollers of wood were being passed over them to fix the roots firmly in the soil.

In rough places clod-breakers were rolled over the ground to crush the lumps.

Many women and children were at work in new-ploughed lands heaping up the turf and burning it.

Agricultural Laborers.

I asked some young men, who were planting hedge-rows, how much wages they got. "Eight shillen a week," they replied. That is two dollars, on which they have to subsist, taking no thought for a day of sickness.

They were noble, athletic men. "Can you live comfortably on eight shillings a week?" said I.

"Oh, it is too little; but we can get bread enough. Very little beer."

"This is a hard kind of work. You need a plenty of meat."

"That's true; but we come far short of it. At least I know I do for one," said the most intelligent speaker.

They told me some men with large families never tasted of meat, except on election days, when their candidates give them public dinners, and oceans of ale.

I noticed men in Rutlandshire turning over the green-sward with hand-ploughs. This is called "breast-ploughing."

It is a neat way of removing the turf, but exceedingly laborious, I should think.

The Dog-team.

Meeting a dog-team near Brixworth, the vexed creatures tried to vent their spite by barking furiously at all passers. My companion reproached the driver for not keeping his dogs out of the way of travellers.

"Go to h—ll!" said he. "I've been at *Northampton* as often as you." He was moving his family and furniture to some new home.

The barking grew louder, the man swore fiercer, and at last the baby awoke. So we were glad to retreat.

A "Deserted Village."

The parish of Faxton was once a flourishing place, and fourteen farmers of wealth resided there. But after the death of the judge, and especially after the fall of Puritanism, it began to decay.

It now contains only eight or nine houses, and the inhabitants are reduced to pauperism.

I was obliged to bring the third ladder, before I could get one strong enough to bear me up—a fact indicative of the condition of the parish.

The site of Judge Augustine Nicolls' house is plainly marked by the remains of a cellar and fish pond.

A Mysterious Cavern.

Rothwell is an interesting place. Every town has some remarkable feature to distinguish it from all the rest in the country.

At Northampton there was a castle, and a very ancient Monastic institution.

Robert Brown, founder of the Independents, was born at Northampton.

At Naseby was fought the battle that ruined Charles the First.

At Peterborough is the great and magnificent cathedral.

But Rothwell has a feature very different from all. A few years since the sexton, while digging a grave beneath the old church, broke into a cavern, till then undiscovered.

The entrance was found to be through the solid wall, which was opened.

Who could guess what such a place contained?

The sexton, taking lights, with me descended the narrow, winding passage down, down into that cave of horrors!

Forty thousand human Skeletons.

What thoughts and emotions were awakened by the ghastly spectacle. There lay the naked skeletons of forty thousand men.

They remain just as when brought to light. Not a woman or child are among them.

No one can tell whence they came, or why they should have been deposited there. The skulls appear rather smaller than common, and some are those of negroes. The vault is large, made of solid grey-stone, being overarched in the Gothic style.

I am of the opinion, that they were collected from some unfortunate battle-field, and carefully deposited in that subterranean place.

There is a curious old market-house at Rothwell having

the arms of ancient gentlemen of the county represented upon its walls.

Passing into Rutland county I visited *Clipsham*, where Isaac Johnson, Esq., once lived. He was the principal founder of Boston, in Massachusetts.

The ship in which Winthrop, Dudley, Johnson, and Bradstreet emigrated to America was named for his wife Arbella, daughter of Thomas Clinton, earl of Lincoln. She died and was buried at Salem.

Ah! the history of the Puritans has much of it fallen into oblivion, and the flourishing towns where they lived have sunk to ruin.

Minister and School-master.

The rector of Clipsham receives a salary of \$1500 a year and the school-master \$130. There are 250 inhabitants. I have visited several schools, and found the teachers good-natured men. They often invited me to drink brandy with them, but thought our school system rather faulty in regard to *religious* instruction. The pupils were generally wretched looking children.

They learn to read and spell from single leaves of old spelling-books, a heap of which usually lay in one corner of the room. The masters said they were unable to keep boys longer than to the age of ten, still worse many could attend only two or three days in the week.

LONDON, Friday, April 18, 1850.

East of England.

THE common people of Lincolnshire are in a pitiful condition. Pointon, joining Sempringham, where the Clintons, earls of

Lincoln used to live, is inhabited by four hundred people — perhaps more — but contains no literary institution or even common school. There are several drinking-houses, however, and a church-living of considerable value ; not less, I think, than \$1500 a year.

My hostess at the principal inn being quite communicative gave me all the statistics I desired respecting the state of society. She said the temperance cause prospered well in that place, because the people couldn't afford the luxury of getting drunk oftener than once or twice a year, "poor creatures." A pint of ale cost three pence, and the best of men got only eighteen pence a day, leaving out Sundays and all the holy-days, such as Christmas, Thanksgiving, Lent, Good Friday, Easter, etc. She said it required about nine pence to "tosticate a decent man," but some would drink "a whole day's work," and bear up manfully under it.

The old host seeing me drink a glass of cold water, remarked he should "hate to have that in *his* stomach." I tried in vain throughout Lincolnshire to obtain any wholesome beverage except water.

Their cows all produce skimmed milk ; they never heard of spruce beer, lemonade, or soda water, not to mention congress water.

Want of Intelligence.

"Do you suppose," said I to the hostess, "there are any persons here who can't read?" "O yase, master, hi'm hafraid there be a many. Theer's no school 'ere noo. A school be needed for hour childurn once hin a while." "Certainly," said I, "no child should be permitted to grow up in ignorance, when it is so easy to give them learning."

"Hou, yase ! but some his only worse for their hedication. Hi don't think so much of 'igh edecation, jogriphy, fractions, Latin, hand them loike harts, as some does." "Why," said I, "it is necessary to know the names and situation of countries cities, seas, etc., in order to comprehend what we read of them."

We must have some knowledge of numbers in order to reckon time and money. There is nothing so *useful* to man as knowledge. Oh! it is a *solace*, too, in adversity, a *companion* in wearisome solitude, and makes a *beggar* as good as a *prince*."

"Well," the old lady replied, "after all, it won't satisfy ha choild's hungry maw, nor keep one warm. All the hedecation *hi* wants is to know the rules of figures as far as Division, to read the history of Hingland through, to go to London, and see the queen; *hand* hi wouldn't gie one fard'n to know or see *anything more*."

History of the County.

The agent of lord Fortescue, of Newcastle, who now owns the manor, very generously showed me a manuscript history of the county, which his father compiled. He intends to publish it some time. The literary merits of the work will be found far inferior to its other excellences, it being written in the style of annals.

A Laborer.

As I was walking on, a shockingly ragged man came from the fields, who, lifting his dilapidated beaver, begged a penny to procure him a bed for the night; "for," said he, "I have not lodged in a house since last week. I belong in Lancashire, and have come all the way from thence in pursuit of employment on some farm." Giving him the penny, I inquired where he slept nights. "In stacks of straw," he replied.

Leaving me he started to cross an adjoining pasture, in the direction of a farm house; but the gruff old farmer, who chanced to be passing, forbade him to enter upon his premises. So they both turned off and soon disappeared. Going along the bank of a small stream, towards the village of Kyme, I passed by a vast extent of meadow-land, which is now being drained by ditches cut with a kind of plough, and running from the stream far back across the level territory.

Farm houses in this country are often situated one, two, or three miles apart.

Visit to Old Boston.

At Boston I inspected the ancient church register, and attended a service in the same house where John Cotton used to give eloquent utterance to his religious opinions, and where those other honest Puritan ministers proclaimed their heresies for the edification of our brave and good ancestors, before they settled in the wild woods of America.

It is a magnificent church, having one of the tallest, handsomest spires in the county.

It was a Lent, week-day service, and there were not above twenty persons present, including the curate, clerk, and sexton. The *laborers* were plenty, but the harvest *few*. A great majority of the Bostonians are dissenters. They spoke of the origin and paternity of our Boston with pride. I have visited no place where we are so highly respected. The town has more reviving aspect than any in that vicinity.

Religion and Morals.

I forbear to speak of its morals, being confident their deplorable state is the effect of unwise national legislation, and more immediately the consequence, as in all English towns, of extreme poverty and ignorance.

The *people* don't seem to understand their true position; for their pastors, so far as I can see, neglect the weightier matters, amplifying entirely on the "mysterious Trinity," the momentous importance of the "eucharist," the "incomprehensible incarnation of the great Godhead," and such like inconceivable things, that confound but cannot improve the taste, sentiments, or dispositions of their sheep.

Visit to Peterborough.

From Boston I went to Peterborough. It was anciently called Mendeshamstede, from its site on the border of Nen river.

It has a splendid cathedral, partly in the Norman and partly in the Gothic style of architecture. (The Norman style is distinguished by circular and the Gothic by pointed arches.) It was begun in 1118 and finished in 1144. The old Roman Catholic cloisters have been demolished, but an immense and exquisitely beautiful edifice still remains. I walked round it many times, seeing new beauties to the last. Some of the images suffered martyrdom in Puritan days; showing us the superstition of those well-meaning enthusiasts.

Birthplace of Doctor Paley.

The celebrated Dr. Paley was born at Peterborough in 1743, and died archdeacon of Carlisle in 1805.

Knaves and Hypocrites.

Inquiring in the depot at what station I should stop to be nearest Clopton, the intelligent clerk very knowingly assured me there was no such town, and was quite affronted because I refused to take his word for it. He said it was his particular office to direct travellers, and he ought to know all such things. I got a map and showed him the place. "Now," said I, "where ought I to stop?" "At Thrapston, surely. That is the only station near Clopton." Without attending to his direction I followed instinct, and took a ticket for Barnwell, which was exactly right. There stand the ruined walls of an old Norman castle. While I was surveying them, another traveller came for the same purpose. He pointed out the pathway leading across the fields and meadows to Clopton, distant five miles.

Being familiar with the country, I learned some new ideas from him. He declared, with Jack Falstaff, "there was no such thing as honesty extant." I beg pardon for repeating his words, but he exclaimed, as one having authority, "all men are liars; and," continued the profane stranger, "there isn't a servant in England but would tell lies enough to patch hell all over, (and run the risk of going there,) merely for the sake of gaining the

honor of being called a good, clever, faithful, little puppy, by his *respectable* master." "Is it possible," said I, "that you include all Christians and Jews, in that alarming accusation?" "Christians!" he shouted; "listen to me: three weeks ago yesterday I fell in company with a very agreeable travelling companion. We decided to lodge at the same hotel, and took a room together. I soon found my friend a zealous sectarian. But nevertheless he tried every art of persuasion to induce me to gamble for money with him. He swore it was a pleasant pastime, in which he had received much satisfaction. When we were about to retire, 'Dont. forget your prayers,' said I. 'Oh! have no fears of that,' he replied, and down he fell on his marrow bones praying a quarter of an hour. At last scrambling up, 'there,' said he, 'that is one of the best acts of my life;' and, taking a long, deep draught of gin, he laid himself away for the night. Early in the morning, a sudden thump on the floor awoke me. There was my companion at his prayers again. This is rather too soon to be groping about, thought I. I wonder what the hour is; then reaching up for my watch, I'll be shot if that religious scamp hadn't stolen my turnip, notwithstanding the apparent evidence to the contrary."

"Perhaps," said I, "he was praying that he might escape safely with the stolen watch."

"Well, then the saints were unfavorable to him; for I nabbed the boy right in the midst of his matins, and told him I'd choke the devotion all out of him, if he didn't deliver up the said property; which being done, we dissolved companionship. And the *ministers*," the stranger continued, "they preach up temperance — tell you it's wicked to get drunk except on holy-days, and then go home and get as blind as owls in the sunshine. I've often caught them in such a state. Why do you look so incredulous? If my statements are not satisfactory, just consider what but vice could

make a man's stomach swell into the dimensions of a swill-tub, and turn his nose into a mangel-wortzel."

I wouldn't have spoken quite so impertinently of gentlemen myself; but the blunt, daring fellow, seemed to enjoy *saying* what he *thought*.

Wild Game.

The parks and pastures were alive with hares, scudding away over the knolls and hiding in the shade, as I wended my way along. Pheasants and partridges also abound in the wilds, keeping herds of noble oxen company, and furnishing the happy gentry excellent opportunities for sport.

The Celebrated University.

I was not pleased with the aspect of Cambridge. It is an old, dilapidated town. The colleges are scattered over it. Those "Cantabs," as they call the students, wear square-crowned cloth caps and togas. The morals, or rather immorals, of the place, struck me with unusual disgust. I strolled about in the evening, to take a full view of the drinking, smoking, and carousing habits of the bo'hoys in their classic garbs.

LONDON, April 27, 1850.

A Visit to Lambeth Palace.

HAVING just returned from Lambeth Palace, perhaps it will not be deemed improper, that I should say a few words about the visit.

Obtaining a letter of introduction to the Archbishop of Canterbury, I proceeded on foot and alone to his splendid residence, my object being to see some original manuscripts in the Lambeth collection.

That palace stands on the east bank of the Thames, opposite Westminster Cathedral and the Houses of Parliament on the west bank.

Reaching the outer gate I rang a bell, which brought the porter, who rang another, directing me to the great front entrance.

Two servants in shining livery of velvet, silk, silver lace, and gilt buttons came out. I hastened along beneath the grand Gothic arcade, crossed the court, and presented my letter, saying I was an American citizen desirous of seeing the archbishop.

The servants seemed to eye me in a distrustful manner, because I came in so humble a style.

"His Grace attends a ball every Thursday," they replied.

The Archbishop of Canterbury.

So I called the next day, and after much ado persuaded the porter to carry my letter to the archbishop.

Back came the servant with some important despatch. A great commotion followed. Every one began to bow and scrape to me.

"His lordship begs Mr. D. to walk in," which being done, we had a pleasant chat about this and that. He is a middle-sized man, of florid complexion, and easy deportment.

I explained to him the object of my visit. He said Mr. Lawrence had spoken of me, and he should be happy to favor me with the use of his manuscripts.

The Library of Manuscripts, etc.

I inspected many in the vast rooms. They relate to church affairs from the earliest times.

It was diverting to witness the change in my attendants. They bowed and wrung their hands around me, as if I had been suddenly *deified* by the master's holy presence.

In the various avenues and rooms there are many splendid

portraits of former archbishops and bishops of the Episcopal church. The librarian is a very intelligent gentleman. I shall not forget his kind attentions.

The archbishop thus subscribes his name :

“ J. B. Cantuar,
Lambeth, 1850.”

Very few of the books were composed before the year 1500.

Visit to Parliament.

On Thursday night, I visited the two houses of Parliament.

The hour of opening is 5 P. M. Going past Nelson's lofty column in Trafalgar Square, and the equestrian statue of Charles the Second, I accosted a policeman, to inquire for the House of Lords.

Instead of giving me a direct answer, he glanced his eyes over my person and asked rather carelessly if I desired to go there. “ Yes,” said I. Another young man of a haughty air, came up and drew the policeman's attention away, occasionally looking round as if he pitied my inexperience in the ways of Cockneydom. He was asking about some bowling alley. While waiting for the direction, it occurred to me there might be dust on my coat, but I could see none. Then, I thought of my hat. Perhaps it was unbrushed. How many serious reflections did the policeman's slight awaken !

At length, he laconically remarked, “ You can't get into the house of lords without some gentleman's haid.” “ Let me alone for that,” said I ; “ I have all the requisite papers.” “ Oh ! sir, I beg yer pardon,” said Pilly, leaving the cockney, and offering the utmost attention. “ Oh ! sir, you desire to be shown the House of Lords ? Ah ! yes, I beg yer pardon, sir ; here it is, sir ; this way, sir.” He was going to conduct me to it, but I told him to stop, and just say which way I should go. “ Oh ! that way, directly past the Poet's corner, sir.” The polite young man tagged after, humbly begging I would take

him with me. "Pshaw! nonsense! cried the policeman, be huff with yerself." And so he trotted off.

There wasn't a marquis or earl in Parliament, with a newer hat than mine. They were altogether a really shabby set.

Subjects under Discussion.

I took my seat and listened attentively to the animated discussion, which was about the propriety or expediency of paying rewards for the destruction of pirates, and some other minor matters.

Lord Portman, Lord Londesborough, the earl of Minto, Lord Monteagle, Earl Nelson, and the earl of Carlisle presented petitions, one from places in Yorkshire praying for the abolition of all Sunday labor in the post offices; one from an anti-slavery society against the admission of slave-grown sugar into this country; and one from Surry against licensing beer-shops, which last two were cast aside with little ceremony.

Then, after some talk between Lord Stanley, Colchester, and the earls of Minto and Ellenborough on the pirates head-money bill, the house adjourned, having been assembled one hour. The lords sat or lounged about on the settees, some with hats on, and some bare-headed. They are ordinary-looking men. The bishops wear loose gowns and grey, flowing wigs. There were three or four of them present.

The New House of Lords.

This house is a beautiful structure, having much fine carved work and splendid pictures at each end, under Gothic arches.

The great windows are adorned with portraits of all the sovereigns of England since William the Norman, stained with bright colors, each one except Protector Cromwell, Jane Grey, and a few others, having a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand.

As we entered the strangers' gallery in the House of Com-

mons, one of those stationed there to keep order, said, "Sit down."

The Australian colonies bill was under consideration.

House of Commons.

The Commons are a more intelligent-looking body than the Lords. I observed they referred to different members by the expression, "my noble lord."

The speaker wears a gown and grey wig. *He* is a "noble lord."

Their manner of speaking was not excellent. Some pronounced in drawling tones, others twisted their bodies about while speaking, and fumbled books on the table. Some sat with hats on.

When a division of the house was called for, the speaker rose and said, "Strangers will retire."

We went out, waited ten minutes in the ante-chamber, and then returned.

The Great Question.

The Australians are calling loudly for independent, self-government; but they will call in vain. Some small concessions will, however, be granted them. There are a few Englishmen, who would be glad to give them all the liberty they ask.

LONDON, May 9, 1850.

The Poor Mechanic.

HAVING lost a sole in the mud that inundates this city, I stepped into a shop to get my understanding renewed. The son of St. Crispin sat on his bench surrounded with holy relics of departed worth. His hair was matted over his pale fore-

head, and scarcely a rag hung upon his thin frame. Some scraps of leather were smoking in the broad fireplace where hovered the wife with five children, haggard, chilled, overwhelmed with rubbish. Water is too dear for free use, although it is hard and impure.

In a few moments my boot was repaired in a most workmanlike manner. The charge was but a trifle. The mechanic was very intelligent, his family were very polite. Beneath the outward squalor of those little children I could perceive more to respect and praise, than in the children of Victoria.

Place those two families in equal circumstances and the mechanic's would far excel the prince's in the noblest accomplishments. But, alas! how different is their destiny! One family will squander millions yearly, the other will perhaps starve to death for the want of crusts. For this dreadful state of things there is no good excuse. Selfishness and pride on the part of the regulators of society is the principal cause of all misery and woe in the land.

Scene in court — A boy tried for insulting a "gentleman."

On quitting the place I came to a crowd on the sidewalk in front of a tailor's shop. In the midst stood half a dozen policemen, with the shopman, — the latter gesticulating furiously and threatening a lad, at whose sharp replies all the rest were roaring with laughter.

"Come along with me," said one of the police, "Hi'll learn you to hinsult gentlemen, and collect crowds in this vay!"

So he marched the boy off to Guild Hall for a trial before the Alderman. I followed after out of curiosity to learn the particulars of the affair.

Guild Hall.

Going by St. Paul's and turning up King street we came in sight of the great front entrance to the hall. Over it are

placed the city arms, an escutcheon supported by two *griffins*, and quartered by a *cross* with a *dagger* in the dexter chief.

Motto, — “Domine Dirige Nos.”

Gog and *Magog* stand in the hall.

The magistrate had appointed to be present at 12 M., but did not arrive till 1 P. M., and soon our case came on.

The Trial.

“Bohem!” said the fat man. “’Ow’s this? ’os ’ere? Witnesses rise and be sworn. Ringtum rumsedumse rattattorum — so help you Gog. What’s the nature of this outrage? Policeman, explain it.”

POLICEMAN. Vell yer vorship this his ha scamp vat hi tuk hin charge vor disturbin hoff the peeze.

ALDERMAN. Yaze, yaze; but what did he do? ’As the raga-muffin been hinsulting any *gentleman*?

POLICEMAN. Ay, that ’e ’as. The gentleman can tell you hall about it ’imself, ’ere ’e bees.

ALD. Just take the stand, sir, if ye please, and state the facts hof the case.

COMPLAINANT. That poor, miserable fellow came like ha base dog as ’e are, hand wrote the grossest libel himaginable right in front hoff my door, collected ha crowd, hand threatened to break down my shop, if I didn’t give him a cert’n zum hoff money.

ALD. Ay! Ay! my lad. Yer a beauty of a tatterdema-lion scape-grace! What have you to say to this? eh?

LAD. Will your worship permit me to ask the complainant one or two questions?

ALD. That’s howing to what they hare. We can’t be bothered long with yer nonsense. Other business calls for hour notice.

LAD. Did you *see* me write the words in front of your door?

COMPLT. No, not hexactly’; but hi suppose you did.

LAD. Oh! then you mean to say "such is your *opinion*" merely.

COMPLT. Yes, that's my hopinion. Foh! yer nonsense!

LAD. Did I ask you for any money except the wages due me?

COMPLT. Yes, hi howed you nothin, but you tho't to raise a row there and make me give you money. What did you do to my servant when hi sent him hout?

[Here the servant gave his testimony.]

ALD. Ha! the hopstreperous chap's been committing hasaults, too, 'as 'e? Write that down clark.

CLERK. Yes, yes. That's himportant. Werry himportant that!

LAD. Will your worship let me ask the servant if I struck him.

ALD. No, no, there's no need of that. However, the law allows you the privilege. Be quick.

LAD. Did you see me strike your servant, sir?

COMPLT. No, not hexactly. But hi saw you strike at 'im.

ALD. All one, all one, the same has if you'd 'it the *gentleman's* servant. No doubt you hintended to. Bohem! Well, this is all, is it. A hard case my chap, a hard case, I can tell you!

CLERK. Yes, by the fellow's hungry looks, hive no hesitation in saying he's capable hoff worse things.

ALD. Ay, we'll nail 'im. Don't interrup, clark.

Chap, what 'ave you to say for yourself; eh? Come be quick. *Tempus fugit*.

LAD. To be brief, then, know, your worship: four weeks ago this gentleman hired me to work for him. — I'm a journeyman Sweater. — He agreed to give me two and sixpence a day, the sixpence for my tea, which I took at the shop. It was so bad, at last I wouldn't have it. Then he raved, and ordered his servant to pitch me out doors, which they both togeth-

er did, without my hat, coat, or vest, and kept me out an hour or two, tho' the weather was cold and wet. When I got my clothes, I told him *that* affair should end my sojourn with him and demanded my pay for the three weeks' work. He refused it, because I had not given the legal notice beforehand, and ordered me to be off with myself.

ALD. "*Demanded*" your pay ! And what, pray, did your *importance* say on the gentleman's proper refusal ?

LAD. I said it was not the part of a gentleman or a man of common decency to treat a boy like me, who have no friends to help me, as he had done, and then cheat me out of my hard earnings. I had no money to buy food with. After calling on the gentleman several times, and being thrust out of doors, I took a piece of chalk, and wrote on the flat stones before his door these words, —

"Henry Arthur Boggs,
One of the Dogs
What robs
His workmen of their wages."

This policeman saw me write it, but said he couldn't read writing. I *wanted* people to read it as they passed.

ALD. What cool impudence ! Where, pray tell, did you get your learning ?

LAD. At the Foundling hospital, your worship. I was there nine years. I'm sorry to have to say it.

ALD. I should think they would be sorry to have such wretches as you. This is all your gratitude for so much care and hanxiety to bring you up ?

LAD. Ah ! your worship would say the same too, if you were used as I was. They bound me to a brute of a tailor, and compelled me to stay with him till he nearly killed me.

ALD. Fie ! Fie ! tut — tut.

LAD. Yes, your worship may believe me, too ; for let me tell your worship, the *beast* was arraigned for his savageness

to me, and fined *five pounds* or ten days' imprisonment. I was freed from him, and ever since, thank God, I've been *independent of every body*.

[These were the precise words of the pale boy ; at which the whole assembly were so much pleased, it seemed all they could do to avoid exclamations of praise.]

ALD. You've got haltogether too much *tongue*, my chap. You'll never get hon hin the world, unless you break up the 'abit. Who would have such ha noisy, loquacious fellow around them? I shall give you seven days' imprisonment or a fine of five shillings.

[At this, the complainant was observed to pull up his dickey and rub his hands.]

The boy said he must of course prefer the latter punishment; and the policeman ordered him to "move off," with dispatch. So he was hustled away to prison for the crime of *demanding his wages*, after working for about sixpence a day, including board. The rich men of England openly boast, that "they have the poor under their thumbs, and an *army* at command, to keep them in the dust, where they belong."

Pictures and Statues.

There are some fine pictures in Guild Hall. One represents the death of Wat. Tyler ; and another the murder of David Rizzio by lord Darnley, in the presence of Mary, queen of Scots.

There is a statue of George the Third, under which he had inscribed, "Born and bred a Briton."

Visit to old Newgate Prison.

From thence I proceeded to Newgate prison, and by the polite keeper was shown all the different apartments. The building is of solid greystone, armed on the upper walls with iron spikes. The sun shines in at the windows, and every part appeared healthy. Each prisoner has a separate bath.

There are four hundred males in one division, and forty females in the other.

The males are of two classes, one awaiting transportation, the other either awaiting trial or serving out their sentences.

I understand very little flogging is practised. But if an inmate refuses obedience, he is shut up in close quarters, and kept without bed or board, except four ounces of bread with a drink of water twice a day. This fare very soon brings him to terms.

The females are divided into two classes, servants and those who are not servants. The former is considered the upper crust of that society. Very little labor is performed in the prison. I observed only a dozen boys picking oakum. One room was filled with heavy irons of the olden time, collars, rings, chains, and implements of torture. Their common food is bread and soup, with an occasional sprinkling of meat. The wall of the open court is forty feet high, yet it has been scaled without the slightest aid from machinery. There are seams at the joining edges of the blocks. By means of these a certain chimney-sweep, who had been imprisoned, ascended with his back in the corner, crept between the pointed spikes, and went off from the roofs of the neighboring buildings. A dangerous exploit surely, but it was rewarded with the best prize fortune could bestow. The prisoners are allowed to write once a month in the presence of their overseers. Nearly all the crimes for which they are punished are evidently occasioned by want. Therefore we may say poverty is a crime in England, and monopoly, usury, swindling, sponging, etc., if successful, are respected and rewarded.

Alcohol and Ignorance.

Many persons commit crimes under the influence of malt liquor. Nearly all are more vicious, than they would be were they educated.

Thus again we see the fault of government in allowing the sale of such be-deviling drinks, and in neglecting the establishment of common schools.

In looking over the London Gazette the other day, I was astonished to see how many persons even belonging to *firms* transacting business in this country, are obliged to make their marks for signatures.

It is the same here now, in this respect, as when our pilgrim fathers left. We are somewhat familiar with their crosses. As for intemperance in London, it will satisfy you, I think, to know that at the New Globe, 3000 persons of both sexes assemble on Sunday to spend the day in drinking and singing psalms ; at White Conduit, 1200 ; at the Royal Standard, 1000 ; at the Copenhagen, 700 ; and at the Eagle, 5000. Other cities present a similar picture for the admiration of heathen nations.

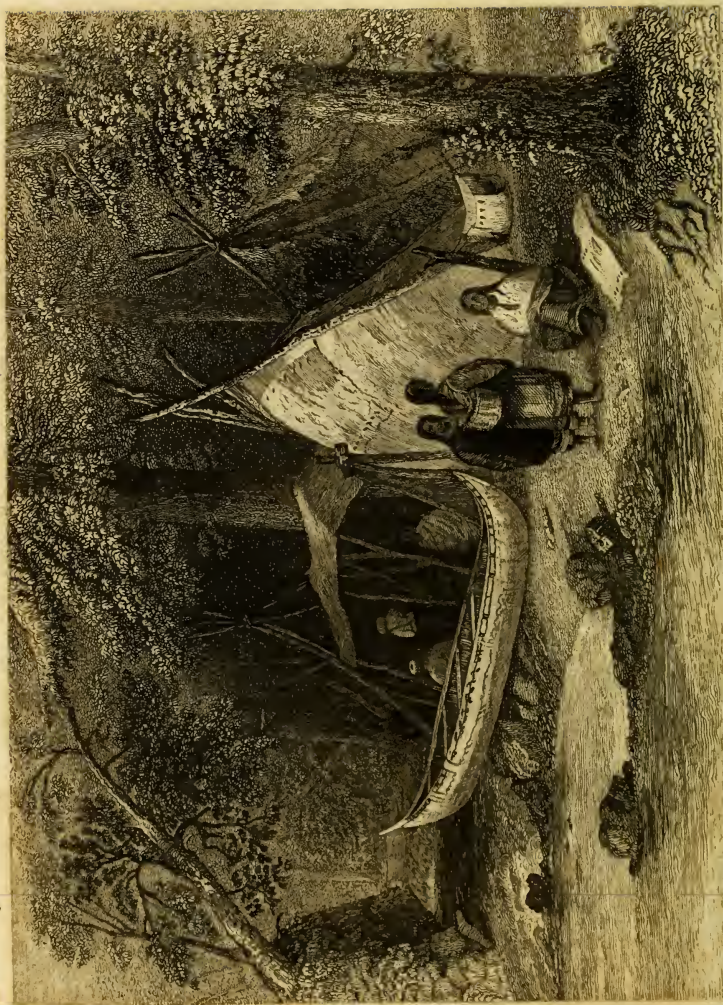
European Politics.

Those monsters of humanity, who claim hereditary sway over their fellow-men, are everywhere plotting the extinguishment of that divine flame of liberty lately kindled on the continent. We may not see their vile machinations, but they are going on. The outward appearance of a court cannot be taken as a fair indication of its character and intentions. It is not as in America, where all things have to be laid open for public scrutiny, because government belongs to the people, not people to government. May that shaking of thrones be remembered, and its partial failure make the democracy more prudent in planning future campaigns against tyranny.

France.

It is my opinion President Louis N. Buonaparte is aiming to become emperor of France, by some means or other. He will make the attempt alone ; but, if it fail, neighboring monarchs may be persuaded to aid him in crushing French republicanism. It is said the Bourbons have made overtures to him

to become another "general Monk," and cause a "Restoration;" but, like the 'Devil' in Milton, he wants to be first, or not at all. During the last few days he has filled the strongholds of Paris with weapons. The most democratic editors have been sentenced to prison for years, their printing-presses being sealed by a Commissary of Police.



VERSE AND PROSE

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN AMERICA.

BY A NEW-COMER.

ADIEU TO ENGLAND.

Home of my fathers, fare thee well !
'Tis hard to quit our native soil,
To sever tender ties of love,
And part from all familiar scenes
When life is in the vernal flower —
When hearts are warm, unseared by time,
And all we see or feel or hear
Seems radiant, musical, and sweet.
But fortune beckons to the West —
We recognize her grateful voice,
And seek her beacon, Hesperus,
Illuming those primeval lands
Where golden harvests wait the scythe
Of industry and temperance —
Where springing buds of human life
May ope their petals to the sun,
And fling their fragrance on the air,
Unscathed by breath of penury,
Unshadowed by an older growth.

Parting Stanzas.

I.

Our broad-winged ship leans on the gale,
Around the pale birds lowly skim,
The shores recede, the waves prevail;
Say, father, for my eyes are dim,
Sinks yet the land beneath the water's brim?

II.

It fades, but do not weep, my boys;
Yield small for greater happiness;
Avert your gaze toward future joys;
Perhaps this deed of bitterness
May never cease our family to bless.

III.

'Tis well to exchange an ancient home
For other lands more free and wild;
Thus rose the exalted state of Rome,
And glorious Greece, old Egypt's child;
How Briton under Saxon culture smiled!

IV.

Much bliss we leave behind, but more
Shall Providence afford instead;
Farewell, farewell, dear native shore,
The star of promise shines ahead,
To cheer us o'er white-haired Atlantic's bed.

V.

Ay, fortune, wisdom, bid us part,
And we submit, beloved sire;
But still within the exile's heart
There burns a patriotic fire,
That paints the abandoned landscape like a pyre.

VI.

Our young and sweet experience
And all the past seems comlier dight;
Like parting day's magnificence,

When e'en the clouds look fair and bright,
And all the sky is filled with rosy light.

VII.

But tears cannot restore the spoil
Of time ; joy for the race begun !
Hail to the free, the fruitful soil
Of Cabot, Penn, and Washington !
Welcome ! thou world beneath the setting sun !

VIII.

Sweep on, ye viewless wings of air,
The skies are clear, the ocean vast,
A hardy band of men ye bear ;
Fear not to bend our vigorous mast,
And dash the bounding billows rudely past.

IX.

Oh courage ! unto thee we cleave !
Attend us on the dreary main !
Ye ruling orbs of day and eve,
Look on us kindly, lest in vain
Our bold essay and farewell words of pain.

The Emigrants — How they killed Time.

The passengers, who were mostly Irish emigrants, seemed delighted with the bright prospect pictured to their simple minds in the new world. Their time passed in singing, dancing, smoking tobacco, and various amusing games of chance. It is a pity people, who so much need general information, will thus squander away leisure hours, instead of reading or listening to the voice of instruction. There is usually ample opportunity, during the voyage, for learning the geography and natural history of those lands they are going to inhabit. Then, on their arrival, tricks of deception could not be successful against them, nor would ignorance occasion them unnecessary delays in journeys to the West.

A Visitor from the Land.

In the middle of the ocean a linnet made us a visit, hopping about in search of crumbs and perching at night among the sails. After two or three days it disappeared, not having deigned us a single hymn.

“Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?

Love tunes his voice and rapture swells each note.”

Darkness, Wind, and Rain.

One stormy night I went on deck to observe the raging elements. The spectacle was truly sublime. Over head all was dense gloom. The whole world seemed in whirling, boiling life and motion. Far over the trembling deep phosphorescent sheets of spray continually flickered from the summits of the high waves. Hissing volleys of rain-water came as if blown from the funnel of a volcano. The forward deck glimmered with luminous foam, received by the plunging vessel. The captain stood near the wheel-house, wrapped in his north-easter, and, in a vehement voice, directing the management of the yards and sails.

Dangers of the Deep.

Approaching him, said I, “this is a fearful night.”

“O, ’tis only a stiff breeze ! Nothing alarming about this,” he replied.

“What,” said I, “if those men upon the yards should lose their hold, and pitch overboard ? Could they be snatched from death ?”

“No, sir, it would be impossible to help them. I have lost three or four poor fellows in that way. We could hear their cries between the roaring blasts, but were driving on at such a rate, it would have been madness to attempt their rescue. Oh ! it is a dreadful sound, and seems to ring in one’s ears for days afterwards. It is a cruel death.”

See how hard men will toil, how much they will suffer, and what perils they will brave for a mere subsistence in the stormy world. Those sailors did not receive over two shillings each per day; not enough to support a family. The condition of working men, in all countries, demands the special attention of legislators, the protection and encouragement of the laws. There is nothing more important to mankind, or more worthy of respect, than honest toil. Brothers! let us magnify our calling, and finally the world shall respect the working-man. "LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."—

The Nations shall sing:

All-conquering Labor! thee we hail,
 Regardful of thy right!
Whose might o'er all things doth prevail,
Whose moving hand can never fail,
 Compeer of life and light.

Parent of wisdom and of art,
 The sage confesseth thee;
Thou school'st the poet's bounding heart,
 To genius dost all truths impart,
Great engine of the free!

The tribes of ocean, all that fly
 Are subject to thy sway;
All things beneath the expanded sky,
And even the rolling suns on high,
 Thy majesty display.

Ere man had birth, ere world was made,
 Or light abroad was strown,
The Eternal, by thy needful aid,
Dethroning Night and Chaos, laid
 The basis of his throne.

Arrival in America.

At the end of a month, we came in sight of the New England coast. It was not so woody as I expected. It appeared uneven, and tinged, by the breath of autumn, with many varying dyes.

Numerous neat, white villages adorned the prospect, and bran-new vessels were gliding in all directions. The steamers seemed like white sea-birds, sporting among the little islands. Boston, of course, looks very modern. The streets are narrow, the buildings painted with bright colors, and rather smaller than those of English towns. The city is thickly studded with church spires, which stick up into the sky, as if intended to skewer the wild geese that fly over each spring and fall.

This climate is so changable, that a frosty morning is often succeeded by a parching mid-day, a snowy afternoon, and a warm, rainy night. But the atmosphere is usually much dryer than in England; so that furniture brought over is apt to fall apart.

Not having formed any particular attachment for the ship, we joyfully hastened on shore, stepped into an omnibus prepared for us, and soon found ourselves happily lodged at the Adams House.

First Impressions of the Natives.

The serious expression and paleness of Yankees is very remarkable. Their causes are probably a bad climate, abstemious habits and adherence to the sober fashions of the early Puritan colonists. I soon learned, however, the Bostonians were not a morose people. Observing the excited motion of persons in the streets, said I to a policeman, "What is the cause of this hurrying to and fro?"

"Wal, sir," said he, looking up at the clock on the Old South Church steeple, "I should guess there was a natral cause for it. It's about dinner-time."

“Is that a sufficient cause for so much trotting, scampering, and dodging, as we see?”

“Yes, sir; no doubt on’t. I guess you’r a stranger here. We had long considered the phenomenon unaccountable, and ware accustomed to tell strangers that the citizens ware only in pursuit of their noses; but a Down-Easter at last made the brilliant discovery to which I alluded. This was the manner in which his demonstration first came out:—‘As is well known to most of you Bostonians, about the hour of 2 P. M., sundry savors seem, as it were, to sweeten the air. These said savors I have discovered to proceed from roasting fowls and chines of meat, which I have also discovered to possess that magic influence manifest at the above-mentioned hour of the day, in every street. It is nothing more or less, sir, than the effect of Attraction of *Gravy-tation*.’”

The Cradle of Liberty.

Old Faneuil Hall stands near the great market house. This stone edifice was presented to the town before the Revolution, by Peter Faneuil, and has ever since been used for public meetings. It is commonly denominated the Cradle of Liberty, because here were agitated those great questions which led to the revolt of the colonies, and finally their independence.

— “When first his iron heel
Oppression planted on New England’s shore —
Then freemen *SPOKE*; then flashed the ready steel,
And foes were vanquished to return no more.
Oh God! how bravely swept the battle on,
From Concord to the plains of Lexington!”

“Rock the old Cradle yet once more! let Faneuil Hall send forth
The anger of true-hearted men, the lightning of the North!”

Panoramic View from the Capitol.

There is a beautiful prospect of the city and neighboring country from the State House on Beacon Hill. In the north appears Charlestown, with that lofty granite column of Bunker

Hill, and the Navy Yard. Glancing round, the eye meets many fine villages : Medford, Cambridge with the colleges, Watertown, Brighton, Roxbury, Dorchester, South Boston, East Boston, and Chelsea. The harbor, too, presents a lively picture, spotted with sunny islands, and bearing innumerable sails upon its placid breast.

Democratic Things.

The numerous free-schools of Boston are her fairest feature. That splendid park, or as they term it, the "Common," with its fountain and horticultural gardens, makes a delightful appearance, offering a cool retreat on sultry afternoons of summer.

Proceeding into Maine, we were charmed with the fresh country. But of all the brilliant spots, none appeared lovelier than Waterville, which was to be our new home. Beautified by rows of native trees, embowered mansions, the colleges on the bank of that silver flood, and piny groves, it seemed to invite us as a new-blown rose invites passing bees to its sweet bosom. The falls, too, present a picturesque scene. Ticonic, whose name they bear, was a great war-chief of the Indian tribe originally inhabiting the neighboring forest country. His unhappy fate has been thus versified :

TICONIC.

1.

'Twas a terrible strife with the red-Indian host,
That dwelt where these waters the landscape bedeck,
Full many a warrior's life hath been lost
On thy beautiful borders, sublime Kennebec.

2.

Ticonic, the last of the wilderness band,
Was an enemy bold, as old legends relate,
But his nation were bowed by our mightier hand ;
O list to the chieftain's unfortunate fate.

3.

At the dead hour of night, under high waving boughs,
The remains of the nation their chief circled round ;

A cloud of despair lingered o'er their dark brows,
While the Sachem their deepening sorrow thus crowned.

4.

"It is finished. Alas for the land of my birth!
The day of our parting and exile is come;
While darkness envelopes the slumbering earth,
Sling up the pappoose, and depart from your home.

5.

Adieu, friends and kindred; I linger behind.
When snow bends the cedar I'll meet you again;
Seek the crest of Katahdin, for near you will find
The grounds of the friendly Penobscot's domain."

6.

In silence and sorrow they glided away,
And the murmuring woodland repeated their sighs;
But the chief was unmoved as a rock-maple grey,
When his annual foliage withers and flies.

7.

In morn's early beam unto Kennebec's side,
The old forest leader disconsolate strayed,
With the bald-eagle's plumes and the panther's brown hide,
His shoulders and forehead were proudly arrayed.

8.

"Thy bosom, fair river," the savage thus musing,
Hath reddened with Mohawk and Sokokis blood,
Full many a warrior, our nation abusing,
This arm has hurled under thy deep-rolling flood.

9.

From the great Northern lakes, the Norridgewock's reign,
Extended far down to the billowy sea,
His tomahawk never was lifted in vain,
To none did he humble the suppliant knee.

10.

But Englishmen war with the murderous ball,
'Tis not in the prowess of mortal to shun,
Though strong as the bear, as the juniper tall,
More cunning than fox, and as nimble to run.

11.

Home, children, all — gone ! every tie of affection !
As a tempest-scathed pine I am plundered and riven,
No longer a people require my protection —
Oh ! drear is thy aspect, once beautiful heaven !

12.

The daylight was sinking adown the fair west,
The shade of the hemlock grew long in the vale ;
And sad was the music the evening expressed —
The pewee's complaining and whippoorwill's wail.

13.

Lo ! a birchen canoe hastens out from the land,
In the channel now faster and faster descending !
“ What villain appears,” cried the sentinel band,
“ So boldly his course to the cataract bending ?

14.

All painted and plumed, like a chief of the clan,
What means the approach of the venturous foe ?
Does he covet the shot of a brave Englishman,
Or a grave in the gurgling whirlpools below ?”

15.

Like a moose from the mountain his bark rushes down,
But the brow of the chieftain is calm and serene ;
Around now the galloping, fierce billows frown,
And before him, rough spray — shivered flint-rocks are seen.

16.

“ 'Tis Ticonic,” they cry, “ see ! see ! he up-bounds !
Leap forth ! seize the cliff ! quick ! the boat fills !”
Through all the wide welkin his war-whoop resounds,
And trumpet-tones come forth from the echoing hills.

17.

Then calmly he looked on the landscape around,
And surveyed the cerulian dome of the skies ;
As if some affection his savage heart bound
To the desolate world, and thus bitterly sighs :

18.

“ Crystal wave, on whose bosom my merry bark played,
When earth and the sunshine seemed happy and new,

Blooming haunts of my youth, where my fathers are laid,
And thou, glorious day-star, I bid you adieu."

19.

He ended and sank — by the smothering wave
Wrapped away and concealed from the visage of day;
'Twas in vain they more earnestly struggled to *save*,
Than ever to *slay* him in bloodiest fray.

20.

Thus sought he that island beyond the blue sky,
His fancy had pictured so peaceful and fair,
Where broad, teeming rivers and hunting-grounds lie,
And the red-man is sovereign everywhere.

21.

Where blithe bobolincoln and twittering wren,
Their melodious sonnets unceasingly trill,
And the levelling iron ne'er rings in the glen,
Nor cannon's dread pealing is heard on the hill.

22.

O, the cataract's foam is a suitable shroud
For a chieftain like thee! whose heart never quailed.
When the red-flashing musket resounded aloud,
And steel-armed battalion assailed.

23.

Thy spirit was brave, and the warrior's prize
Thy attempting, and toiling, and suffering claim;
Let the voice of these waters exalt to the skies
Norridgewock *Ticonic's* illustrious name.

24.

Noble foeman, farewell! for, in sorrow, we own
Our contentions and hate. But our combats are o'er;
And the vale of Seabasticook, silent and lone,
Shall echo the powow and death-shot no more.

25.

The lament of the owl in yon evergreen wildwood,
The howl of the wolf from his dark forest-hall,
And sighing of pines, that o'ershadowed thy childhood,
Compose the sad requiem over thy fall.

Our Pleasant Location.

We soon found ourselves surrounded, at the new place, by well-informed neighbors, who endeavored by many generous attentions, to supply the absence of old friends, and make our situation agreeable among them.

There are excellent farms in the vicinity, which the owners themselves cultivate, in accordance with the scriptural idea, "earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow," and also that maxim of Poor Richard, to wit :

"He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

Sunday in Yankeedom.

We were astonished at the strictness with which Yankees observe the sabbath. Their faces do certainly look much longer on that day than at other times, which is saying a good deal. The *air* rests, and even *horses*, as they amble along with bowed heads, drawing families to church, forbear wagging their tails, evidently feeling the solemnity of the occasion. All around, the world is so calm, you can hear congregations of mosquitoes in the distant woods, singing psalms. The birds do nothing from morning to night, but chant doxologies and say their prayers.

Social Pleasures.

Evening parties are generally rife at this season, among young people of the country. We received a polite invitation to attend one at a house on the opposite bank of the river, a mile below the bridge.

Quite a company of us walked over, and had the finest frolic anywhere to be read of. These Down-East girls are rare creatures. A sly kiss from their unpolluted lips is worth a hundred from your city ladies. But one should be careful of his ears while attempting to steal it. At eleven in the evening,

having enjoyed a round of pleasant sports, we began our homeward walk.

Wonderful Aspect of the Sky.

The air was clear and balmy. A soft sound came from the distant falls. A mild light gleamed up in the north, and gradually overspread the whole canopy above, which, changing its hue, presently outblushed my Mary's cheek. A flood of glory flashed upon our sight, rushing together at the zenith like clashing ranks of hostile armies. Crimson, scarlet, orange, and violet colors flickered over us, painting the woods and waters with inconceivable beauty. It was a picture of youth — fair and bright, but evanescent — quickly coming — as quickly going — to return no more.

Our sun of joy is in mid-heaven now,
No shadows on the young are cast ;
But ere the moon adorn night's brow,
Dark clouds of care shall gather fast,
Still, still, O Fortune, feeling hearts allow—
Let youthful spirits last.

Thanksgiving.

The New-England festival of Thanksgiving was now at hand. This day is the similitude of our Christmas. Families are accustomed to assemble on the occasion, under the parental roof for sweet communion, and the renewal of kindred ties of affection. A few go to church, there being always one service ; but the majority stay at home, eat, drink, and be merry all day around the cheerful fireside of their childhood. The observance of this day originated with the Pilgrims two hundred years ago. Famine occasionally menaced them in those trying times, their only neighbors being wild Indians, and the bleakness of the climate almost paralyzing their efforts in agriculture. But when Providence did bless them with a bounteous harvest, they remembered the Giver, and always appointed a day of Thanksgiving. On which occasion, of course,

they wished to be as happy as possible, and therefore dipped into the pumpkin pies and hominy.

Skating in New England.

The young men are accustomed to assemble in the morning upon great ponds for skating frolics. The ice at this season being thin, it often happens that parties break in and sometimes lose their lives.

I went out with friend Harry and half a dozen others to try the sport. Upon my word, it's a lively exercise, but a novice should get his head insured before attempting it.

While I was creeping and cringing about, blundering here and there, thumping lightning out of my head, the rest were leaping, whirling, and darting across the lake like iron horses broke loose on rail-ways.

Two of them took me by the hands in order to help me on, but the result of their obliging assistance was decidedly detrimental to my poor frame. I say it with pain. Our velocity at length somewhat exceeding that of electricity, I felt it my duty to pray them forbearance.

After several efforts to repel the cold wind from my mouth while endeavoring to speak, at last I succeeded in ejaculating "Hold!" Letting go my hands, they had the pleasure of witnessing a rare specimen of lofty tumbling; for I really believe I turned a dozen somersets, broke through the ice in several places, and split my skates into splinters; not to mention the bangs and pangs of my broken head, nose, elbows, shoulders, knees, shins! Ugh! thunder! I couldn't go it!

Icy Love.

The girls seldom attempt skating, as in Holland; but sometimes a flock of them go forth to enjoy a *slide* by moonlight. Of course they must be accompanied by the lads in such hazardous expeditions; and I have no doubt falling-in-love cases sometimes occur among them. I have indeed heard of

some that got so smashed upon the ice they afterwards became love-cracked.

A Dancing Party.

In the evening there met,

“To chase the glowing hours with flying feet,”

all the young and gay of the village.

Bright forms of blooming woodland plants,
In sweet simplicity appear,
And starry eyes illumine the hall.
Methinks those tresses must have been
Braided out of the poplar's shade,
And decked with fairy gems of light.
But, Ah! I fear those necks of snow,
Fair as the bosoms of the hills,
Clasped in rude winter's arms.

Cotillion.

Now the flute and harp awaken,
High melodious numbers ring;
Joy each foot begins to lighten,
“Gentlemen, your partners bring.”

How the coyish maiden blushes;
“Miss, the pleasure of your hand?”
’Tis a pleasure, by the aspect
Of thy visage blithe and bland.

Twang the bugle higher, clearer,
“Partners balance in a round;”
Clarionets pour out soft music.
Hark! the merry cymbals sound.

“Right and left, chassé, returning,”
Light and beauty, joy and love
Never mingled more divinely
Mid the festal bowers above.
“Ladies’ chain;” ha! ha! those glances!
Not unmeaning although mute;

Mark the graceful gliding, turning.
"Promenade, promenade," trills the treble flute.
And thus tripped on the gay cotillion.

March.

But soon the stately march began,
And mazy windings occupied the scene.
While pipes resounding lofty airs,
Tall youths majestical advance,
Leading their blooming captives forth,
In sighing mood and blissful bonds.

Tricks of the Sylphs and Fairies.

Meanwhile the airy people come,
To ply their mischief ever prompt.
See, one has snatched the brightest rose
From yonder maiden's dancing curls !
Here, one is tickling Ellen's nose
To make her sneeze, when Cupid's bow
Is fairly bent, within her eye,
Directing thence a poisoned shaft
At Samuel's unprotected heart.
Another of the aetherial rogues
Just tript up Mr. Patterson,
And made a very pretty little fellow
Unused to dazzling company
Jump over his protracted shadow,
Thinking it some girl's fan to be
Or garter, making a sad show.
The brazen trumpet calls to marshalling
Platoons and lines for either seried wing ;
And spirit-stirring notes of warlike Mars
Come on the trembling air like glittering bars
Of light, from Cytherea's star above,
Enkindling oft the slumbering fire of love.

March on, exulting bands, march boldly on !
 Triumph shall crown alike the youth and Amazon.
 Thus glowing hours flew sweetly by
 On wings of innocent delight ;
 Bright sunlight of the sombre soul.
 At length the giddy waltz begins.

Waltz.

I.

And, while soft Aeolian symphony rolling,
 Descends on the ear, like the voice of the spheres,
 What buoyant careering and gliding alternate,
 Encircling, approaching, and yielding appears.

II.

Ha ! say, do you see yonder azure wreathed naiad ?
 Sunny ringlets float over her shoulders of pearl,
 She would step on the bosom of pillowy vapor,
 Nor leave there a trace in her fairy-like twirl.

III.

Oh ! what are your thot's and emotions, fair creatures ?
 Are they gay, as the ribbons and garlands ye wear ?
 Sure the bright-flashing tide to those cheeks now ascending,
 Must leap up from hearts unacquainted with care.

IV.

The poet hath glorious visions ideal,
 The prince hath amusements of luxury and power.
 And joys fall profusely on learned and mighty, —
 But sweeter than all is your draught of the shower.

V.

Whirl on, so the world and the planets are whirling ;
 Lest the morrow may come with a tempest of woe,
 While life is unburdened and sunshine descending,
 Let pleasure lead on, and the crimson tide flow.

VI.

There are times for reflection and generous striving,
 To relieve the oppressed and the wretched of earth,
 To prepare for the storms of the dubious future,
 But now is a season for music and mirth.

Sleighbing.

A few days after, I was awakened one morning by a quick succession of tinkling sleigh-bells passing by.

This was something new to me. Leaping to the window, I found a heavy snow had fallen during the night, and every body appeared on the move. One after another, teams came rushing on, as if kicked in end by thunderbolts. Every vehicle having runners seemed to be out, and well filled with all sizes and sexes, mittened, capped, hooded, muffled up to their eyes in thick robes of fur. Faith, it was a rare sight! Here they come; whew! there they go like a streak of runaway lightning, racing, rattling, creaking, skimming over the earth; all spangled, garnished, and glittering in the morning rays, more fantastical than the shapes of dreams.

Surely, said I, this is a time for sport! *Cold* as the d---l, but clear and bright!

Sleigh Ride.

Just after breakfast Peter Goitnow came in, bringing Amy and Jessie invitations to an excursion over the snow that evening, ten miles up the river.

Be assured, none of us were entirely indifferent to the affair, nor absent at the call of the roll. All being met, according to appointment,

Off we fly on pleasure's pinions
Swifter than the clouds on high,
While the merry sleigh-bells rattle,
And the world goes whirling by.

Down the slope and up the hill side,
'Neath Diana's sparkling fane,
Sweeping o'er the shining surface
Of the mountain and the plain.

Come with me, behold the picture :
 Youths and maidens wild and fair,
 Sporting, laughing, chatting, singing,
 Dashing through the crystal air.

Here a sleigh darts like an arrow
 Or a missile on the ice,
 " Hail blithe spirits ! " cried the passer,
 Disappearing in a trice.

See yon milk-white steed contending
 With his peer, the other side !
 Showers of snow-balls backward hurling,
 How they labor, how they stride !

Jove ! look on the flying sledges !
 Frenzy must have seized the crew,
 Racing, rattling, glancing, bounding,
 Scampering, plunging round and through !

Now a timid maiden screaming,
 Joying then to win the race ;
 Clapping hands and waving 'kerchiefs !
 Rapture glows in every face.

Meanwhile Cupid in the bosom
 Of the fairest rose-bud leaps,
 Nestling there awhile the rascal
 Down another slyly creeps.

So he passed ; — " How do I know it ? "
 Frank and Paul, to me declare
 Confidentially, they caught him
 Deeply hid and napping there.

And the signs of blissful anguish,
 Faltering words and answering sighs,
 Plainly told each thought of passion,
 Glowing through their languid eyes.

May the infant's freak occasion
Lasting vows and honest loves;
But I cannot say his manners
Are what modesty approves.

See! the village fires are gleaming
On the northward rising hill,
And a hundred youthful voices
Hail our coming loud and shrill.

Landing at a flaming hotel, we were rejoiced to find the spacious apartments filled with soothing warmth, fresh and fragrant as the breath of summer.

After a couple of hours passed in partaking of refreshments and free hilarity, our teams were brought for a return. Stung by the keen air, they champ their frosty bits, and wildly beat the ringing pavement, impatient for the homeward course.

The broad, round moon hangs in mid-heaven,
Clear shine the myriad gems of night,
Pure, fleecy snow o'erspreads the landscape,
And all the world is robed in white.

Dimly I see Skowhegan's breath up-rolling,
As fierce he struggles 'neath great Ursa's paws,
Rushing and roaring thro' the pointed ice-fangs
Along the cataract's deep-yawning jaws.

Leaving the scene of social joy within, and glorious aspect without, we glided swiftly away, again heartily thankful to the benevolent Author, for so much unalloyed bliss.

A Hunting Excursion.

A party of young men in the neighborhood were preparing to go on a moose hunt, among the hills in the uninhabited North. And I resolved to take advantage of the opportunity to explore that wild region.

So all things being in readiness, arms, dogs, stores of provision for a fortnight, and teams for a quick conveyance, tearing ourselves from the warm hearths and gay sociality of the village, we set out for the shores of Moosehead lake; where we are now, on the third morning, fortunately arrived.

Our sledges have returned and we are left alone. Oh! let me describe nature in her own language, and utter what the theme inspires.

Thoughts about the Lake.

How shall I paint thee, inland sea,
Clad in thy robe immaculate,
In undulations smoothly rolled,
By constant laboring northern gales?
Far as the border of yon cloud
O'erhanging now thy brow of light,
No object mars the radiant scene,
Blushing beneath Aurora's envious eye.
Where are thy visitants, Moosehead,
Since winter laid his icy-hand
Upon thy page and sealed it up?
Where are the children of thy bosom,
Crimson-dotted trout and salmon,
Pike and social perch late wont
To dart along the verdant shores,
And frolic in the genial sun?
Perhaps their winter home lies calm
And cheerful in thy clear-roofed halls,
For many a golden beam of light
Transpierces oft the window vast,
With gauzy curtain now bedimmed.
Or else, perchance, they seek the streams
That wind among thy freshening woods,
And play along the crystal way
In silent rapture, though to us unkened.

Life in the Wild Region.

How desolate the world around !
Those noisy birds, that wheeled on high,
Glanced down upon thy yielding breast,
Or freely led their reckless young
Around the dark green isles and shores.
In summer's long, bright days, now lave
Their glossy wings in Chesapeake,
Disporting under sunnier skies.
Thy neighboring forest-habitants,
Shy, nimble-footed deer and moose,
Accustomed here to congregate
In sultry hours, to quaff the wave,
And soothe the boiling tide of life,
Plunging their burning members deep
Within thy coolness, come no more.
Their home is now in darksome glens,
Amid thick-mantling evergreens,
A warm retreat from rushing blast,
But fenceless 'gainst descending wolves.
Happy for such if unperceived,
While blocking snows oppose a flight !
For refuge would be sought in vain.
The liquid world, locked up in ice,
Could not extend its watery arms
To shield the panting fugitive,
Nor could he gain the slippery steep
Of lofty mountain-top for safety.

The Red Hunter long ago.

Within this solitude, of old,
The American was wont to roam,
Speeding his thin canoe of bark
Upon the lake and hurrying stream,

With oar of curious workmanship ;
 Or flying over hill and plain
 In quest of game, awaking sounds
 Of terror with the whistle shrill,
 And piercing heaven with yells of joy,
 When fortune lent a favoring hand
 To bear his pointed weapon true.
 The tameless race are passed away,
 But nature here remains unchanged ;
 For two or three short centuries
 But slightly mar a temple reared
 Of living timbers, by the hand
 Fashioned, which formed the glorious sun —
 Even the grand Architect of heaven.
 These same high-crested pines I see
 Kissing the soft cheeks of the clouds,
 Have doubtless kindly spread their shade
 O'er huntsmen, faint and heat-oppressed,
 For more than twice three hundred years ;
 And yonder mountain glittering,
 Like a rich crown beneath fair noon,
 Hath felt the footsteps of bold men
 Perhaps since Nimrod bent his bow.

Ramble on the Crusted Snow.

On Indian snow-shoes, pinioned fast,
 We mount the drift. Along our woodland way,
 Some solitary owl peers out
 Upon the intruding company,
 Or red-capped woodpecker,
 Tapping the gummy hackmatack,
 Occasionally glances down ;
 There brown-winged partridge coyly hides
 Her head behind the beachen limb,
 Here snow-white hare skips thro' the dell,

Unconscious of the danger nigh,
And squirrels chatter from the hollow trunks.
Live on, blithe creatures ; life to you
Seems sweet and shall not wantonly
Be sacrificed. Your little homes,
So artfully prepared, and stored
With comforts for the dreary time,
We will not render desolate.
To kill for pastime *only* is not manly.
Live, enjoy your sweet abodes
In peace, and cheer your loving mates.

Discovery of a Haunt.

But lo ! yon matted bower of green,
Beneath the north-ascending hill,
Whose skirting foliage hath been cropped
As smooth as polished steel would pare !
Compact the snowy area lies,
And thickly dented o'er by hoof-prints.
Loose the pack ; for browsing moose
Inhabit here, and sport shall crown the day.
Ha ! see, they wildly snuff the air,
Shaking their branchy heads on high
In bold defiance of our arms !
They turn, they fly and leave white clouds
Of snow and frosty breath behind
Like sheets of evening Boreal light
In Ursa's flying course above.
Fiercely the baying hounds pursue,
While loud the crashing limbs resound.
The vale is left, the deep ravine
Plunged through, the neighboring slope o'erswept,
And scaled the distant mountain height.
But now the foaming animal,
Pent up by heavenward drifted walls,

Wheels madly on his canine foes,
Beating and tossing them on high,
Among the thick and rugged trees.
Despair turns weakness into strength,
But arms the strong with ten-fold power.
The scene is changed, the followers
Gladly flee, their disappointment
Howling to the mocking woods.
Elnathan gliding near, in covert
Of dark fir, down rolled the beast,
As sharp the flashing rifle twangs.
His mate hath fled beyond the moor.
Our hapless victim groans and dies —
A sigh for thee, poor fellow-wretch.
'Tis hard to quit the joyous world,
But Death will take us all ere long.
His tawny vesture then he yields,
And massive antlers, spreading even
From my forehead to the ground.

About Substantial Joys.

Sweet, nay delicious, is fat venison
Of elk and stag and antelope,
But muscular moose, of frigid climes,
Rich, juicy, tender, flavorful,
To stimulate the hardy northman
For rough toil and hardship there
To be endured — ah! nothing so divine!

Approach of Night — Bleak Winds.

Now evening closed her beauteous eye
In calm repose, and starry sentries
Take their stations in the solar walk.
The Arctic hunter leads his hounds
Impatient through the glowing field.

Proudly Orion shakes his arms
And shaggy buckler in the East.
Unsteady flashes from the North,
Picture the sparkling landscape round.
But western breezes hum and sting,
Like viewless armies of invading wasps,
And drive us from the mountain-side.
Guiding our narrow vehicle
Well laden, swiftly glancing down
The pillowy way, we seek the glen. .

A Night in the deep Woods.

A pitchy pile is heaped and fired,
The deep-compacted bank receives
A circular frame inwoven thick
With fragrant spruce and cedar boughs ;
The hemlock's pliant foliage
Affords a couch beneath o'er-arching pines,
And robes of double woof are spread.
The moveless air begins to breathe
Sweet savors of preparing viands.
Jokes, repartees, sonorous songs,
And legions of wild beasts and men,
Speed on the winged hours of eve,
Till Morpheus softly shuts the scene
Around the crackling, dazzling fire.
Those various voices of the night :
Sharp snapping branches cleft by frost,
The barking fox, and howling wolf,
And dismal hooting of the owl,
Reach not the inward ear of our repose.

Prospect from a high Mountain.

Six days of sport and toil passed o'er,
The eye of noon beheld us high

Upon ethereal Katahdin,
Eyeing the panorama vast,
From thence unrolled : a world
Of woods, and hills, and ice-glazed seas,
Fairer to view, than Alpine swain,
Or hermit of high Apennine,
E'er gaze on, though unknown to fame.
Northward wild Wassataquoik rears
His hoary head to heaven, adorned
With frosty splendor, gilt and starred ;
Seböois 'mong his neighboring floods
Outshines the radiant face
Of Luna mid the Pleiades ;
And crystalline Chesuncook gleams
Toward the setting sun, far seen
In glory like the light-paved way
Of great Apollo's rolling car.
Oh ! what a mien of grandeur doth
Moosehead display, beneath the rim
Of heaven's unsullied canopy !
My eyes are drunken with their sheen,
And turn to rest on other forms.
Ye tall, round pines of ancient growth,
Arrayed in fairy garbs of frost,
How can I liken your bright forms ?
From hence you seem but dwarfs
Armed and incased in glittering mail ;
But late I marked your stalwart trunks,
Your flowing beards of icicles,
Your casques and nodding crests of snow,
Proud as the exterior of gods
Embattled, or the host of heaven.
Even Michael's blazing legions shone
Not more resplendent on thy plains,
Uranium, or Satan's valiant lines.

Descent — Kathadin's Genius.

The singeing atmosphere compels
Precipitate retreat from high.
The ascent was arduous, and fatigued
Our stoutest, but the course is changed,
And headlong hurls us to the vale.
A demon fell lurks on this mount,
Whose minions are the avalanche,
The chilling storm, the blinding snow.
Whilom, the old Penobscots say,
One met the genius; and, from then,
No man hath ventured to ascend.

A Traveller bewildered and lost.

A scholar of another land,
Beyond the convex ocean world,
Once came afar to learn a lesson
From Nature's book divine, so well
Composed and penciled in the West.
Entranced he scanned the pages long:
The rock-ribbed Alleganian peaks
He scaled, and all those scenes surveyed
Where mighty rivers take their rise,
And Susquehanna down the steeps,
Beside blue Juniatta, sweeps
In rills rejoicing, as he swells
Toward the Pennsylvanian dells;
And where Ohio's fountains flow —
Wild Kiskiminitas and Conemaugh.
The ambitious youth played on the breast
Of each sweet flood, in peace reposing
Between the vast domains of sire and son;
Down wondrous Mississippi sailed,
Roamed o'er the boundless prairie wilds,

Gazed on sublime Niagara,
And felt the thunder of his voice.
At last he turned him hitherward,
Fain to explore the mountain top.
Some guardian spirit whispered stay,
Nor tempt alone that trackless height,
The abode of everlasting winter !
Still, by the prospect grand, inflamed,
With dauntless courage, up he climbed,
Scaling its boldest peak of ice.
Alas ! the demon fell yet reigned ;
And there beneath the stormy sky,
Or pitiless stars, the accomplished youth
Sank overcome to rise no more.
The downward path-way lost, he strayed,
Till frenzy seized the helm of reason
Veering toward the land of dreams.
Then, in that dreary solitude,
Where friendly ear heard not his woe,
Nor mortal hand could proffer aid,
He laid his pale cheek on the drift,
And rested in the snowy shroud.
Thy fate e'en I lament, brave youth,
And tears of sympathy
Bedim my sight. Indeed I feel
Thy bitterness of heart, when hope
Departed, and despair cried ' yield ;'
For, once these aching temples pressed
An icy pillow. Slumber, chill
Began to weigh my eyelids down,
When succor kind and rescue came.
How shall I briefly speak what passed ?
Pain ceased to pierce my palsied limbs ;
The world seemed clad in Autumn dyes —
Darkening beneath ascending Sol,

The wind sighed pityingly,
Pursuing still an onward course,
Bringing me, with its *tones* of grief,
No boon of comfort or relief.
My brain grew wild, and under me
The mountain wavered like a surge.
'Tis eve,' said I, 'but yonder moon
Hath grown since last we met.
She is retiring now — I, too, will sleep!
O, hapless stranger, who did love
The face of Nature and her smile,
How hard it seems, that thou so soon
Should from the glorious scene be torn;
How many thrilling memories,
Of all thy former life, awoke.—
What troops of friends appeared to thee.
And, oh! perhaps, the thought then rushed
Upon thy soul of some loved maid,
Far o'er the trembling ocean tide —
As Death began to beckon thee
To that eternal land of gloom
Apparently, and mystery,
From whence no sight or sound hath come
To tell us what to hope or fear!
Methinks I see thee now in vain
Essaying thence, with burning eyes,
To pierce the veil of eastern blue,
That hides thy home and all things dear
In the far land of thy nativity.
Oh! 'tis a cruel sight to see
Young manhood thus o'erwhelmed and wrecked,
Just as the open sea of life
Is gained with sails expanded wide
Before the fair and gallant breeze!
Alas! we are indeed the sport

Of storms and quicksands unforeseen,
Whirlpools and undiscovered rocks.
Some future things by reason's glass we see,
But few, ah! few, behold their destiny.

Progress Eastward.

Our toilsome way resumed, the face
Of Bamaduncook rose in view,
Where oft the camp of lumbermen
Delights the weary hunter's eye.

Silvan Sounds.

The chickadee hath ceased her hymn,
And forest shades grow long and dim,
Jehovah's banner is unfurled
Above the cold and silent world.
'Tis music's hour in milder climes,
But here awake no vesper chimes;
No car resounds or tramp of feet,
Along an adamantine street,
No post-horn clanger loud and clear
Comes pouring on my aching ear.
I hear alone the creaking branch
Loosed by some mimic avalanche,
The humming elm, the pine and fir,
Soft murmuring with the juniper,
As if the assembled dryades
Within those conic-tufted trees,
Lamenting some Adonis slain,
In bitter sighs expressed their pain.

Native Animals and their Habits.

Of late we sought the flying deer
Beside thy channel, swift Ebeeme,
To day the moon-eyed carabon,

Escaping on the treacherous ice.
Around these woodland rivulets
In crystal beauty 'mong the hills,
Pursuing their circumfluent ways,
Or rolling o'er the precipice
In many a white and loud cascade ;
The soft-robed otter sinks his den,
And beaver weave their artful dams.

Snow-storm at Night — A Bold Visitor.

'Tis midnight's dark and lonely hour ;
The clouds seem thro' the opening trees,
Bowing and staggering 'neath their load ;
The air is fraught with flakes, that come
Like feathers from an angel's wing,
Alighting on my tingling face,
Or hissing in the glowing embers.
Hark ! piercing cries run thro' the woods —
Some famished beast approaches near,
Attracted by the scent of blood.
The dead limbs crack beneath his tread,
And mark his progress. Up ! that voice
Betrays the panther fierce or mountain cat.
Bestir the brands ! he cries again !
Our weapons lie entombed in snow.
Look, there ! his eyes like burning coals,
Dart to and fro behind the shrubs !
Aim true and steady ! Ha ! he springs,
And vanishes amid the smoking boughs.

A Cabin in the Woods.

So time sped on. One boisterous eve,
As wearily we labored through
The growing banks, benumbed and faint,
Within the grove a cheerful blaze

Unlooked-for, burst upon our sight.
 At length, a cabin blest our eyes ;
 The lodge of stalwart, honest men,
 Who wield the handspike, saw and axe.
 The benefactors of their kind,
 Who pluck from nature's wild domain
 The fabric grand of fleets and towns.
 Frank hospitality awaited us,
 The roaring fire was heaped anew
 And generous fare abounded free,
 Such as umpampered men enjoy.
 Now cast your eyes around the goodly place,
 You need not "*stoop* its apt design to trace."

The Rude Structure's Fashion.

Long stems of spruce smooth-hewn,
 And locked at each extremity,
 Compose its seried, moss-lined walls.
 The north-inclining roof is sheathed
 With rifted pine and birchen bark ;
 And feathery hemlock spray
 O'erspreads the solid earthen floor.
 Smooth-sided stones piled up with skill,
 O'er-topped by clay-smear'd bars of ash,
 Afford a chimney wide and deep.
 The cabin's ragged outside lies
 Invested round by wintry mounds.
 One hall within serves every use,
 For dancing, dining, and repose ;
 But deem not comfort absent here,
 Or cleanliness a seldom guest.

Recreations of the Foresters.

And when the band at twilight come
 From wearing toil to renovate

The vigor of their iron frames
 By nature's sweet restoring balms,
 Behold the overflow of mirth !
 Then spirit-kindling ballads ring
 Beneath that roof, and tales of woe,
 In sad and solemn tones, are heard,
 While swelling sympathy up-heaves
 Each heart and deluges each eye.
 What thought-absorbing games of chance
 Are lost and won amid high glee !
 Then, too, the jester, Nich. or Jim,
 (There must be one, as well as fool,)
 Ne'er fails to bring his brain-pan full
 Of quips and rare conceits, fresh caught.

How a Bumpkin out-Jonahed Jonah by swallowing a fish.

One Sabbath day all hands went forth
 To fish upon the adjacent lake,
 Instead of "gumming" as their wont
 Had mostly been on holy days.
 The crystal floor was pierced, the hooks
 All baited well, and set with care,
 When Jotham Stump declared a fit
 Of sudden agony had seized
 "His in'ards, that would cut him off,"
 Unless relief were quickly brought.
 "This morning's breakfast found me hale,"
 Said he ; "but oh ! the all-fired stuff
 Has left me quite an altered man.
 Gall-darn the cranberry beans ! Ah —— o-o !
 Oh ! that aunt Nabby now waur here,
 With her lo-belly-ah tea and catnip !
 She's cured me more'n a hundred times."
 "I guess so now !" said Jim ; "luke here !
 Don't talk about yer rutes and arbs,

There's suthin Jot., with virtu in't,
 That midlin chub, I mean; don't stare!
 What I have tried and proved, I know.
 That fish can take yer pain away
 In half a spell. Fact, every word!
 He acts on suction principles."
 " Prehaps so; but I kind o' hate
 To have the crittur draw my breath.
 It's dangerous I've hearn say; ho!
 Eh — oo! I can't endure such gripes!
 Yes! yes! I guess I'll try the chub."
 So saying, open flew his jaws,
 Admitting in the struggling fish;
 But, ere the wretch had time to wink,
 The doctor gave a sudden squeeze —
 Faith! down it slipped and disappeared.
 The astonished man forgot his ail,
 Resumed his fishing, and became " the whale !"

Repose in the Camp.

Now ranged before the high-piled fire,
 Soft couches tempt to early rest,
 And, in the warm and cheerful shine,
 Sound slumber, with its soothing charm,
 Controls the gliding hours of night.
 Dear memories are restored in dreams:
 Familiar friends and homes appear,
 Father and mother happily
 Surrounded by their tender ones,
 Enjoying sweet discourse and song;
 Or else, perchance, our souls commune
 With fond companions, and such buds
 Of hope as spring around the parent rose.
 Haply some meet their chosen fair,

Unsullied purity's wild flowers,
Trusting and artless, bright and true.

Approach of the Morrow — Breakfast.

Long ere Aurora streaked the sky,
The hearth flamed out, the board steamed high,
And giant loaves raked from the coals ;
Huge pots of beans and fragrant bowls ;
Wild game, and luscious trout abound,
Dispensing grateful odors round.
The air, itself so keen, incites
Their finely sharpened appetites ;
And such a scene, as followed next,
The epicurian gods had vext :
Causing the old luxurious rakes
To long for Indian Johnnycakes, —
Ambrosia and nectarines
Forsaking for Souchong and chines ;
A wise exchange, upon my word,
If stomachs, too, could be transferred.

Dawn — Advance to the scene of Action.

The earliest beam of orient light
Beheld our band prepared for fight,
And marching to the battle plain
With arms of iron — pike and chain.
The fray begins, loud axes sound,
Wild, mingling echoes ring around, —
While many a forest son extends
His trembling hands, and suppliant bends,
Unable longer to resist
The force of his antagonist.
But woodmen, as the chiefs ordain,
No quarter yield, except the slain
To *quarter* up, as forest sons,
Themselves, would serve our fallen ones.

Gods! see the giants overthrown!
How wave their crests! They reel, they groan,
And rushing through the beaten air,
Fling o'er the snow their severed hair.
The ground is shaken far within,
And heaven returns the cracking, crashing din.

Bar-bar-ous treatment of the vanquished.

Like Trojan Hector, at the car
Of fierce Achilles snatched afar,
Stripped of their arms, the headless trunks
Are bound to ponderous chariot bunks,
And trailed to yonder rolling tide —
There on the snow-clad river-side,
The teeth of hungry dogs* to await,
When spring shall ope each fountain gate,
Unbind each stream, and call again
The hardy band of lumbermen.

Marvellous — Adventure of an Axe-Warrior.

Unhappy he, before them thrown!
But such a fate is not unknown. —
A young American, whose name
Adorns the scroll of martial fame,
Relenting in his noble heart,
He e'er professed the cruel art,
Relinquished arms and sought the wood,
Resolved to live by doing good.
He made the stately pine-trees nod,
And shook those ramparts of the silvan god.
The slanting sun, that long had scanned
The labors of his active band,
At length began to mount the sky,

* Rolling levers, armed with iron claws or teeth, called *cant-dogs*.

And earth her wintry garb laid by ;
Loud torrents, from the neighboring mountain,
Come leaping down, the swollen fountain,
Lake, river, soon their bonds relax,
And sturdy billows press their backs
Beneath the floor of icy-rock,
Up-heaving many a crystal block.
Our youth stood near, and saw below
Quick-opening rifts run to and fro ;
Before him sweeps the flood amain,
Cleaving the bordering trees in twain,
And leaving all the shores behind
With massive walls of crystal lined.
“ Come on ! ” he cries, “ now grasp the dog,
And give the pyramid a jog ! ”
'Tis done, — the pile begins to bow ;
But, on the precipices' brow,
A stem of maple, in the course,
Full stubbornly disputes their force.
The obstruction caused a sore suspense,
For none durst go to hew it hence.
When evening came, and bright as noon
Shone out a full, ascendant moon,
Our hero took a friend aside,
Of nervous arm and courage tried,
Proposing, to the rest unknown,
They should attempt the exploit alone.
To all, he finds the friend agreed,
And forth the bold adventures speed. —
Beside the obstacle they stand,
Each with his glittering blade in hand ;
Alternate strokes now loudly ring, —
And wide around thick fragments fling.
Methinks those falling sweat-drops grace
The laboring woodman's placid face.

Retreat seems difficult, and yet
 On high what pending dangers threat !
 The stem grows thin, I see it reel —
 More hollow sounds the advancing steel.
 Hark ! does it yield ? and still they smite
 With fearful force to left and right. —
 It breaks, — they fly, and swiftly, o'er
 The steep plunge down, the thundering pines, before.
 Behold a thousand bolts of dread
 Brandished above each fenceless head !
 They seek the brink, and thence confide
 Their bodies to the rushing tide.
 Hurling about the hissing surge
 A passage through its foam they urge,
 And safely gain the opposing shore ;
 While all the woods and waters roar,
 Responsive to the rumbling mountain crashing
 Upon the rocks and fiercely after dashing.

Perils of River-driving.

The impetuous rivers often whirl
 These droves upon some foamy verge
 Of deep-descending cataract,
 And wedge them fast between the crags.
 But venturous men are ever nigh,
 Who scorning fear, plunge boldly forth,
 And joust the impeding boom away.
 Ah ! many a gallant youth thus falls,
 Unmourned, unsung, down to a noteless grave.

Apostrophe to Penobscot.

‘ Broad, rocky stream,’ by red men named,
 Whereon, as in their age of gold,
 They dart the slender bark canoe
 In quest of game or new delights,

How gayly in thy cooling wave,
When summer rules the changing year,
Do purple sheldrake duck, and deer,
Beneath the o'er-hanging branches, lave !
What busy scenes of labor shine
Upon thy borders and thy breast !
Thy stately pines bestud all seas,
Oppose their shoulders to the gales
Of every clime, and pierce the clouds
Of Indian and Pacific skies,
Unnumbered wheels are turned by thee
From far Chesuncook to the sea ;
Thy blessings, who can estimate ?
They quicken commerce, and enrich the State.

Entertainment at a Wigwam.

As on we roamed through regions bleak
Contending 'gainst the impeding snow,
One bitter eve an Indian tent
Appeared within a tangled bower.
A smoke up-rolling from the cone
Told of indwellers. Not in vain
Their hospitality we sought.
A tawny trio round the blaze
Sat on the shaggy hides of bears,
Enjoying the narcotic fumes
Of that low plant, which curses many,
The aged father bade us welcome
To his wigwam and his couch.
A man, his noble mien declared,
Of truth and bright intelligence.
At length refreshed and circled round
The chief, we claim his sole discourse.

The old Patriarch's Stories.

"My boyhood saw few whites," said he,
"But now they swarm like bees through all
Our grounds, and leave the isles alone
Unscathed by their destroying touch.
Our haunts, our sports and joys are spoiled ;
Our nation, too is fading fast.
I have no heart to struggle more
For justice and our ancient rights.
In the elder time we were among
The tribes, as eagles 'mong the hawks.
Our boundless wilderness, with moose,
Our waters, with large fish, were thronged,
And richest furs abounded here ;
But small our present heritage.
You see me now a tottering tree.
My arm is nerveless, dim my eye,
Behold the winter of my head !
But, in the spring and noon of life,
I feared no rival in the chase,
Or on the green. I often foiled
The wild beast in his desert lair,
And stretched him lifeless at my feet.
As carelessly I wandered once
Unarmed, amid a northern wood,
That fringed a sloping mountain-side,
A hungry bear sprang suddenly
Upon me from the bramble shade.
With desperate grasp I seized his throat,
Retreating to the nearest tree,
And firmly braced against its trunk
To avoid a fatal overthrow,
I dealt him many a sturdy blow.
He tugged and writhed to break my hold,

And sadly rent my garments old,
 But strength soon failing, breathless bruin
 Sank prostrate 'neath my heel of ruin,
 And, in an hour, I had his liver stewing."

Return from the Hunt.

At length the eleventh arising sun
 Beheld our homeward march begun.
 Much game had been despatched before
 By carriers on the river shore.
 Three evenings passed upon the way,
 But in the fourth's retiring ray,
 Our village spires appear in view,
 And friends run forth to greet thy grotesque crew.

NEW LEBANON, N. Y., Aug. 1850.

"Millenial Church."

HERE is a settlement of that curious sect called Shakers. It was founded by Ann Lee, herself, on her arrival from Manchester, Eng., about 1779. The men and women occupy separate apartments, but sit together at their meals, and worship in the same church. Many orphans are received into the association, who are taught ever to regard the opposite sex with fraternal affection and holy pudency. But —

"Love conquers all."

Not unknown are clandestine matches in spite of the most zealous circumspection on the part of spiritual fathers and mothers.

Courtship in Shakerdom.

Last June a soft-haired young maid, from whose dimpled cheeks you might cull sweet pinks, was observed to slip forth,

occasionally lingering among the garden flowers. At the same time, Simon, usually a cheerful lad, became quite serious, often looking at the stars. An old matron, discovering some tulips and lilacs in the young lady's room, anxiously inquired :

"Have any of the world's people been here? Now Martha, thou art old enough to realize the impropriety of such an occurrence; for it is plain, by thy blushing, all is not right. Thou hast always been so good a girl I cannot, for my life, see how thou shouldst dare to disobey our rules. But I don't mean to speak harshly. What bold Miss of the world has brought this flaunting posy?"

"Only a neighbor of our's, dear mother. Dost not think they're pretty? Oh! let me plant this kind in my bed. I can't help loving them — so cheerful and fragrant! I'm tired of our plain, white roses. They seem dull. Dost not *thou* think so, to tell the truth?"

"No, no, no. They are handsome. Thou chatterest so fast, dear, I scarcely remember where I left off. But thou must never do such a wicked thing again. Its heinous. I tremble to think on it. Thou art now of an age to begin the practice of sober shakerism — to imitate the saintly virtues of our blessed mother Ann."

She seemed resolved to keep a stricter watch over the young transgressor in future. Nevertheless, as soon as evening shades began to obscure that row of sun-flowers along the division fence, where Simon had contrived a secret aperture, Martha was there. All being silent, she put her little, soft hand through to greet the lad, but cruel disappointment alone awaited her signal. How could his absence be accounted for? Falling back upon a bank of violets and marigolds, the trembling one burst into a flood of tears. After waiting a long time she started, with a heavy heart, to return. Suddenly, to her inexpressible delight, quick footsteps approached on the opposite side. The little door sprung open — "Why, Simon! thy

lips burn my hands! What made thee run so fast? I fear thou'lt injure thy health by it."

"O, no! kind-hearted girl. I'm safe and sound. The old hatchet-faced Elders are trying to kill me with work. They sent me off to mill after coming in from the field. But I'll take care of number one. I've hired a boy to tend the corn and fetch the grist home. For I knew thou would'st be expecting me here."

"O dear Simon, isn't it hard to be caged up and watched so, like criminals?"

"Yes, my good Martha, I'm almost sick of this way of life."

"That's precisely what I wanted to say to *thee*. For I love to tell thee all my thoughts. But we must not stop here longer — Oh! thou knowest not what has happened to-day."

"What?"

"Remember'st those dear, sweet flowers thou kissed, and gave me last night?"

"Yes, and I'll bring more if they please thee."

"Would I could receive and keep them; for everything thou givest me seems better than any other in the world. But mother Patience has observed, that such ones do not grow in our garden, and she made a great ado about them, thinking some of the world's people have been here to see me."

"Why, she's the most prying old creature I ever heard of! I guess that's what's worn her nose so sharp."

"I don't blame thee for saying so; but she is always so kind to me I can't call her any hard name."

"Nor I, if that's the case. I'm sorry for saying aught against her."

"She forgave me *this* time, but says I must beware never to let such a thing occur again, unless I would like to be arraigned before that solemn tribunal, the Elders."

"Fie on the drones! Could they have the meanness to speak unkindly to an angel? Oh! I would repay their

insolence a hundred fold. I'd go into trances every Sunday and whirl over them every time I came round. I'd stumble over their chairs and benches, knock down lanterns, tread on hats, and kick up such a dust as would choke the scare-crows half to death, making them think all the crew of Hades had come, instead of mother Ann."

"Why Simon! I almost regret having told thee of the little affair, thou thinkest so much of it. But never fear, dear fellow. I'll be more cautious in future. We must now part; for they'll be wondering where I am, and perhaps search for me."

"Sweet girl, I hate to give thee up! It seems that our hearts are growing together. How lonely when separate!"

"I wish this aperture was wider; but you must not enlarge it, lest it might be discovered."

So saying she offered her loving chin to be kissed through the fence, and darted away.

Simon was on his knees among the hollyhocks. As he leaned forward, one of the fathers, having crept near with a birch rod, brought it so violently down, across the young sinner's tight pants, as to make him bound into the air and shriek with pain.

"I'll larn thee, my boy, to skulk off from thy business, neglecting thy duty to benefactors. I don't wonder thou art ashamed — trying to hide here in the weeds!"

"Oh! it's thou, then, father Peter. I thought something touched me, as I was saying my prayers."

"Tut! Simon! that's profane. I know well enough why thou art here. 'Go and sin no more.'"

The youth choked down his rising indignation for the present, happy that no further observations were made.

On Sunday all, clad in grey, assembled for worship.

The females arranging themselves on one side and the males on the opposite, at length a leader struck up singing, and the dance began.

Song of the Saints.

1.

Ye will see the Lord a-coming
With a shovel and a horn,
He will rake up all the nations,
As one would rake up corn.

2.

Don't ye hear the trumpet sounding
From yonder sailing cloud?
Don't ye see the shovel-handle
In adoration bowed?

3.

Oh! sinner, thou wilt caper
Along the red-hot coals,
Thou wilt cry for claws of iron,
To shield thy naked soles.

4.

The devils are a-grinning,
To see thee shuffling off,
Oh! face about and stiver
Ahead, nor longer scoff.

5.

The saints will shine in glory
Like a frosty clump of stubs,
They'll sing and shout and hollar,
And practise rub-a-dubs.

6.

Ah! when ye hear our rinctums,
And hio-rumpsy's chimes,
Ye'll wish ye'd changed old natur,
I guess, a hundred times.

7.

There will be a mighty scrambling
To scale the pearly gates,

But there's not an ape could clime them
In all the United States.

8.

We shall have them well protected
With spikes and broken glass,
So neither man nor monkey
May gain a furtive pass.

9.

Besides the fiery dragon
With iron-pointed tail,
Will guard the lowest places
And switch you off the rail.

Satan Outdone.

When the spirit inspires them with uncommon zeal, storms of double shuffles ensue. Some add innumerable extra fandangos: such as touching their foreheads to the floor, shaking themselves with great violence, or spinning round for half an hour like a whirligig, and then going into holy trances, in which the most astonishing visions appear.

Miraculous Sights.

Sometimes the ancient saints are beheld walking feet upwards upon the back of a rainbow. Then, again, mother Ann comes turning somersets from star to star being crowned with the sun, shod with our moon, and adorned with a flaming comet under each arm.

Trees also are seen walking on their tops.

All these signs are recorded in their book of Chronicles; and cunning men may hereafter arise, who shall plainly discern the meaning thereof.

Secret Meeting by Moonlight.

Another bright evening, when all had gone to church, the

enamoured youths met at their new bower, where a larger window had been made behind the thick foliage.

"Look, dear Simon, at the glorious moon beginning her quiet course in the blue sky. Would it not be delightful to dwell in such a lone world? *There* are no old Shaker guardians to scrutinize our slightest movements and scan our very thoughts."

"Aye, my Martha; I could not desire a more blissful abode, mightest thou be then really my own, as now thou art in imagination."

"Oh! would it not be as sweet a heaven, as we ever anticipated in the Shaker doctrines? Hast thou ever observed how sad the mateless birds appear while those flitting about with their fellows, sing merrily from morn to night?"

"Indeed I have. This very day a robin sang so drearily upon the pear-tree, under my window, I was unable to suppress sympathetic tears."

"What makes thy heart beat so fast, my girl?"

"Nothing now. But I fancied some one was coming."

"Yes, Simon, the Lord of this good world and those stars of glory hath made all things well; yet there is no being left solitary — none without his counterpart to cheer and bless him in this cold, rough journey of life."

"Then let us fly hence to live like reasonable creatures." And so it was. They were soon married.

"O happy love! where love like this is found!

O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!

I've paced much this weary, mortal round,

And sage experience bids me this declare —

If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,

One cordial in this melancholy vale,

'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,

In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

ITINERARY VERSES.

Evening Scene on the Connecticut River.

Upon Connecticut's smooth face,
The constellations now I trace,
May's breath comes gently o'er the lea,
Bright flowers upon the cherry-tree
In beauty wave above the glass,
And insect harps thrill in the grass.
Here is a freshness undefiled,
Far sweeter to plain nature's child,
Than o'er the ancient river smiles —
On classic Tiber's bank or hoary Nile's.

Rural Life.

Around a picture lies outspread
Of shining farms; but no mean shed
Deforms it, and offends my eyes,
No home of woe, or den of vice.
Love, hope, and happiness combined,
About these people seem entwined.
It is indeed a pleasure deep
To know the soil these waters sweep
Untenanted by poverty,
And trod but by the truly free.
The landlord cultivates his land,
Eating the bread sown by his hand;
His independence near resigned,
He asks no homage from his kind,

True friendship offering unto all
Of honest life, both great and small.
His sons and daughters rise to bless
Their worthy parent's tenderness,
And to reward their elder age
For life and learning's heritage.

The Future.

Thus lave, forever, noble tide,
A land of freedom free from pride !
In fancy's eye each fertile field
Around me far, in peace revealed ;
And all the air with silence rife,
Resound and shine with future life.
Methinks I see thy silvery breast,
By splendid barge and steamer pressed,
By arches, spanned from coast to coast,
Such as old father Thames can boast ;
And snowy drapery of sails
Near and afar thy bosom veils.

Hartford and " Charter Oak."

Hartford, twin seat of laws, e'en now
Presents a lively, beauteous brow.
Come, look upon this gnarled tree !
It is the oak of history,
Whose hollow trunk, in days of eld,
The charter of the people held.
I venerate thy guardian here.
O, Liberty ! for thou art dear
To me ; and, through each point of time,
Thy progress seems indeed sublime,
As well in Orient lands afar ;
As in our dear Columbia.
Where Severn, Loire and Tiber roll —

Beneath Orion and the Southern pole ;
Where valiant Tell, unsheathing sword
Against the haughty Austrian lord,
Swore by the eternal peaks on high
To free his country, or to die !
Oh ! might I add, — ‘ where Tyrol rears his head,
And, in thy cause, the brave Magyar bled ?’

The Fair City of New Haven.

Hail, fair New Haven, seat of lore !
Thou loveliest village of the shore
From Hudson to the eastern bound,
From wild Umbagog to the Sound,
How would thy founders’ bosoms glow
The splendor of their town to know !
A place begun in want and fear,
Before the tomahawk and spear.—
For, through each neighboring vale and hill,
Prowled tribes whose pastime was to kill.
The muse, that sings of thundering Mars
Disdains to note their petty wars,
Knowing abundant deeds of glory
Of later date more “ grand and gory.”
Around me breathes full many a park,
Where wave the elm and chestnut dark,
To rest and thought, inviting me,
Beneath their shady canopy.

The Cemetery.

Within this ivy-mantled wall
Repose the transient guests of Sol ;
Those firs and Eastern willows weep
Six generations here asleep.
Amid the fragrant, vernal bloom,
Behold high merit’s modest tomb !

Here patriot Humphrey, true and wise,
There Whitney, the inventor, lies ;
And generous Ashmun by his side,
“ Laid down to rest in manhood’s pride.”
Friends of the world, through every age,
Your names will shine on memory’s page ;
And though old Time these stones deface,
Your deeds will live to bless the race.

New York Harbor and Town.

From hence, at morn, we glanced away
To where Manhattan decks the bay.
A host of steamers prim and white
Dart round and flash upon my sight ;
And sails, among the net-like shrouds,
Sweep by like geese below the clouds ;
Their streamers floating o’er the town,
Bear cross and crescent, cap and crown.
What motley scenes of life I meet,
Pressing along the crowded street.
The turban and celestial queue
Appear — each human form and hue ;
The soft, blue eye, and Saxon curls,
The charming mien of Spanish girls,
The dark Italian’s sunny glance,
And lightsome air of merry France.
Here representatives you find
Of every class of human kind ;
But vice has sent a delegation
Composed of every race and nation.
The stranger deems it fortune’s favor,
Alone, that saves him from the shaver,
And thanks his stars with heart up-swollen
To feel his pearly teeth unstolen.
I see the Dutchman’s honest face

Adorned with pipe of twisted grace,
 I feel the Jew's unresting eyes
 Attracting to his merchandise,
 And Yankee's look of shrewd conceit
 At every corner of the street,
 Where Learning or her sister Art
 Abide, or Commerce has a mart.
 Great Carthage of the West, farewell !
 Thy glories thy own prophets best tell.

Appearance of New Jersey.

The pleasant oak and maple plains
 Of Jersey still my mind retains ;
 Her dark-green, level landscape too,
 Vast fields and orchards rise in view.
 Here in a green and quiet nook,
 Above clear-winding Stony Brook,
 Deep marks the time-worn buildings bear
 Of Hessian bullets hurtling there.
 But Trenton sealed the invader's fate —
 A fall in sooth quite fortunate
 For the poor, mercenary band,
 Since their posterity possess the land.

Late Residence of Joseph Buonaparte.

Upon a steep, embowered mound
 By cedar, fir, and pine trees crowned,
 Over broad Delaware's clear plain,
 The home of Joseph, king of Spain,
 Looks down forsaken and forlorn,
 Like one by fortune's tempest torn.
 The night-bird o'er the picture grieves,
 From out her nest below the eaves.
 That tower, which once adorned the height,
 Ere long will take a downward flight.

O, Joseph! scion of the king,
At once go sell the wretched thing,
Since now your "greatness is a-ripening."

Steamboat Trip down the Delaware.

We mount the locomotive oak,
Roaring and breathing flame and smoke;
The giant wheels begin to turn,
And fierce the foamy waters spurn.
Each shore is gemmed with silvan spots,
Rich farms and wood-embosomed cots,
And many winged vessels glide
Upon the gaily painted tide,
Conveying from yon western shore
Thy carbon and Vulcanian ore,
Rich Lehigh. See the South up-blaze
Bright under Summer's noon-day rays.
Like countless points of silver wires
Glimmer those polished steeple spires,
It is the model-town of Penn,
Of matchless symmetry I ken.

The Indian Treaty-Monument.

Upon the brim of Delaware
Behold old Shackamaxon there!
A modest granite shaft I see
Where stood of late that broad elm-tree,
Beneath whose old, familiar shade,
The chiefs sat down, the peace was made.
O traveller, pass not coldly by!
That was a deed for memory,
A scene to ponder worthier far
Than fields of strife and carnage are.
In retrospect let fancy stoop
To view the wild and warlike group,

Arrayed in all their native pride,
But calmly seated by the side
Of those brave men, who dared to trust
In Providence and to be just.
The mystic scroll is bro't, and then
That representative of honest men
Stands up amid the savage band,
And, proffering his equal hand,
Gives and receives the pledge of peace —
A treaty, which should never cease.
The friendly calumet went round,
And future warfare never stained that ground.

Philadelphia.

Fair city, beauty everywhere
Shines along each thoroughfare.
What neatness charms the stranger's eye!
Clear, murmuring rills are hurrying by,
Where'er you go, and cheerily ring
The blooming parks, whose fountains fling
Their rainbows 'mong the flowery spray
Above glad groups of young and gay.
But not more bright their glittering bows
And gems, than are the fairy rows
Of maidens rare, that on them gaze
Threading the shady-winding ways.
Here oft the Quakeress girl is met,
As modest as a violet.
From Cupid's arrow shield your heart;
Her charms are not in every mart.
Oh, cruel Fox! to take the power
From me to pluck my favorite flower!

Beautiful Sights and Sounds.

It is a day of June; the sky
Wears, in the west, a golden dye.

Up Delaware white birds are skimming,
And, on his breast, fair barks are swimming ;
Schuylkill pent up, in beauty falls
Over his trembling prison walls.
List ! notes of music, soft and sweet,
Reverberate through every street.
Behold, afar, the brilliant throng !
Embattled legions pour along,
A thousand banners floating higher
Inscribed with characters of fire.
O friend of pure philanthropy !
Here is a rapturous sight for thee ;
Those noble forms and faces scan ;
Health, vigor, joy, crown every man.
From north and south, from east and west,
The host is coming to protest
Against the damning vice and thrall
Of that fell hydra, *Alcohol* ;
Whose snaky heads have charmed and slain
More than the jaws of war have ta'en.
Those mottoes whisper from above,
Approach and hear : " Thy neighbor love
E'en as thyself." " Another's wo
Teach me to feel, and mercy show."
" With my assent shall the rank bowl
Debase my brother, sink his soul ?"
" The victim's hapless family
Demand our active sympathy."
" We are the sons of temperance ;
Our motto heed : ' *Be right — advance !* ' "

Independence Hall.

Here western liberty first smiled ;
Go, view the birth-place of the child ;

Look not to find a hall of grandeur ;
 Was not the Lord born in a manger ?
 The greatest soul of all the earth
 Within a stable had his birth.
 Thy noblest, wisest citizen,
 Fair town, was a mechanic's son.
 His hand, who curbed the lightning's flight,
 Had held full many a lesser light.
 If it had felt a royal gripe,
 So had it felt full many a type ;
 And treble usefulness was in't —
 It could invent, describe, and print.

Visit to the Grave of Franklin.

O father Franklin, thy green grave,
 The tears of free-born millions lave !
 Where, sad and lone, I linger now,
 The exile from the East will bow.
 Thrust from his country and his home
 In Poland, Hungary, or Rome, —
 By impious tyrants driven afar,
 A King or Khan or grizzly Czar,
 Here, where thy hallowed bones decay,
 He'll come, and weep the night away,
 Comparing, in his requiem,
 Brave Kosciusko, Kossuth, Bem,
 With thee and glorious Washington,
 Bozzaris and the Alpine one.

Fair Mount — Free-Schools — Girard College.

Like the Fair-mountain reservoir,
 From whose kind breast, your children draw
 The crystal beverage of health,
 Learning emits her classic wealth

In many golden rills. Around
Full libraries and schools abound,
And, in the North, Girard's fair college
Towers up, the orphan's fount of knowledge.
God bless thee, generous Infidel !
The world delights thy deed to tell.
Would there were more such wills to give ;
Man needs instruction how to live.
But he who aims to poison youth
With prejudice, would veil the truth —
A black offence it seems to me,
Against her high divinity.

HARRISBURG, Pennsylvania, }
Friday, June 18. }

Rural Scenery.

AT half-past seven o'clock this morning we left the city of fraternal love, coming hither by the railroad ; fare \$4 — time seven and a half hours. Two trains go westward daily.

Came through a hilly and picturesque country, apparently fertile, although the crops look backward this season.

Corn is six inches high, potatoes nearly in bloom, grass full-blown. The wheat fields contain many thin spots. Yams are grown in this State to some extent.

Business is rather dull. The town presents a novel appearance, some buildings being fine, others constructed of hewn timber and covered with thin boards white-washed.

I notice many Germans in the streets.

Have this evening taken a pleasant row on the beautiful Susquehanna, visited some of the green islands, and plunged into the crystal wave for a refreshing bath. The river is shoal, swift and broad, being about three fourths of a mile from shore to shore.

SATURDAY, June 19.

A Morning Walk — Splendid Views.

What a provoking noise last night among the dogs ! They must be numerous here.

Have been forth this morning among the luxuriant fields, and down by the river side enjoying the splendid prospect. Bright, wood-crowned heights, neat hamlets, and groves are in view. Five miles westward the Blue-Ridge mountains lift up their bold fronts. There is a notch through one called the " Gap," which looks as if it had been cut out for a passage-way.

Pennsylvania Capitol.

Sat on a grassy hillock and sketched several landscapes, among them the State Capitol with its fair grounds. A smaller edifice stands on either side, within the iron-fence enclosure. All are of brick and face the south. Flowering trees half conceal them from my sight. Within is the identical chair, in which those old heroes sat when they signed our Declaration of Independence.

Harrisburg contains also a Military Academy, with twenty-five or thirty students ; an arsenal, and a furnace for smelting iron ore.

MONDAY, June 21.

A Night in the Mountains.

Took a canal-boat this morning for Pittsburg. (The railroad ended at Harrisburg.) Our lodging house is exactly in that curious Gap of Blue Mount.

The Susquehanna flows through, and the great canal extends along its bank.

How the shining wavelets between those cliffs send their voices, in mellow cadence, up to heaven ! It is dark down here, although I see bright sunshine upon the opposite summit.

Methinks my dreams will be pleasant to-night. May the moon keep far to the south. It would not require a great shock to tip this perpendicular mountain over headlong upon us.

TUESDAY, June 22.

Notes by the way.

Passing on among Alpine scenery, at length we came to the Juniatta, whose sparkling current is now delightfully galloping by, as I sit writing these lines.

We are at this moment crossing the viaduct over the same river. Friend Henry sits near reading a book. Now a passenger comes in remarking, that it is tremendous hot weather, with which opinion I fully coincide.

Seeing a native to-day, with a string of new caught fish, "Will you sell me the lot?" said I. "I wont stop much to." "Do you mean to say you will or will not sell them?" "Indeed I will," said he; "Indeed I mean *yes*, indeed I do."

I am quite diverted sometimes at the oddness of the dialectic peculiarities in some parts of our country, although they are much less remarkable than in the different counties of England. Asking a Kentuckian of late what sort of a city Louisville was. — "O, its a *right smart* chance I reckon, though I'm not much acquainted there," said he. The old Spanish coin which we call a "Ninepence" is commonly called a "Levy" in Pennsylvania, a "Sixpence" in New York, a "Dime" in Ohio, and a "Bit" in the south-western States.

We are among pine, oak, and chestnut, clad mountains,

"Where sweep the waters of the Blue Juniatta."

They tower up to the very stars on both sides of the river. Wild animals abound among them—bears, deer, wolves and panthers.

Mines of iron exist in many places on this river. Some in bogs, and others upon mountains. Ore from the latter situation is called Fossil Ore.

It is not more than a stone's throw across the Juniatta.

A fine wheat growing region. The town contains iron works, and many canal-boats are made here.

THURSDAY, June 24.

Mountain Torrents.

We are beyond Lewiston, sailing along close under the brows of rock-ribbed mountains.

How refreshing the crystal streams appear, leaping from hanging crags and dripping from the sun-lit foliage of oaks. On the other side glances the river in rippling wavelets of silver beauty. Many log-cabins are to be seen among the hills.

FRIDAY, June 25.

Wild Fruit — Snakes.

It is rather slow travelling, only four miles an hour. This forenoon, jumping ashore for a walk, I came across a wild mulberry tree laden with delicious fruit.

Captain D. has been pointing out to us the dismal haunt of that noted robber, Lews. Rattle-snakes and venomous copper heads live among the rocks. I am told whiskey, such as people drink here, if poured into wounds made by their teeth, will destroy the poison.

Awful Tragedy.

There stands a lone house upon the woody shore which all passers will remember. It was once the scene of a horrible deed. An Indian lumberman, who lived far above in the wilds, used to drive timber-logs down each spring, and everybody knew him as a good, industrious, old native. But whiskey changed him into a demon. One day arriving at this house with his bottle in hand, he walked in — doubtless without knowing what he was about to do. Several small children were at home alone, the parents being a mile distant. Seizing a butcher-knife, the drunken savage killed all

save a girl, that escaped wounded and bleeding to her mother. Even the little infant in its cradle was not spared.

All the inhabitants of this district were soon in pursuit of the murderer. He was caught, tried, and hanged in presence of thousands. Perhaps the one who sold him *that whiskey* saw his victim die less guilty than himself.

SUNDAY, June 27.

Crossing the Alleghanies.

The Alleghany mountains are in full view. One place looks somewhat like a notch, being lower than the rest. Over it passes the railroad by inclined planes.

Here at Hollydaysburg the canal ends, and we are to take a train for Johnstown, thirty miles beyond the great barrier.

Some boats, being in sections, are separated, and conveyed over to the beginning of the canal, thus serving both for boats and cars.

MONDAY, June 28.

Dangerous Ascent and Descent.

Now we approach the ascent, and, at length, begin to mount up the inclined planes by means of strong cables pulled by steam engines at the top. There are five or six of these distinct from each other. What if the chains should give way? I shudder at the thought.

On the Alleghanies. — Here is quite a fine little village. The air seems chilly. I notice several retail shops, a tavern, and a Roman Church with its cross. Starting to descend we pass through a vast tunnel. There is said to be a farm above with buildings and a deep well.

The descent is steep at first, and cables are required to lower trains down; but becoming more gradual, we rolled on several miles without impediment, in the most delightful manner.

WEDNESDAY, June 30.

Rise of Rivers — Coal Mines — Salt Springs.

It was pleasant to see how the rivers, beginning in torrents, hasten on growing to mighty floods.

First, Conemaugh, then Kiskiminitas, and Alleghany, bore us company toward this ancient site of Fort Duquesne, where Ohio begins.

The Alleghany is navigable for small steamers 300 miles.

Beautiful layers of bituminous coal appear in the canal's high banks.

Salt springs are common — where the water pumped up from great depths is evaporated to fine, white salt.

It was first discovered that salt existed in the region by places among neighboring hills where wild animals came in dry times to lick the encrusted rocks.

Many steamers are made here for the Mississippi River. It is a busy, smoky town, inhabited by enterprising men, a large portion of whom are foreigners.

The sloping shore of Monongahela is finely paved for a landing. I see a splendid wire suspension bridge from hence to Birmingham.

Slavery — Manufactories.

This town of Wheeling in Virginia has also many iron foundries, but they are not operated by slaves.

What persons I meet with of this class are apparently regardless of character, and exceedingly vicious. What is the cause?

Have slaves no inducements to be moral, or industrious?

A magnificent suspension bridge here spans the Ohio. Such links of iron are verily required to unite these States.

THURSDAY, July 8.

Travelling on the Ohio.

What swarms of unfeeling mosquitoes assail us by night ! The outrageous creatures even dance and sing over our agonies, which they themselves have caused just for a moment's enjoyment !

Mines of coal appear occasionally in the steep and rugged banks.

Some good farms and pleasant cottages adorn the prospect on each side. The river is now shoal, being only $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 feet in depth, but a slight fall of rain in the mountains would suddenly swell it high and wide.

Many German emigrants are with us, on their way to Missouri.

One is a lawyer he tells me. Although a *steerage* passenger with his company, I find him a man of great erudition — speaking Latin with surprising fluency, and writing English well.

While conversing with this accomplished gentleman, the burly mate comes commanding all below to help “wood up” at the landing. One son of Erin stirs not from his berth, utterly refusing to move at all. Whereupon the man of authority, who knows human nature, having formerly been a gambler, snatches poor Pat forth without gloves, and switches the tar-barrels with his unfortunate frame. O the difference there is betwixt some folks and some others !

The sullen Hibernian is grown submissive as a lamb. He goes to work as bidden in a right earnest mood. Well, such is the agreement printed on his ticket, — “To Wood and Coal.” This is a noble river. Thus far few villages are to be seen upon the wild, hilly shores.

Now a merry song is heard from a band of watermen in the distance.

BOATMAN'S SONG.

Night and morning on we go,
 Lightly plashing —
 Louder dashing;
 Turbid, hurrying, Ohio,
 Mississippi, here are we!
 On thy serpent
 Winding current,
 Peril wakes delight in me,
 Woodman from the howling shore, —
 Hunter, rambler,
 Snag and gambler.
 Thrill my senses evermore.
 Maiden, charming from yon grove —
 Fair Creola,
 Bright magnolia,
 Hither hie, and with me rove.
 None to share my joy or woe!
 I'll caress thee,
 Come and bless me,
 Cruel fortune! *On we go.*

Arrival at Cincinnati.

Visiting many places in Virginia and Kentucky, on the 9th of July we now come in sight of this queen city of the West, with its hundreds of bright steamers lying along the sloping, stone-paved landing.

Yonder, beside the river I notice a high-raised reservoir of earth and stone like Fair-Mount. How many such, though small, are seen in the towns between this and Philadelphia!

SATURDAY, July 10.

Cincinnati is a splendid town. It is laid out in squares rather less in size than those of Penn's beautiful city. The markets are flooded with vegetables, both wild and cultivated, cheap as air—blackberries, raspberries, melons, cucumbers, green corn. Have visited some of the colleges, the gallery of fine-arts and astronomical observatory on the hill. Murdoch is playing at the National. His "Mark Antony" is very interesting. Mr. M. is an accomplished elocutionist as well as actor. That exhibition at St. Xavier's college was quite entertaining, but the students are too young to have advanced far in learning. They would average about fifteen years of age. Those late victories of Gen. Taylor in Mexico, were a glowing theme with the declaimers.

VALLEY OF THE LITTLE MIAMI, July 11.

Changes in the West.

A farmer has just been telling me, that his grandfather, forty years ago, came from Maine and purchased two hundred acres of land at 1 dollar per acre. Now he can sell the same for 40 dollars per acre. The rail-road to lake Erie passes within five miles of it. Limestone prevails here to some extent, as I perceive by fossil shells in streams. The soil is of a dark-reddish color, nearly free from rocks. Indian corn grows ten feet high. What seas of green wave in all directions! The first white inhabitants of this region were poor people from Virginia and North Carolina, who being ashamed to labor with slaves, came into the wilderness and became squatters. Their dwellings were rude huts in small clearings, where their wives cultivated a few vegetables. Their sole occupation being hunting, when people from the eastern states came and bought the land for agricultural purposes, most of

the semi-barbarians migrated westward. Wheat has been winter-killed in many fields. Harvesting is begun, but the crop will be light. An occasional whiskey distillery is met with, surrounded by filth, poverty, and vice.

A Western Landscape.

Have been rambling in the woods. They are composed chiefly of large maples, oaks and elms, standing fifteen or twenty feet asunder. Swine live in pastures during the summer, feeding on grass, roots and acorns. Villages consist mostly of block-houses. The land is level, with here and there a gully to conduct off the water in heavy freshets. They have fine, large breeds of horses and neat-cattle here.

MIAMI CANAL, (Packet Laurel,) July 20.

Travelling Companions.

We have a queer genius aboard; a toper of the legal profession, who says he has often drunk brandy with Henry Clay at the statesman's own house. The fellow has evidently seen good society, being the remains of a right clever coon. He loves joking as well as liquor, going into both with perfect recklessness. Just now he is talking to a verdant one. "Your feet," says he, "would cover an acre of land. I reckon you're a man of great *understanding* and large sole to boot. What a remarkably grave countenance! Do you pray often? The lengthy Yankee," says he, "don't hef tu preay, because he ken reach up and take blessings without askin for 'em." Now the coon is trying to make him 'treat,' but he declares himself a Son of Temperance.

"Well, what o'that," says coon. I am a son of Betsey, but I liquor occasionally. Don't talk about your societies and pledges! You are out of their jurisdiction now. They are sectional affairs, State laws. Pshaw! don't try to sneak out on

such excuses. That's a regular Yankee trick. If you're out o' lush, why, say so, and we'll take some o' your notions, *giving* you a few dimes."

This town of Lockport stands on the height of land. Northward we pass through a flat, unhealthy section. A green scum overspreads Maumee river, from which poisonous miasmata rise, causing bilious fevers,

A flock of beautiful, white cranes are resting upon a tall tree, near the water. Toledo is at hand, whence we sail by steamer, across the lakes, to Detroit. A farmer on board says he will give the green Yankee forty acres of land for a year's labor.

The Great Lake Country.

Now the Red-Jacket is puffing away with us up to Huron. St. Clair is a shallow lake, surrounded by marshy lands. But the river is bordered by higher and more pleasant scenery. The Chippeway Indians have a romantic settlement on the Canada shore. Their humble cabins, built by the British government, stand at equal distances from each other along the bank, a dark old forest appearing in the back-ground.

VICINITY OF LAKE HURON, July 30.

A fresh-water sea is in view, its face white with foam-crested waves, raised by the high wind. I have been wandering in the deep woods. Have brought out partridges, pigeons, and wild fruit. The soil, in many places, is swampy, and burdened with rank weeds. Pine and oak timber, however, is plenty. Large white-fish, cat-fish, and trout are caught here in abundance. No eels or salmon have ever been seen above Niagara, although they are common below. Large flocks of duck visit these waters in winter.

Character of the Natives.

Those Indians appear in town with furs and wild game for sale. Squaws bring berries and curious baskets. To-day several chiefs were here, dressed in blue broadcloth frocks and pants, with crimson sashes round their waists and turbans on their heads. Little bells and various-colored beads dangled from their garments. One had his cheeks and lips stained red; which they told us indicated that he was in love with some dusky maiden of the forest. I lately met one walking leisurely on, while his wife carried a heavy load of furniture.

"Why do you let the woman thus fatigue herself?" said I.

"For cause she am no good," replied the barbarian.

What numbers of great steamers pass up the river, crowded with emigrants, bound for Wisconsin and Iowa!

The Prospect.

Fort Gratiot is in sight, and a vast landscape on the Canada side. There is a wonderful contrast between Yankee-land and British territory. While the former presents a glowing picture of life and energy, the other lies dormant, as if drunk with ale.

Gossip.

Society here is wonderfully constituted. A neighbor was yesterday obliged to flee by star-light, on account of some disclosures in his cellar; where were found secreted *hooked* axes, hoes, crow-bars, chains, ropes, harrow-teeth, scythes, mill-dogs, etc. "a big heap." One of the wealthiest farmers has in his house a family of papooses, with an Indian wife. As for the ladies, alack! alack! Wo to her whose lord returns unexpectedly by night! Nevertheless, here is more than one Penelope, nay *paragon* of virtue, if the wisest may be credited. Now and then a fine steamer rushes up with a pleasure-party, to visit wild and perilous Superior. Those copper mines are *attractive*, both to Englishmen and Americans.

Sports — Climate — Indians.

Oh! there is delight upon, within, and around these limpid waters! The air is always cool and breezy. All consumptive persons, who come from the east, rejoice at their fortunate change of location. It is a bilious climate. Mackinaw, at the entrance to lake Michigan, of yore a French military post, is a romantic town. It stands upon a little island, which rises from the pebbly shore in hills, crowned by an old fort. Have you not heard of that delicious fish, the Mackinaw trout, larger than the ocean cod? A row of birch canoes along the shore, tell of Indian visitors, but none appear in sight. Perhaps they lie in the shade, stupified by Christian rum.

SATURDAY, Aug. 21.

A Day on Lake Erie.

On waking from a good night's slumber, and looking through the window of my state-room, I perceive our steamer is gliding near the beautiful, level Ohio coast of Erie. We find no harbors, but those made of rock, by the hand of man. White water-birds are sailing on the air, close to the surface, or lightly floating over the undulations. The sun pours down a flood of warm effulgence; but the light-green face of the lake is here and there veiled by tremulous shadows of scattered clouds. Feeling nausea, I have lain down upon the sofa. Hark! a scream of horror! All are running aft. "What's the matter? What's to pay? Who knows?"

"A lad overboard! See his head rise and fall with the breaking waves far back."

"Oh! my brother, my brother! Oh — h!" shrieks a pale, trembling girl, with eyes rivetted on the receding speck.

Stand back! Here comes the captain, bellowing like a madman. It is his son.

"Down with the boat! Down with it, men! Hell and dam-

nation, lower away! Man them oars! Out o' the way here! 'Bout ship!"

So off speeds the wherry, and round wheels our boat. In five minutes the boy, being rescued, comes aboard laughing and saying he had nearly resolved to swim to land if they had neglected sending for him. Having pitched off from the bows, he had presence of mind enough to dive under the wheel, which otherwise would have broken every bone in his body.

What town sits so pleasantly on yonder elevated plain? Running out from the shore, I observe two parallel walls of hewn stone, upon one of which stands a light-house. Half a dozen brigs might sail, abreast, between the piers. It is Cleaveland, a busy place. What quantities of ripe fruit glad the stranger's sight, as he goes along the broad streets! Went to inspect that splendid war-steamer "Michigan," now lying in the harbor.

Evening.

The great, red orb of day is slowly sinking in Erie's smooth bosom, leaving behind a few golden clouds. Farewell!

SUNDAY, AUG. 22.

Jottings in Western New York and Canada.

Buffalo is in the prospect before us, with its extensive Break-water and shining cupolas. The 'Creek,' for two miles, is blocked up with vessels. On the left I see Niagara river beginning its sublime course to Ontario. Now I must confess those cabmen are exceedingly anxious about our welfare. "Shall I take you to the American, sir?" "Go to the St. Charles? best house, sir; no expense, sir."

Hah! a crowd thronging to the beach *to-day*! There is to be a wrestling-match. Of what characters can *such* a company be composed? But they are sober and orderly as any go-to-meeting folks. A ring is formed on a grassy spot near the lake, and, in spite of police, an energetic contest ensues.

It is soon decided, the five-dollar wager being lost by Liverpool John, and won by an Eel.

NIAGARA RIVER, Aug. 23.

A rail-road extends to the Falls — fare, 75 cents. Two steamers also run up on the river. Its shore-scenery delights each beholder. Now Black-Rock appears at the entrance ; then, a new American fort, on the hill. Two or three miles down, stands the British fort Erie. This is one of the deepest rivers in the world. We landed at Chippeway as the sun went down. Here is that battle-ground where Gen. Brown, with our American army, defeated the British under Gen. Riall, July 5, 1814. Brown fell on the 25th of the same month, in the bloody conflict at Bridgewater, near the Falls. It is now called "Somerville." A Chinese pagoda has been erected on the hill overlooking the field of carnage, from whose summit floats the British flag *at present*. The jolly Briton in attendance will entertain you with vivid descriptions of that battle, in which he fought. But remember to let him know you are a Yankee, and put a few dimes in his hand.

Visit to the Great Cataract.

Being eager to behold the wonders of Niagara, I left Chippeway, passing by the garrison, where red soldiers were patrolling the ground, and wended my way along the river's uncultivated shore. The moon and stars shone brightly from a clear sky. Occasionally some solitary bird would mingle its plaintive vesper with the sound of rushing waters.

The Rapids.

Within half a mile of the cataract, great waves begin to roll down, the broad channel gradually sinking between steep banks.

A sublime roar rises, redoubling as I descend. Dense volumes of steam pour up from both sides, but most from the Canadian. It can be seen three miles off. Looking back, I see billow after billow coming down perhaps sixty feet, with increasing force and fury.

Moonlight View from the Canadian Bank.

I now stand on Table Rock, so called from its resemblance to the projecting leaf of a table.

A pale, lunar rainbow, in the up-rolling vapor, spans this hollow fall.

The cool, condensing air will not support such a heavy cloud. It is changed into drenching showers, making the conduits of yonder cottage loudly gurgle. I hear those doors and windows rattle with the shaken world. Heaven, itself, seems to quake beaten by continual thundering. From the outermost edge, looking down, other rainbows appear to you dancing over the smoking spray. I lay upon the dizzy verge, and reaching under broke off a piece of the crumbling rock.

TUESDAY, Aug. 24.

The most Remarkable Places.

It is a glorious morning. Last night I dreamed of Water-loos, storms on the ocean, and groaning volcanoes.

Upon the hill above a guide-board met my eye pointing down a steep path-way, "To the Burning Spring!"

'Tis a fearful place under the sheet, where one has to clamber over slippery rocks, while distracting confusion reigns around. Blinded, hustled about, stunned by whirling spray and infernal hissing I almost lost consciousness of my own existence.

On the American side is Devil's Den, a dreadful chasm down which pours Bloody Run. In 1759, the French and Indians drove a company of English soldiers over this cliff, all being killed but one, who lodged in a tree.

Now I see the Biddle staircase leading up Goat Island precipice, where Sam Patch leaped down ninety-seven feet into the dark water. His fatal jump was at Genesee.

"O what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

A grand view is presented from one of those little steamboats, which carry visitors up close to the sheet playing on the boiling waves.

There the green flood appears to fall, like that river of old Aquarius, out of the very sky.

The American cataract is 164 feet high—the Canadian 158.

Two and a half miles below, there is a dreadful whirlpool in a short, narrow turn of the channel.

As far as you can see, the river hastens down between perpendicular banks of soft rock, which looks as if it had been cut through by art, rather than the friction of running water.

That wire bridge, suspended 200 feet above the current, is a noble work.

Goat Island between the two falls contains six or seven acres, bearing wild vines, beach, birch and oak trees. It is a flat ledge overspread with soil, the northern brink being a perpendicular precipice on a line with the falls.

A dangerous cavern, called "Cave of the Winds," extends under this side, directly behind Central Cascade. Making the circuit of Goat Island, I proceeded to Prospect Tower on Hog's Back Island, and crept along upon drift timbers to the very verge.

Fatal Accidents.

Many have lost their lives at Niagara. A young lady walking with her lover along the bank one day, reached over the edge to break off a sprig of cedar. Her foot slipped, and she pitched down a hundred feet among the rough rocks.

Not long since two were standing in a dangerous place on Hog's Back. Says the young man, "Hah! Clara, you are going!" at the same time tossing the child out in sport. But,

losing his hold, poor Clara descended to the abyss of death, the gallant youth following after, in a vain attempt to save her.

You can walk up the American staircase, or ascend by a steam-car into our new village, where the best hotels are located.

Goat and Bath islands are the principal ones, connected by bridges — The car-bell rings. Stupendous scene, Adieu!

Hark! what low rumbling do I hear? How the woods roar, and shake their green locks.

A cloud dark and heavy wheels up in the North
The storm-power outshaking its folds,
And groaning with thunder a tempest rolls forth,
Nor the demon his fury withholds.

How wildly careering sweep on in their might,
Hostile gales in the regions above,
While day is supplanted by gloomiest night,
And glare the fierce glances of Jove!

That pall o'er the broad urn of heaven unfurled,
By glittering fire-lances rent,
A deluge outpours on the trembling world,
The commotion and din to augment.

Children pale with dismay gather nearer their sires,
And fears in each bosom prevail,
The bards of the grove have forsaken their lyres,
And silence inhabits the dale.

O God of the elements, earth, and the sea,
Defend us from bolts unforeseen!
Is it impotent praying? for known unto thee
Is all that shall be or has been.

But lo! azure heaven looks out from the west,
The thunder-peals come from afar;
Now, beauteous Nature, how sweet is thy rest,
Where late raged such furious war!

Retrospect.

“Sky, mountains, cataract, lake, lightnings !
With night and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful ; the far roll
Of your departing voices is the knoll
Of what, in me is sleepless — if I rest ;
But where of ye, oh tempests ! is the goal ?
Are ye like those within the human breast ?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest ?”

MATTAWAMKEAG, Me., {
May 28, 1848, }

TOUR “DOWN EAST.”

I took an express train on the Eastern railroad, which arriving in Portland, transferred Eastern passengers aboard the fine steamer Governor. All soon retired to their berths, and seemed to sleep as sweetly on the rocking sea, as if upon firm-ribbed land. No sad tones of poor, sea-sick humanity disturbed our pleasant dreams. The bright dawn of morning saw our vessel gliding, swan-like, upon the silver Penobscot.

Shocking Incident.

As we were admiring its enchanting scenery — green, sunny islands, bare, old granite hills and delightful groves, and a similar emotion of rapture filled each breast without a thought of calamity, sudden cruel shrieks pierced our ears. All start up trembling, rushing they know not whither. Some of the ladies faint — children weep aloud — chairs and settees are overturned — hats and bonnets *caved in* — all is mingled tumult and confusion. One mighty matron, falling upon a little dump-

ling fellow, flattened him out as thin as a dried herring, and nearly ruined him. Every one demands to know what's the matter! "A pipe is split," says this man — "somebody's scalded," says that one — "somebody's overboard," says another — "a little child, a dear little baby, bless its heart," says an elderly lady, "pitched overboard, right into the cold water, and they can't save it." See that fair creature, wringing her little hands and groaning bitterly, with her eyes fixed upon a dark speck far back in the foamy path of the steamer! Near it floats a straw hat. "O — h dear! O — h! he can't swim a mite," cries the wretched one. "Why don't they *stop* the BOAT! Poor, little darling!" A bare-headed native stood looking on for some time, with an astonished and half-pitiful air. At length he ventured to speak. "What's the use, marm, o' takin' on so? It's nothin' but a darned nasty little varmint of a dog, that I caught making his nest in my bran-new parmlauf, thinkin' to take advantage of my napping there. But happening to perceive the thing I jest took him by the tail, Creation! quicker'n scat, *chuck* went dog and hat in under that ere wheel. Howsomever, I'm willin' to pay all damages, or buy you another puppy, marm, as big agin as that, to say nothin' about the parmlauf I've sacrificed."

At Bucksport the scene is changed. What delightful villages adorn the ascending shores! As we were passing one, I involuntarily exclaimed, "A lovely prospect!" "Yes, truly," replied a gentleman, "and its *name* is Prospect."

Destruction of the John Adams — Buried Treasures.

Hampden is one of the most picturesque, flourishing towns on the river. It was just above here, that the frigate John Adams was blown up in our last war with England. This was done to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy, who were present, having taken the town by storm. They might

have captured the vessel by daring to board her, while a slow-match was burning towards the magazine.

About two miles above the landing, a crystal stream comes galloping down a sloping country, pouring its sparkling tide into the great river. The channel of this rivulet, fifty years ago, was accidentally changed for a considerable distance during a great freshet, very much to the disadvantage of some mills, which were forsaken by the water, and left high and dry. On the north bank, a pleasant seat, rivalling even the romantic farms of the Susquehanna, attracts the admiring gaze of each passer-by. Here, in the side of a high, wood-embossed mound, it has been surmised great treasures were formerly buried by the British. Some have even come there to delve in the still watches of night, by the pale moon, when they might just as well have been at home dreaming about California gold.

Flight to Oldtown.

Arriving at the lumber city, we took the cars for Oldtown. How we flew over that road swifter than Eurus, no accident occurring all the way, except that a gentleman in a red shirt was suddenly deprived of a new bandanna just purchased, which to his great grief, as we passed through the woods,

“Did through the window take its flight,
To regions far, and left him quite.”

“*Darn* the window!” sighed the poor fellow, “there goes a day’s work in cash on *the boom!*”

Oldtown is a flourishing place, and so is Milford on the opposite shore.

River Steamers — Indians.

A fine little steamboat runs daily to Mattawamkeag. Five years since, this would have been deemed impracticable on account of the shoals and rapids; but a distinguished gentleman of Bangor, two years since, accomplished the enterprise. The labors of lumbermen are essentially lightened by a

steamer, and their benefactor may expect to receive the merited thanks of many a noble heart. In the morning, we took passage for this place. Several Indians were aboard — among them, the old chief, Gov. John Neptune, son of Neptune. He is a man of dignified aspect, tall and robust, though now about eighty years of age. He is very affable, loving to talk about his tribe. It numbers only five hundred, and is not increasing. He has held his office more than thirty years, never receiving any salary ; and now, being unable to go hunting, he is poor, dependent and disheartened.

The Chief's Adventure with a Bear.

At one landing, a bear just killed was brought aboard. Gov. Neptune said it was young — about a year old. He had killed many bears. Once being alone in the woods, without dog or gun, a tremendous one met him. It would avail nothing to run. So he walked boldly towards the beast, which rose upon its haunches. When he stopped, the bear advanced with glaring eye-balls and fiercely sprang upon him. Snatching a knife from his belt, he sheated it in bruin's heart.

Rare Sport.

Wild deer are quite plenty in this vicinity. Often, just after a shower, they may be seen in the open fields next the woods, where they come to enjoy the sunshine. In autumn, many are taken in this manner : Sportsmen take their dogs into the forest near some pond in which they have boats. Some trails are soon discovered. In half an hour, the baying hounds approach, and a loud splashing is heard in the water, where the tired, little creatures have sought refuge. Then they may be easily shot, or caught by means of the boats.

Indian Names.

Peol Mitchel Francis, an intelligent Indian, told me, that the proper pronunciation of Penobscot is Pur-nah-waw-wop-ska

tuck, which means a broad, rocky river. Mattawamkeag is properly Maw-dah-wam-keeg, i. e. gravel-bed river. Piscataquis is Pa-scat-e-qua-sk, i. e. the branch of a river. Kenduskeag is Kahn-dā-skik, eel-catching river. Moosehead is Moos-ar-tup. The Indian name of hemlock is ksee-wosk. There is an island called O-lem-an—in the Indian dialect, O-lah-mah-niss, i. e. red-paint island. Tradition says, the Mohawk Indians, when they came to make war with the Penobscots, used to obtain red paint from the ground on this island, with which they stained themselves. But none can be found there now. At last, passing in view of a vast extent of low land, fertile hills and smiling villages again began to appear. Lincoln is a fine place, containing thirty stores and an academy.

Mattawamkeag.

This place is fifty miles above Bangor, on the great road to Houlton. A grand prospect of verdant openings and old forests of pine, maple and hemlock greets the eye in every direction, while two majestic rivers, rolling from the north and east, here mingle their murmuring waves. Far in the northwest, Mt. Katahdin rears his head to the sky, crowned with golden-crested clouds. The sun is gleaming with unusual splendor from the western declivity of heaven, and the balmy air trembles around with nature's woodland melody. Now as I sit at the open window, amusing myself with these pencillings, the long, dreamy note of some solitary bird comes plaintively from a far-off, gloomy wood, like a lay from the spirit-land. Lone bird, that is a well-known strain to me. How it thrilled my childish heart, and made me linger when gathering the flocks, till the quivering poplar-leaves began to glisten beneath awaking stars. Ah! thou sweet spirit of sylvan song, full many happy recollections arise at the sound of thy voice. Good night!

FREDERICTON, N. B., Aug 3d, 1850.

The Saint John River.

YOU cannot hear of a more delightful tour than to sail up the great river St. John, among these wild mountains and luxuriant vales. Several commodious steamboats pass up and down daily, and many small vessels are seen bearing away vast quantities of manufactured lumber. That fair city, St. John, at the mouth of the river, is a more important place than I had supposed. Its harbor is excellent, and being the commercial mart for all the river-country above, it must evidently always be one of the principal ports of America. A spirit of enterprise seems awakened among the provincials, in emulation of neighboring Yankees. Although, in modes of life and domestic manners, the mother-country continues the chief model, yet brother Jonathan attracts the attention of all on account of his liberal laws and national prosperity.

Spirit of the People — The Climate.

You may be assured these people will never rest contented in the condition of colonists. I should not be surprised to see them, before ten years, petitioning almost with one voice for a separation from old England and a union with the new. They love freedom, and the most discerning plainly perceive, that self-reliance and true patriotism are the best stimulants to action in any land. Those bay-of-Funday fogs, so hateful to mariners, render the climate near the coast far more temperate than it is in other locations. The fog is probably occasioned by high tides, which come rushing up from the warm south.

The Falls — A Sublime Spectacle.

No peculiarities of the country have interested me more than that wonderful compressure of the river at the foot of Grand Bay, and the majestic Falls within a mile or two of its mouth. At ebb tide, the mighty volume of water goes

whirling down between the perpendicular lime rock of each shore, hastening on with accelerated velocity, and rolling over a deep descent in many a magnificent billow crested with foaming spray. The fall is about fifteen feet each way. For at flood tide the river rolls impetuously in an opposite direction. The only time small boats can pass with safety, is during the five minutes of rest at the summit.

River Scenery.

In ascending, one is continually delighted with the varying scenery. First, broad Kenebecasis comes gleaming like a vast mirror with a rich drapery — bold promontories of green, flowery meadows, and dark, old forests. Then on the left, that winding stream Nerepis glides out from among the over-arching elms, like a tear of joy from under the dark lashes of some sylvan beauty. Fear not, though its fascinating appearance should lure you aside, as it did me ; for a ramble along those shady glades, and beneath the hanging cliffs, will surely repay your toil, however arduous. The extensive intervalles in this vicinity afford excellent farming land. You will seldom come across finer fields of grain, or statelier forests of maple, hemlock, and elm trees. Now the thick cedars are bent down with pendent buds, and fragrant junipers sweeten every breeze. Smooth fields of potatoes are painting the sunny dells with their purple bloom. These woodlands very much resemble those of Maine ; but I miss the songs of some familiar birds, and hear others of strange notes.

Native Indians.

The rapid streams abound with trout. Salmon are common, and cheap along the river. Occasionally some of the Micmac Indians come to sell their curious baskets, boxes of birch bark, and bead-wrought moccasins. They are treated with much consideration by their white brethren, passing up and down the river in vessels and steamers whenever they please, without charge.

Mines — The Capital — Its Garrison.

This province is rich in mines of iron, coal, black-lead, and some of the precious metals, which must eventually become of great advantage to the people. Railways and canals, however, are wanted for the conveyance of natural productions across the country. I am told there is a lack of capital also ; which is partially owing to the fashion of carrying fortunes to England, instead of employing them in the land where where they were acquired. Fredericton, the capital, is a beautiful city, with a population of five thousand. It is situated on the river, eighty miles above St. John. Here are a college, a cathedral, and several splendid churches. The wide streets are finely adorned with large willows and elms. Those roads leading into the country are unusually good. A garrison of soldiers are stationed here, furnishing pleasant music for the citizens, and frequent shows for their babies. I have just visited the new free-stone church. Its windows are composed of stained glass, the numerous carvings of butter-nut wood, the walls covered with appropriate mottoes in Old-English text. Truly, it is the most exquisitely-finished building in America. Its style seems to be that of the tenth or twelfth century. After showing us all parts, the polite rector gave us the pleasing information, that it was entirely the work of native artisans. Let no one henceforth question the ability of these provincials in the art of building, or doubt my word when I declare them the most hospitable people in America. They possess all the virtues of true Britons, without their ostentation, and best of all, ardently desire a closer union with the States by rail-roads, telegraphs, unrestricted trade and equal friendship.

DOWN-EAST, Dec. 15, 1842.

A blazing excitement prevails in a neighboring village on the subject of Millerism. Last evening I had the curiosity to attend one performance. We arrived in Galilee at 6 P. M. The great assemblage of teams scarcely left a passage-way to the vestry door. Such squealing of horses, squalling of babies, scolding of malapert wives, and snarling of ring-tailed curs, you never did witness! As we were going in, up drove a sled with a whole school of young folks, and, by an unfortunate whirl, sluiced them, heels-over-head, into a smothering drift. For a moment all was still, but when emerged, it was pitiful to see the tender daughters of affliction shivering and catching their breath, while chill snow in their bosoms sank deeper and deeper. How the poor damsels moaned over their crumpled hats, torn shawls, and broken fans! At length all entered. We were glad to take a position near the door, for the sake of fresh air.

An Awakening Strain.

A ring of blear-eyed, old saints, round the stove, had become warm enough to begin singing:

“ We'll have a shout in glory,
We'll have a shout in glory,
We'll have a shout in glory,
Ye followers of the *lamb*.”

All the congregation united in a chorus, making the house quake.

“ Caleb ! ” — A Striking Display of Power.

Then up popped elder Pillberry, overflowing with zeal. O, Caleb! how shall I depict thee? Imagine a midge about the size of a quid of tobacco, with gimlet eyes, one looking out of the window and the other up chimney, a snub-nose sticking out at you like the stem from a dwarf pumpkin, a twisted chin,

put out of joint in a scuffle with his brother when they were silly boys, and two stub-fingers which had been bitten off by a neighbor's watch-dog before he became a clergyman. As for his voice, it was precisely like that of a hoarse gander; but his eloquence speaks for itself. Going on a while violently gobbling, sputtering, and spitting out big words, all at once his head flew back, exposing such a painful countenance I thought some one had flung a bean in his eye. Stretching out his three-fingered paw, which grasped elder Himes's hymn-book, and rising upon his toes to show himself, says he,

Exhortation of Elder Caleb, sometime schoolmaster of Pollywogton.

“Young critters of destruction! hold on—stop your ecstatic sins, and look up tu that ere plastering. I see hell gaping for you this minute; you can no more get into the Lord's diggins without rail-grease, than yer could lemonade along there like them flies and bugs backwards ascending. No, poor naked souls of the uninverted. You might as well try to shin up a new-pealed liberty pole, feet foremost, as to descend to the infernal regions of milk and honey without a reginerated heart. O fools and slow-heeled, not to believe what the Possums and Foxers have told you. Do you think to catch the cherubims napping? I feel it my duty to reclaim, in the language of good old Paul the epistle, Come up tu this passing ark, O ye hens and chickens! for why will ye yip any longer away from the doe? The waters of salvation is free for yer as new rum in hayin time used to was. [Here he accidentally swallowed some tobacco juice, which made a little flaw in the speech, but he soon recovered his former eloquence, and even surpassed himself, as he afterwards admitted. While the minister was spitting out his quid, etc., the embarrassing interim was partially filled up with spiritual groans. Ma'am Buzzle cried out: “Lord, help brother Caylip!” at which a poor simpleton, whose name was Loyd, jumped up in a distant

corner, and bawled aloud: "What d'yeou say, ant Buzzy?" Elder Scovill, seeing him rise, thought he was up for prayers, and shouted: "Another precious soul is knocking — O Lord! open unto him the door of life." As soon as he heard the word "knocking," off he bolted, tumbling and pitching along, towards the door. "What's the use treading on a fellow?" says one. "Oh!" screams a woman, "get off my fingers." "Ugh!" grunts a plump man, as the fool butted against his round belly. "Thunder and darnation! James Rice! — all rapsy-Dods-lightning-and-fish-hooks! The door'll be opened 'fore I'm arriv thar, ef yer don't slue roun and let me out," said Loyd. A roguish boy, darting out his foot, tripped him up with such a jerk as to turn him, topsy-turvy, among the benches, at the very moment elder Pillberry began his second clause: [*Truly*, the Lord is WAITING to admit you, dear ingressors! ["O yes!" says Loyd, "but it's all-fired *hard* waitin' fork-eend up'ards."]] "He even groans in the sperrit, on your account." ["So would you groan, uncle Cale, *worse'n when* Miss Mizzle throwed lye in yer eyes for stealing her soap-grease, if you's where I is. — Oh! do help me out, and let go *my* HAIR! — Da-r-d! Help! Murder! My EAR! my *ear*!" Such a throng sat around him, no room was left for turning the wretch. But finally they succeeded in placing him on his feet again, and he immediately rushed for the door, where finding several persons, he supposed he had fulfilled the request in a meritorious manner, though with some difficulty. Elder Pillberry heard the groaning boy and paused. When the word "soap-grease" hit his ears, he couldn't help foaming about the disturbance, which he was afterwards fain to smooth over with oily expressions of pity for the lad's infirmity.] Oh! the unboundless grease — hem! — *grace* of — of — the poor little child has somewhat discombobulated my ideas. Children of iniquity! as I was medicating just now, by the stove, this passage of Scripter incurred to my mind:

‘ The cock doth crow
To let you know,
If you be wise, what time to rise.’

O, my poor, sinful fellow-critters, he is crowing now, though you can't hear him — he crows for your poor souls. Why won't you RISE, and let father Scovill pray for you. Hark ! methinks I hear the solemn voice of that melodious bird in some barn-yard near, warning a *certain* sinner now before my eye. [This appeal caused quite a sensation ; one looked on this side and another on that, for they couldn't tell which eye he referred to.] The solemn cock repeats : “ Cook-I-mean-you ! ” [At which all eyes were turned upon a tall, wooden-headed greenhorn, whose name was John Cook ; and great was the consternation depicted in his verdant countenance. The speaker went on :] Oh, John, my kind, young friend, dare you let this opportunity slip by ; perhaps it's the *last* you'll ever receive in this mortal world. I deplore you to get into the ark while it is an accepted time and a day of vegetation. It seems as if I could see the young devils capering round you and threatening to stick their pitchforks into your tender trunk. But the Lord is able to lam them all, with one hand tied behind him, and he will make your hide like sole-leather, as he says in the gospel, to assist all the darts of Satan, ef you only give yerself up to him. [Here Cook began to sob and moan like a sick monkey, which set all around him rubbing their eyes. The fellow trembled like a leaf. His teeth chattered so as to be heard where I stood. The speaker continued :] Don't you feel grieved for your sins ; don't you tremble and quake like Jason, the Hititity, when assailed by the enemy of all riotousness ? You think you're very wicked ; so it was with him ; he was the most hiaenous man in all the earth ; he had broken seventeen commandments besides several conundrums, and yet the Lord skewered him by the sword of his kindness, and his bowels did not yarn in vain. Now I trust you'll rise when I conclude, and suppress your ridiculous

feelings ; for it will re-leave you, and you'll begin to flourish in faith like a green bay tree." Thus ending, he threw himself back upon the bench, whispering, "Well, sister Buzzle, don't the dry bones shake some?" All immediately commenced singing in long, plaintive strains :

Second Hymn. "Prepare !"

King Jehu is coming, oh sinner prepare !
Cast off your terrestrial burdens of care ;
His chariot now lingers beneath the blue skies,
Prepare to receive him and with him to rise.
He loves the young convert and longs to behold
The robes of ascension your bodies infold ;
O come with the ransomed, no longer delay,
The world is receding, O come while you may !

Miraculous Conversion.

While the hymn was being sung, Cook's writhings snapped his suspender. Feeling something about his heart relax : "Glory ! Glory ! Glory !" he shouted ; "I'm free ! I'm free ! the load of sin is removed from my breast — I felt it when it gin way."

Toddy Nozzle had been squirming, as if he desired to speak next, and I noticed Miss Polly Tompkins was anxious for the same opportunity. But Tootle was entitled to the floor, for he had been kneeling first on one knee, and then on the other some ten minutes.

Elder Tootle Brays.

"O ! thou indispensable, unintelligable Jehosiphath, with rabid indignation and condign repugnancy we bow ourselves before thy supplanted throne and humbly implicate thy mercy and forgiveness.

Give us poor dust-worms of this terrific ball, we devoutly deplore thee, a foretaste of infernal life. Fill this whole house

with a powow and glory, such as the future antediluvians or even the people of Hysterico never witnessed! Now display thy corporosity as thou never hast subsequently done. O, most important father of all irrelevancies, help us, thy Millennial epistles, to confound the Gospel, and betray thy nefarious goodness to the children of men! Enable us to invert the hearts of many dear fellow beans during this distracted meeting. Do resist these softened, sighing souls. Give them a piece of thy mind, and lease their abandoned hearts. Especially, Lord Omniverous, distress this young mourner. Extricate his vernal spirit from the cold marshes of Babydom, and plant his feet on a farm spot of vegetation. O let him grow in grass, and increase in spiritual foliage, and disperse sorrel from his heart. Finally, make him fruitful in scions, being well rooted and grounded in the mellifluous faith of Melchizel Dick.

For these things we would treat thee in the name of the Lama."

It is quite probable I misunderstood some minor portions of the prayer on account of the hubbub among the babies, groaning penitents and shouting saints. But the above is mainly correct I am confident.

Aunt Buzzle struck up a tune, and all chimed in "with power."

THIRD HYMN. "Come along!"

I'm going to join the ransomed band,
O sinner, go with me!
This is the way to Canaan land,
In A. D. '43.

Chorus.

*Come along, come along,
Come along with me;
We will all go together,
And have a glorious spree!*

The corn is cut, the taters dug,
The harvest all got in,
Now shall the split-hoof stradle-bug
His punishments begin.

But all his flames and peaked tools
Can't scar a holy saint,
D'ye s'pose they're such confounded fools
To stay back? no they a'nt.

The world is all a fading clout
Almost destroyed by sin,
O rebels, what are you about?
Tu hell you'll be pitched in.

How can you 'spect to gain a pass
To Jordan's milky ponds,
With sin enough to load an ass,
Yeou measly vagabonds?

Aunt Buzzle's Vision of the End of Time.

At the conclusion of the hymn, aunt Buzzle arose, and drawing a long sigh, began: "Frenziered neighbors, I feel to have a caul, and fury propels me to shriek to you at this trying crisis. O, thin-skinned mortals! do you imagine you can stand the flames like the three worthless brewers — Shagbark, Michele-mackennac, and Obed the negro? Beware in season, before it shall be intarnally too late. Last night, as I sat darning stockings by the blaze of the sputtering back-logs, a ravellous phiz-yarn appeared unto me in a dream. I thought the sun and moon turned as red as roosters and run butt right into one another's face and eyeses. And the little tinkering stars got all snarled up except a squad on 'em over brother Squash's hovel. These seemed to have on light-colored gowns and hoods, all spangled with needles of gold. Oh, I could hear them drummin and fifin most odiously. One stood above the rest, with a dazzling crown on his head, and a spectre in his

hand as long as our new, dog-wood poker. Whenever he swiped it round his head, the little stars would all dodge, and then go and make a bow to him. I looked round to behold the other luminaries, but they wasn't there. They had stepped out or been put out, and the blackness of darkness seemed to smutch over the whole of heaven. I slapped on my robes as quick as you would say 'scat!' to puss with her head in the churn, and went spinning through the air like a whirligig. On looking back, such an awful spectacle as met my eyes no humorous tongue can describe or poor tray. The world was all a-torchin up, like a tar-barrel. What an unsavoury smell arose on the hot air! The sea was boiling a-gollop, like a pot of sap-molasses, and the great whales were bobbin out their piping snouts, and goin flip-ity-flap, lick-ity-chisel, from one eend o'creation tu t'other. But the land looked far worser. The pine woods screamed and roared, lapping the sky with their flamy tongues like a dog laps buttermilk. The poor crows and wild geese tumbled down squawkin and swirlin round and round, like mullen leaves unhitched from the claws of crazy whirlwinds. Houses and barns caved in, and huge stacks of hay flared up shinin like great lanterns or switch-tailed comets. The unfort'nate horses, wolves, pigs, wild-cats, elephants, and hypocondryhosses clambered up the bare rocks and stony mountains. As for the scoffers of the saints, the heathen, and Morehammerdowns, — those near the sea scooted off in vessels. Some even packed themselves aboard rafts, and mud-scows; but they couldn't revive long without food and drink. The rest scampered about the fiery earth, hoppin and dancin like peàs in a red-hot skillet. And oh! the noise! It well-night split my ears, although I was whizzing on so far from the scene below. There was howling and blairing, rattling and roaring, screeching and sizzling, neighing and squealing, and crying for help. Ha! the rebel world-lings were at last brought to their senses, but they couldn't flap their wings through the high firmament, nor get boosted up

by the angels, for all their blubberin and beggin. It was a little tu late. As there's an eend to a skein of yarn, so is there a limit tu the day of grace. 'Let them hiss and fry,' said Gabriel, as he came skimmerin past me. 'Don't mind their nonsense. They are beneath notice and scamps; but I should raly like some o' their fine voices for our quire.' No, frenzied neighbors, we were not infected by any disagreeable sensations on their account, but rather felt happier to see such vengeance light on the reprobates. There was only one amongst 'em I cared a fig for. I couldn't help thinkin o' my son Jonathan. He isn't a hard-hearted boy, but sort o' heedless and careless about his eternal soul. When I heard a scream that sounded like his'n, I groaned and — then come tu. O ye undiverted! give heed to the mackerelous signs, humdrums, and phiz-yarns of this 'time, times, and a half-time.'"

Boston, Jan. 1848.

A Pathetic or Mesmeric Exhibition.

At an early hour in the evening, the large hall was nearly filled with an assemblage of well-dressed people, mostly young men and women. The lecturer, a plain-looking man, at length arrived, walked slowly upon the platform, and began talking in a familiar manner. Moving to and fro, now he fixes his eyes on this part of the audience, then on that, with a thoughtful look. If you listen, often you will hear some nervous person exclaim, in a shuddering whisper: "Oh! Gracious! he's looking at me! What shall I do? I feel the bewitching influence!" Now there is a stir on the right. All eyes turn eagerly to that quarter.

Wonderful Phenomena.

See ! a delicate young female rises up in front of the audience, with eyes shut as if asleep. Another here endeavors to rise, apparently under the influence of a dream. Her friends seem ashamed to have her make an exhibition of herself, and hold her back. Still she persists in the attempt to go up. The first sleeper glides upon the stage, and the doctor, who continues talking to attract attention places a chair for his fair visiter, into which she suddenly drops. The second sleeper is still trying to break away from her companions, uttering pitiful murmurs. The doctor entreats, that she may be allowed to act her pleasure. At length, being liberated, she hastens upon the platform and sits beside the first, both seeming to enjoy the meeting and talking quite freely, like old acquaintances accidentally thrown in each other's way. Several others, of either sex, are now apparently in the mesmeric sleep. Up starts a nervous young man, shaking his head and grating his teeth as he rushes forward, like one impelled against his will by some magic influence. Urging a passage through the aisles, leaping over settees and chairs, with a cat-like bound, he springs upon the stand. Others follow, with eyes tightly closed, and arrange themselves in a row of chairs. The talking doctor goes down among the audience, placing his hands on the brows of this and that one partially asleep. So these often rise and follow him back to the stage. Meanwhile the dreaming company continue their lively chat, with some sharp jokes and repartees, seeming quite easy in their conspicuous position. For, as they afterwards declared, they were entirely unconscious of all around, except each other and the doctor, whose will controlled them.

Curious Feats of the Sleepers.

"Any one that pleases," says the doctor, "may now pass up requests in writing, and we will try to answer them. But re-

member I make no pretensions to perfection in this science. I scarcely know, myself, what wonders the subjects are able to perform." Feeling unusually merry at the absurdity of such proceedings, I was one of the first to send up test-questions. I wrote three lines, one in English, one in Punic, and one in Greek, with a request that they might be read and translated by the sleepers. These were the lines :

"Life is short, but art is long."

"Chym lach chunith mumys tyalmymctibari imischi."

"Νόμιξε μηδὲν εἶναι τῶν ἀνθρώπων βέβαιον."

Reading without Natural Vision.

The doctor, standing behind the sleeping row, held the writing before his eyes and, looking steadily at it, asked what he had in his hand. A young woman replied : "A piece of paper with words upon it." "Will you please to read them," said he. Two, at once, began — "L—i—f—e, life," pronouncing each word after naming its letters. Having thus spelled through the line, they then repeated it in the usual way. So they struggled through the next sentence, without understanding its meaning ; but the Greek was a poser. The young man most expert in the reading feat, twisted his fingers, shrugged his shoulders, screwed his face into all sorts of shapes, and at last broke out, "N—o." This was as far as he could get. He declared it was all Chinese to him. "I never learned Greek," said he. "I wonder who was so green as to think we could read Chinese, Greek, hog-Latin, and all that kind o' stuff." "The school-master *must be abroad*," said another.

Telling the Hour by Watches.

The next act was telling the time of day by watches, which was accomplished very readily. They immediately detected

a dumb one. My friend B. took the hands off from his ; but they saw the cheat, and replied it was "no time at all by that turnip." Any one was permitted to carry his watch up, and retain it in his hand, but it seemed necessary that he should concentrate his thoughts, as well as fix his eyes upon the dial.

Dancing.

Some one making such request, the doctor impressed his dreamers with a disposition to dance. Directly a set was formed ; the lads led up their partners, going through with all the bowings scrapings, etc. One took the part of fiddler, sawing the air like another Ole Bull. It was diverting to see the fellow sweat keeping time by the motion of his head and foot, an old umbrella being his musical instrument ; while the rest were skipping and whirling in a regular Polka.

Weeping.

Right in the tempest of their glee, at the request of my friend, they were impressed with a feeling of sorrow. The dance ceasing, first the youths, then the maidens, began to sigh and seek seclusion. Some of them burst into floods of tears, manifesting the most bitter grief. We were anxious to know the cause. The doctor said he gave them the idea that one of their dearest friends had just died.

A Scene of Mirth.

"A change came over the spirit of their dream." Roguish smiles began to appear from behind their white handkerchiefs. Presently the scene was one of unbounded mirth. The boys turned their coats wrong-side-out, put on bonnets, rolled up the bottoms of their pants, and turned their pockets all inside-out. The girls pulled hats over their eyes, whistled, ogled the lads, and hitched napkins to their coat-tails, joking and laughing at the top of their voices.

A Dreadful Fright.

Some one requested the doctor to let serpents appear. Their merriment gradually gave place to shuddering fearfulness, horror, shrieking and flying. One young woman threw herself frantically from the stage, rushing through the audience, to get a fire-shovel from the stove. Some fled, others smashed up chairs trying to kill the snakes. So this spell had to be soon removed.

Balloon Ascension.

The doctor asked them to take a balloon-ride. Setting chairs in a circular row, "Come," said he, "get in." All took seats, and off they flew, in fancy, shouting and waving cambric to the spectators below. It occasioned no little merriment among us to see the ninnies sally hither and thither to suit the car's wavering motion, as well as, to hear their remarks about the strange appearance of surrounding objects. They said the clouds were under their feet, and the great sun dazzled their eyes. "How cold it is," said one. "I am afraid to ascend higher." Their teeth fairly chattered with fancied chillness.

Descent into the Sea.

At length the ærial vessel descends (horrible to tell!) upon the deep sea. Look! now as if striking the rough billows, they pitch headlong from their seats and roll along the floor. They cling for life to each other and the rattling chairs, struggling and shrieking in the most terrific manner. One stout fellow clammers over the floating wreck, gains a footing on the rocks, and makes desperate efforts to save the rest. Now he raises this exhausted body up the cliffs; then plunges down sprawling to rescue another sinking wretch. All is confusion and dismay.

Songs and Mirth.

After a while, having regained their wonted composure, the company struck up a cheerful strain, making the house ring with vocal melody. A facetious youth led off the sleeping choir, interspersing between the tunes many of his comicalities, outlandish songs, negro ballads, etc.

A Shocking Adventure.

A rowdy, noted for rude behavior at such places, was discovered teasing one of those spell-bound in the audience. Hearing her groans, quick as thought a sleeper bounded from the stage, caught the scamp, and snaked him out. The door being open, his momentum, augmented by a tremendous kick, sent him, stumbling and hissing, to the opposite wall.

Partial Removing of the Spell.

Harmony returning, the doctor placed his subjects in all the awkward positions imaginable — one thumbing his nose, another clasp ing her hands over her head, another making wry faces, and the rest pulling each other's ears and noses, elbowing, grinning, etc. "Now," says he, "I will remove the spell : — one—two—three—four—*five* !" at which sound, all awoke, blinking in the bright light, and blushing to the roots of their hair.

The Subjects Paralyzed.

There they stood for some minutes, rolling their eyes this way and that, almost turning them wrong-side-out, to avoid the gaze of the laughter-convulsed assembly. Several surgeons went up to see if their limbs were paralyzed, as they seemed. After a thorough examination, they pronounced them as rigid as the limbs of dead men. By another effort of our lecturer's will, this singular state was changed, and we all went home at least somewhat amused if not enlightened by the droll exhibition.

MAMMOTH CAVE.

Whilom, perchance those giant men now gone,
Whose bones lie mouldering where the mammoth trode,
And reptiles huge since of a warmer zone,
Pursued their prey above this deep unknown —
Of night alone the desolate abode.

Mysterious change of life and element !
Their origin and fate who can disclose ?
Some sentient things, I ween, had their descent
From far inferior species, which arose
Quickened from vegetable germs long in repose.

Nor proselyte to modern conjuring,
Am I, e'en doubting those *old* mysteries :
When sole Deucalion did that brilliant thing
With pebbles backward tossed, as poets sing,
Or when (see Virgil's recipe) new bees
Were manufactured ; but in this cave,
Devoid of sunshine, breeze, or summer bloom,
How sprang these eyeless tenants of the wave,
Blindly rejoicing in Tartarean gloom,
Like unborn spirits in the world's primeval womb ?

Beneath thy Styx, calm World, and Lethe foam,
The All-creating Power hath deigned to move ;
Yet ne'er have creatures, save the highest, come
To breathe thy *air* or pierce the nitrous loam.
A clime so mild e'en angels might approve ;
Methinks resplendent as their own bright sphere
These starry domes might shine to cherubim —
Have not the ethereal race assemblies here ?
For subtle forms, to mortal vision dim,
Haply inhabit earth as well as Saturn's rim.

Thou fearful chasm, yawning far below,
Where cascades from on high come sparkling down,

Ye echoing halls, lit by stalactic glow,
Rivers low-murmuring as ye darkly flow,
And toppling piles that o'er the passer frown !
The influence of your lofty grandeur lend,
Kentucky's gallant soul to elevate !
Shall long, upon these colonnades, impend
Dark human-slavery, to desecrate
Columbia's soil, and sink the Pillared State ?

DOWN-EAST, Jan. 1, 1848.

A Yankee Spelling School.

As soon as the stars began to glisten, boisterous lads and modest misses came from all the neighborhood within two miles. For it is deemed fine amusement to engage in such spelling matches. They are attractive in the coldest weather. A huge pile of fuel lay on the broad hearth ; another, torching and crackling, gleamed from the wide fire-place, lighting up a sweet boquet of happy faces. The teacher's ringing bell brought in throngs of blithe boys from noisy snow-ball contests, puffing as if they would crack their ruddy cheeks. All became suddenly silent and two leaders began choosing their favorite champions. But the prettiest were called first—a pardonable partiality. It was diverting to see the rosy girls flirt bashfully round to their places, holding spelling-books up before their sparkling eyes, more to avoid our glances than the fire's bright glare. Directly the instructor, standing in front, commenced giving out alternate words to the rival parties. Not one in a hundred was misspelled. It is the best time of life, and the best method of learning that indispensable art, orthography. After an hour's sharp contention, the side having a majority of girls, of course, came out victorious. To relieve the monotony of this exercise, many curious lessons in geography were chanted by the whole school, with beautiful precision and harmony. As the clock struck nine, our delighted

company vanished, the bravest youths politely offering to escort their favorite lasses home through the bitter air. When the teacher was left alone with me, said I, "Your days and evenings must glide on very pleasantly with such pupils." "O yes!" he replied, "but my responsibility seems so great, I am much less at ease out of school than in it. Even my sleep and dreams are often disturbed by recollections of errors or omitted duties. But most of my young people try hard to learn, which, you know, is a teacher's highest enjoyment. Did you observe the promptness and propriety of those young gentlemen and ladies in the upper seats? They are studying philosophy, astronomy, physiology and rhetoric. Their attendance affords me much pleasure. However, an occasional incident disturbs our peaceful course. *Yesterday* a slight giggling on the girls' side attracted my attention. As I was beginning to upbraid the unlucky miss, a smart lad spoke up, confessing himself the real transgressor. 'I wrote something on a slate which made her laugh,' said he, 'therefore Lizzie is not to blame.' Ah! then it is a more serious affair than I imagined. David, show me the writing. An envious little wench ran to me with the slate. 'Here it is, sir; she slipped it under my desk.' Thank you, hussy; now run back. What! has it come to this? I exclaimed. —

‘*To David :*

‘If some friend should give me a new-year's present next January, worth half as many shillings as I am years old, and my age were just fourteen-sixteenths as much as his own, how much would a similar present cost this new-year? — LIZZIE.’

‘*Solution for Lizzie :*

Suppose U stand for 1 *kiss* ; and Me stand for 24.

Then $9\text{ k} \times \text{Me} - \text{U} = \text{A present next year ;}$

and $9\text{ k} \div \text{U} = 19\text{ k} \div \text{Me}.$

Hence 18 kisses = Present this year.

Remark. Such answers should always be given in tangible things, not an abstract No! — DAVID.’”

In presence of the whole school, said I, it is my painful duty to reprimand you both. The unfortunate girl blushed deeply, and big tears began to trickle down from her flashing eyes. 'I am alone to blame,' said David. 'You allow us to whisper about *sums*, but not the *other*.' Well, then, are you ready to atone for this outrage? 'Yes, sir.' Hold up your hand, said I; which being done, just to test the gallant little scamp's pluck I brought my ferule down hard, beginning to count — one — . Lizzie could endure it no longer. 'David is not so guilty as I,' she protested; 'for I've winked to him ever so many times, and once I threw an abstract kiss to him.' Remembering my own weakness under temptation, I hadn't a heart to say another word about it."

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

I.

Come my friendly fairy, bring,
From a merry warbler's wing,—
Robin, sparrow, thrush or wren,
Bring me, dear, a tiny pen.

II.

For my own from duller pinion,
Will not be my bosom's minion,
Strewing, on this snow-white plain,
Sparkling fancies of the brain.

III.

And I'm fain to trill a lay
Worthy of a flower of May,
From whose cheek and cherry lip,
Bees might sweetest nectar sip.

IV.

Sunnier eyes, O Cupid! say
Hast thou seen for many a day?

Softer hue upon thy hair,
Than the wings of cuckoo, wear.

V.

Bursting bud of Damask rose,
Ever may thy breast enclose
Purest, sweetest hope and love,
Such as angels feel above.

VI.

Happy be thy life's young dawn,
Brightly roll its noon-tide on,
Slowly, calmly its decline,
Fanny, dearest friend of mine.

A vain one, of more fair personal features, than mental
accomplishments, requesting a tribute, I wrote :

The Beautiful.

Sublimar beauty not in form we find,
Than in the heart and heaven-illumined mind ;
Ideas high, all other charms outvie
E'en lip of coral and love-beaming eye ;
And who is comely as the righteous are,
Of all the lovely shines a morning star.

ANACREON'S "ODE TO SPRING."

From the Greek.

See the roses blooming bright,
Sweet-awakening spring's delight !
See how peaceful slumbers ocean ;
Every wave forgetting motion !
Lo ! again how sea-birds lave !
Cranes returning sweep the wave.
Ever brightly, from on high,
Glitters day's effulgent eye.

Quivering shadows cloudlets throw,
 Human labors 'gin to glow;
 Vegetation swells the earth,
 Olive fruit is springing forth,
 And the leafy tendrills fair
 Little pendent clusters bear.

HIS "CUPID STUNG."

While, among the laughing roses,
 Little cupid soft reposes,
 Flitting where the boy had flung him,
 Paused a bee unseen, and stung him.
 'Twas a tender finger wounded —
 Bitterly his moans resounded.
 Straight to beautiful Venus hieing,
 'Mother!' cried he, 'Oh! I'm dying!
 For a little winged serpent,
 Coming on the airy current,
 (Farmers I've heard calling it 'bee,')
 Cruelly assailed, and bit me.'
 'If such pain a bee-sting cause you,
 Darling,' said she, 'what suppose you
 Is the anguish they're concealing,
 Who your own keen darts are feeling?'

"THE LOCUST."

We deem thee quite happy, Cicada,
 That ever, on loftiest trees,
 Having tasted the glittering dew-drop,
 Dost sing, like a king, in the breeze.
 Thy realm is the flowery prospect,
 The meadow, glebe, woodland and all —
 Companion of farmer and shepherd,
 Disturbing no plant of the soil.
 Art dearly lov'd by mortals,

Thou herald of bright summer time,
Admired by the heavenly muses —
Inspired by Apollo, sublime.
Not age thy shrill murmuring enfeebleth
Deforming thy carnal abode ;
Sagacious, earth-generated song-lover,
All painless and pure as a god !

CORRECTIONS.

- Page 20, at top, " George the First," should be " George the Third."
Page 52, at middle, " banks," should be " bank."
Page 62, at top, supply " they were," before " beaten down."
Page 62, " merks," should be " marks."
Page 80, at bottom, " weigh " should be *way* according to Webster ;
but I cannot help thinking it refers to the *weigh* of an anchor.
Page 149, the engraver has misspelled " Wigwam."
Page 158, 16th stanza, last line, omit the word " forth."
Page 190, " thy grotesque crew," should be " the grotesque crew."
Page 150, at top, " leans," should be " flies."



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